Jewett and Fields Diaries

Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields

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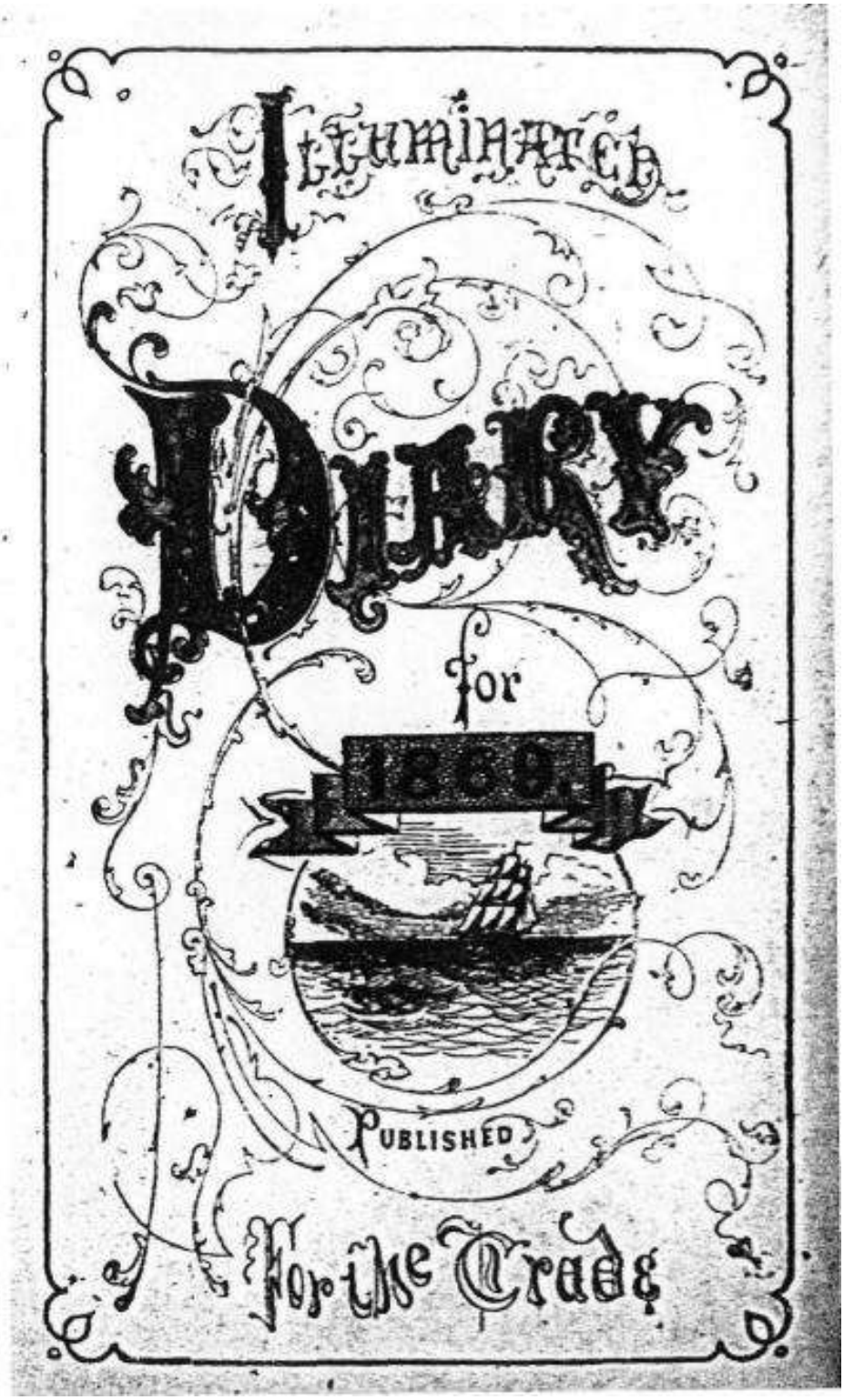
Contents

Introduction 4
Sarah Orne Jewett 1869 Diary 6
Entries on Jewett's Writing and Publishing Activity During 1869 36
Jewett's Reading in 1869 36
Persons named in the 1869 Diary 39
Sarah Orne Jewett Diary 1871-1879 47
Annie Fields Diaries 83
1905 85
1908 91
Diary and Commonplace Book 1907-1912 96

Title Page



Introduction

Sarah Orne Jewett is known to have kept two diaries early in her life. Both are held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA.

For the 1869 diary, Jewett used a formal booklet, containing a calendar with small spaces between dates for her entries. Such a limiting format seems suitable mainly for record-keeping, with perfunctory notes, and this is how Jewett used it. The result was often prosaic notes on weather, health, and social calls. Yet, it is somewhat surprising how much interesting information the entries contain about her social life and the beginning of her writing career.

Even though many of the people she mentions remain unidentified, impressive is the sheer number of her associations during the single year when she turned 20. After the diary appears a list of the persons she named.

From 1 January through 5 April, Jewett stayed with her Aunt Sarah and Uncle John Taylor Perry in Cincinnati, OH. Then she travelled home with family to South Berwick, ME, via Niagara Falls, the Berkshires, and Boston. From South Berwick, during the remainder of the year, she visited family and friends in neighboring towns along the Atlantic coast and in Boston, Portland and Brunswick, ME.

Notable for those familiar with Jewett's life are her relationships with other young people. Though she had a number of male friends, she says nothing about courtship and expresses intimate affection only for other young women.

Insight into the beginnings of her career may be found in her reading and writing. Included after the diary are notes, gathering together her reports on her writing, and a list of items she reported reading. In addition to the listed books, one may note how much time she gave to reading magazines, and which magazines she read. Not surprisingly, she read a good deal in the magazines to which she was submitting or would later submit, such as *Riverside* and *The Atlantic*.

The second diary, with sporadic entries from 1871 to 1879, is starkly different from that of 1869. Using an unformatted notebook, Jewett shifts from recording events to reflection. The second diary shows a young woman working hard to become an adult and to begin a professional life as a writer. This is shown in part by evidence that she re-read her entries, making minor revisions, and that she sometimes reflected on how the journal illustrated her growth.

She saw becoming a mature woman mainly in Christian religious terms. She recorded what would become a main life goal in a quotation near the beginning in early 1871: "What can be nobler than helping men to lead better lives?" In her entry for 1 May 1871, the reported a changed attitude toward her religious quest. Earlier, she had believed that her goal should be to cultivate a pious relationship to God, but she came to believe instead that she should " try to be good without asking to know the reason of Things." Being good meant to discipline herself to the practice of Christian virtues: self-control, kindness, service to others. Much of this diary records her efforts in this direction and her reflections on her successes and failures, with particular emphasis on the importance to her success of her relationships with her family and, especially, with her female friends.

In her 9 July 1872 entry, Jewett turned to thinking about how her religious quest to do good in the world might manifest in her writing. Having noted Charles Lamb's protest against "preachy" writing, Jewett reflects:

> In one's life <u>preachiness</u> must be avoided and I know <u>I</u> don't like to read "parsonish" stories, & I don't mean to write them for other people. I wish I could make practical use of that idea of the instinctive imitativeness of mankind -- and behave myself so that … my being in the world w'd make people better, but I am afraid I must be contented with being able to preach a little occasionally & only hope that God will not let the evil my miserable practicing must infallibly do, be <u>very</u> great.

By 23 May 1873, she was thinking of herself as beginning a professional career:

> I think of my writing in a very different way from what I used. It is no longer an amusement merely but <u>my work</u>. In a review of Miss Thackerays last novel I found this “In short, the tenderness of a loving womanly heart pervades the whole book. It is <u>Miss Thackeray</u> in “Old Kensington”* that makes it so delightful a story.” -- This is what I wish; to be so good and true that myself in my stories, my books if I write them; will be sympathetic, and I hope they may never fail to be interesting and helpful and strong to do good, because there is no life or reality running through and my own heart is cold and selfish. And I mean never to finish a story without putting in at least some little

> word that will help people to be happier, and to grow better.

I discuss this period of Jewett's life more fully in "Sarah Orne Jewett's Transforming Visit: 'Tame Indians,' and One Writer's Professionalization," *New England Quarterly* 86:4 (December 2013) 655-684.

After this entry, the diary becomes more sporadic, culminating in 1879, when she reflected upon of her father's 1878 death. Her final reflection in December of 1879 summarizes the journey she has recorded:

> I am rich in a host of friends{.} I grow afraid when I think how many people I know well, and how many lives my life touches. God help me to live honestly and unselfishly -- and may the things come true that I ask every night and every morning, that God will help me pray and fight to become a brave good woman -- to be a Christian through and through and to be tireless in trying to do right.

Three brief diaries of Annie Fields appear in this volume. The first two are in the same spiral notebook, recording the 1905 meetings of the Home Club at Fields's Boston home and the 1908 visit to Boston of British novelist, Mary Augusta (Mrs. Humphry) Ward. I have added to this a pair of letters related to this event, one from Ward to Fields before the visit, and one from Jewett to Ward afterward. The third item contains selections from a diary and commonplace book kept in 1907-1912. I have selected those parts dealing directly with Jewett. The first pages mainly concern Fields's reflections upon Jewett's final illness and death in 1909. Thereafter appears a miscellany of notes, memories, reflections, and manuscript fragments.

Source of the Jewett Diaries

Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. MA: Citation of this material should include the Houghton Library call number.

1869
bMS Am 1743.26. Series: III. Diaries, financial agreements, and miscellany.
(4) [Diary.] A.MS.s.; [v.p.] 1 Jan - 31 Dec 1869. 66s.(128p.).

1 May 1871 -- 28 December 1879
Houghton Library: Sarah Orne Jewett Papers: bMS Am 1743.1 Jewett , Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Additional correspondence: Series: VI. Compositions and other papers (341) Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. A.MS. diary; [n.p.] 1 May-28 Dec 1879. 1v.

Layout description
This calendar diary provides pages of about 6.75 x 4 inches, with three days on each page, forcing Jewett to confine herself to a few inches for each day. Therefore, it is not unusual for her to add material in the margins.

Notes on the Transcription
Transcribed by Terry and Linda Heller, Coe College, with assistance from Kelly Sanders.

We have tried to reproduce Jewett's text so it is reasonably close to its appearance in her manuscript. The handwriting often is difficult, and we have guessed often. Almost certainly we have sometimes guessed incorrectly.

We have left, usually without comment, what appear to be her errors. The reader may expect to encounter the following regular irregularities:

- Jewett's use of the apostrophe is inconsistent.
- Jewett often extends her periods and sometimes her commas, so they appear as dashes. These are rendered as dashes.
- Jewett often leaves out end punctuation. Where this seems necessary for clarity, punctuation sometimes is added within braces: { ! }.

Notes within the transcription.

Editorial observations and comments, NOTES, and added headings appear within brackets.

[black *?*] = An italics question mark in bracketed text indicates an editorial guess at ambiguous script.

Dividing lines have been added.

Sarah Orne Jewett 1869 Diary

[*Inside cover in Jewett's handwriting*]

Sarah Orne Jewett. Cincinnati O. January 9th 1869.

Daily Entries

Friday, January 1, 1869.

If all the New Year is to be like this day! Yah! It was foggy & horrid & I was blue. Of course I didn't go out. We "receivd calls" and had a number, mostly people I hadn't the least interest in. Read Kingsleys "Water Babies" aloud & we enjoyed that!

Saturday 2

In the evening Aunt Sarah & Uncle John went to teachers meeting & I kept house. Read "Broken to Harness," a very good novel, very sad, which suits me. Aunt Sarah went down town & I walked down South St to Central Ave & all round it rained --
Sunday 3Went to church, Sunday School & afternoon & evening prayer meeting What a moral girl I am getting to be! It was a warm, lovely day. The snow drifts are over the fences at home! Saw all the girls. Wrote Mary a long letter. Went to the Bethel. [Saw ?] Miss Davis

Monday, January 4, 1869.

Took my drawing lesson in the morning Finished my picture. Miss Coffin who was there with me is very [like ?] Emma Carruth We got quite thick and went & lunched together. I got a lovely picture of two nuns with Easter flowers. Had a letter from Mary. Anna Fox in there! Dear old girl it makes me blue --

Tuesday 5

Aunt Sarah and I went to Walnut Hills lunched with Mrs Newport & Mrs Rochester. Had a jolly time there & then walked over to E. Walnut Hills & stayed a while with Mrs Carret Came down by the "stone steps" wh. are very curious. Got some queer fossils. Spent the evening down at Mrs Davis. Went to Mrs Howes' Played euchre.

[NOTE: The Stone Steps, a long and steep climb, now are in the Mount Airy Forest in Cincinnati.]

Wednesday 6

Aunt Sarah went out in the morning & when she came in it looked so pleasant I started out for a little walk. But it was hot & so I didn't go far or enjoy myself much. Miss Houston was in. I went to church in the evening. Cicely Burt was there. I was frightfully lazy all day. Finished Broken to Harness.

^ A jolly letter from Mary & all at home ^

Thursday, January 7, 1869.

A most delightful day. Especially for [Jan. ?] I went over the new Hospital. Saw Dr Freeman. Walked to Covington & actually had to take the shady side of the street, it was so hot. Had a charming talk, call & walk with Maggie Baker, who is a [maj' ?] girl. I whistled for Aunt Sarah in the evening. The Hatch's were here.

Friday 8

Went down to take my lesson. Was early for the first time! It rained & I came straight home, after getting some candy wh I havent done before for weeks! I went to Mrs McLarens to a ch. social & enjoyed myself with ~~my dear~~ "little Shaffer" & Cicely Burt whom I like exceedingly. She gave us a very amusing account of her convent life

Saturday 9

Didn't go out. It being cold & rainy, read Macauley's Essays on Montgomerys Poems & on M^{me} D'Arblay & [*illegible*] his Lays of Ancient Rome. Also some of C Lambs writings & a little in several other books. Not a very improving or exciting day to me.

Sunday, January 10, 1869.

Went down [late ?] to Sunday School. Cicely Burt came over & sat with me. I like her. Went to church & to the prayer meeting in the afternoon. Sat by Cicely Burt. Read & [*illegible*] . didn't go to church in the evening.

Monday 11

Went down & took my lesson and came home & wrote most of the afternoon & evening. Had a letter from Mary & Father & all. I am so sorry to miss Anna's visit The name of my story was " An Apology " It was a horrid day.

Tuesday 12

It rained very hard and snowed. I went to Mr. Page's with Aunt Sarah, to the reading club. Had a splendid supper & good time. My story was received with great applause. M. De Golyer came home with us. I went down town in the morning.

^ Cicely Burt came to see me I was so sorry not to see her ^ Wednesday, January 13, 1869.

Went to Covington about two. Eat cookies & talked all the afternoon. Had dinner & went to church (Episcopal). Enjoyed the service very much. We sat up a good while & had fun. Maggie played very nicely for me in the afternoon We slept together & had a nice talk.

^ Letter from Mary & Carrie ^

Thursday 14

Got up & had breakfast between eight & nine, & then we walked round the house & garden a little & went up stairs and I read some of Lucile to Amy & Kate. Came over & Maggie with me about 3. I left her and when I got up to the house I had to wait 2 hours for they were out

Friday 15

Went down to take my lesson. It rained very hard. Commenced a new picture Went to Mr. Bakers Store & wrote [an ?] note to send to Maggie. Came home and wrote to Grandpa, & Anna Fox & Vattie Gates & Dana McAlpine. Read Jean Ingelow aloud to Aunt Sarah in the evening

Saturday, January 16, 1869.

Read a little in the morning & in the afternoon met Maggie Baker & went to see Mrs Lander play Marie Antoinette. It was almost too real & too touching. I always had a great affection for the poor king & this was so real. Had a charming letter from Ella Walworth. The dear girl is in Paris

[NOTE: British-born actress Jean Margaret Davenport (1829-1903), later Mrs. Frederick William Lander. Probably, the play was *Marie Antoinette* by Paolo Giacometti (1816-1882).]

Sunday 17

Didn't go to Sunday School but went to church and in the afternoon to the Sunday School prayer meeting. Dr [Ballard *or* Bullard] spoke very impressively. Dr Nelsons sermon in the morning was very fine. I wrote Ella W. & Carrie. Went to church with Mr Stevens. Mr Hubbard was here.

Monday 18

Went to Miss Richardsons as usual It snowed & was disagreeable. I went to a photograph store where I laid in a large supply "as usual" -- Met Maggie & we went to the art gallery and [*illegible* deletion] "Songs of Other Days" which is a most [expressive ?] picture. I shall always remember it so I won't describe it. Had a letter from Mary. Went out with Mrs Howe --

[NOTE: German painter, Josef Scheurenberg (1846-1914), "Songs of Other Days."]

Tuesday, January 19, 1869.

Went downtown to do some errands & to my great delight met [*illegible*] Cicely. Stayed with her till five o'clock. She came up & made me a call and I went to her grandmothers door with her. Mrs Major Burt was with her part of the time. I did enjoy my self most exceeding. Dressed myself regardless of expense & went to Miss Kelloggs concert in the evening. Saw the beauty & fashion of Cincinnati & enjoyed the concert though not so much as Parepas.

[NOTES: Parepa-Rosa, Euphrosyne (1836-1874). British operatic soprano. performing in U.S. in 1869.
Kellogg, Clara Louise (1842-1916). American operatic soprano.]

Wednesday 20

Most beautiful weather now. More like May than Jan -- Aunt Sarah & I called at Mrs Judge Whitmans & the Sibley's and Mrs [Guitermann's ?] & the Chickerings & [to ?] Davis' who were not in -- Met Mrs [Carret ?] on the street. Went to see Cicely Burt. They have a very fine collections of paintings and she took us to the greenhouse which I enjoyed. We went down to the art gallery to see "Songs of Other Days" Saw Mrs Hall Miss Smith, & some others --
Thursday 21

Mended stockings & gloves & sewed buttons on my boots. Had a letter from Mary. Didn't go out

till late when I went down town with Maggie Baker. We had some lunch. Mrs Southworth & Mrs De Golyer called. I read “Silvio Pellico" & "Gold Elsie" which last in a German novel

Friday, January 22, 1869.

Miss Richardsons in the morning. Finished my drawing. Mrs Davis here when I came home. Went to the Church social in the afternoon & evening. Had a stunning spread and a very good time. Every one was there almost. It was at a Miss Breed’s who was sick. Wore my black silk suit. A Mr Gibbs afforded us great amusement. Cicely wore a grey corded silk & looked like a beauty. I love her dearly --

Saturday 23

Read a while and at one o’clock went down to meet Maggie. We went to the Theatre again to see Mrs Lander whom I admire very much. She played Queen Elizabeth. I enjoyed it all. We walked a little while & then I walked home. Stopped at the Shaffers a minute on the way. I went to church with Aunt Sarah in the eve. After ward we went up to the choir meeting & I had a pleasant hour with Cicely.

Sunday 24

A perfect day. I went to church & Sunday School in the morning. My dear Cicely came back & sat with me part of the time in Sunday School. An old Mr Bullard preached a nice sermon. In the afternoon I met Cicely & went [to the ?] Cathedral with her to the vesper service. It was very impressive. Sat by her at the prayer m^{g} after wards.

Monday, January 25, 1869.

Letter from Mary & from Grace Gordon Lesson in the Am. Got mad & stayed up in my room an hour or two after I came home. bit my lip & my hand guess I was crazy! Mrs Hatch & Mrs Campbell here to dine. & Mrs Davis who came up for me to go & [lunch *?*] with her at the boarding house wh. I did

Tuesday 26

Mrs Moulton came in to see Mrs D just after breakfast. I came away at 12. Called on Miss Houston. & then went, [without *?*] Aunt S. to the Club at Mrs Southworths. Had a pretty good time. Read aloud in "P. Strongs outing" by Mrs Whitney. Good supper. Debate in the e'g --

Wednesday 27

Walked down town with Uncle John Walked to Covington. Spent most of the day there, had a good lunch & walked home. Kate Scudder accompanying me, & walked up & down the street making 6 or 7 miles! Went to church in the e'g. C.B. wasnt there.

Thursday, January 28, 1869.

Mrs Gunnison & Mrs Carret & Mrs Judge Taft called. I had a letter from home. I was very tired. I mustn't walk so again. I read most of "Under Two Flags" by "Ouida." Laid on the sofa in Aunt Sarahs room. Wrote Min & Mary long letters.

Friday 29

Went down to take my lesson but felt sick and couldn't do much Miss Richardson was particular kind. ~~Mrs. Judge Taft called~~. I finished "Under Two Flags" which is a very powerful novel. Read part of Stevens "Hist of Methodism "

Saturday 30

Didn't go down town or out. Cleared up my trunk & my two drawers. I sewed on a button & mended my boots. Finished "Patience Strongs Outings" wh. is rather spoony. Looked over a bound volume of Harpers Weekly [*magazine*] which I hadnt seen since I was a child. Mrs Smith called. Dr Freeman called -- didn't see him

Sunday, January 31, 1869.

Went to church three times. Sunday School morning service & Sunday School prayer meeting. Didn't see Cicely which grieved me very much. Wrote Mary & Mary Hayes in the PM. Only Uncle John went to church in the eveg -- I read some hymns & Eugenie Guerines letters.

Monday, February 1

Walked down with Uncle John who took me through the cross streets. Drew as usual. Lunched at Kepplers. Went up to [Hays *?*] and bought some Malaga's.* Went down to see Cicely Burt and to my great joy she was at home. Had such a nice time. I read "Methodism". D. Williams called. Letters from Mary Read "When shall he [first tell *?*]" Mary

[NOTE: Malagas probably are Spanish raisins.]

Tuesday 2

Rainy. Painted "Teach me thy way O Lord" for Aunt Sarah. & then read and did nothing till dinner time. Uncle John was very funny. Mr Williams came for me & I went to the Sibleys to practice our farce "Ici on parle Francais" which comes off Tuesday. Capital thing hope I shall have my [lines *?*]

Wednesday, February 3, 1869.

Mended stockings, sewed on buttons and sewed. Wrote to Mary Not a very charming day -- Didnt go to church in the evening. Read aloud to Aunt Sarah from Jean Ingelow & Tennyson

Thursday 4

didnt go out. and I think nobody was in. I read and wrote a little Had a letter from Minnie Fiske It is funny [we *?*] should have written the same time after so long silence. Letter from Mary

Friday 5

Went down to draw. Met Aunt Sarah & we went to see the Longworth house & to call on Mrs Montgomery Rochester & Mrs Darling. & Mrs Hinkle. Then to the Soc. at Mrs Chickerings for some [work *?*] , & to Mrs Hedwicks & home. Read Vathek aloud.

Saturday, February 6, 1869.

This is a Red Letter day. I went down to Clarks to meet Aunt Sarah and she came with Mrs Judge Taft & Miss Crossette, and Mrs Dr Williams. And we went to look at some splendid [engravings *?*], some Madonnas and others which were very rare & expensive. I feel as if I had learned a great deal and there was no end to the enjoyment of it. I wish I had a "Bella Visconti " It was such an exquisite face. I bought her etchings. Saw Miss [Howe *?*]. Mrs & Dr Nelson & Mrs Keith & Miss Breck called & Miss Crossette.

[NOTE: German engraver Friedrich Weber (1813-1882) produced a rendering of Raphael's painting, "La Bella Visconti."]

Sunday 7

Went to church alone at 11 Dr Nelson preached an "Exquisite" Sermon. On the angels, "ministering spirit." Nodded at Cicely but didn't speak to her. Read Bryan Maurice a high church novel. Went to S.S. prayer meeting. & sat with Ella Shaffer. "Love" Burt gave me a note from my dear Cicely, which had no special news in it but which pleased me very much to think she thought of me.

Monday 8

Took my lesson in the morning. & hurried home, buying some candy at the Frenchwomans on the way. Went to the Sibleys in the evening to practise, but they were not all there so we didn't. I like Mollie ever so much I had a real good time

Tuesday, February 9, 1869.

Didnt go out. read Nadine & George Sands "Fauchon." Went to Mary Sibleys in the evening to the club -- Had a jolly supper & a [may *?*] time. I took the part of Anna Maria in the play "Ici on parle Francais" which we [*illegible*] I read aloud. D.W. came home with me

Wednesday 10

Went down town with Mrs De Golyer who I met on the way -- bought some blue chambray. for the Calico party. Mr & Mrs Church here to dine. I went to church & teachers meeting. Didn't see Cicely or any one to send a note by, which I had written

Thursday 11

I had a splendid letter from Mary who has been in Boston. Aunt Sarah went down town. Mrs Davis was in a while. I sewed till evening Mrs Whitman & Miss [Eils *?*] called. I went to Mrs Dr Howes to tea. Aunt Sarah came around in the evening. Played euchre. Wanted to see Cicely

Friday, February 12, 1869.

Took my drawing lesson in the am Saw Mrs Judge Whitman & Miss E. at the market. took my watch to be mend{ed.} went shopping a little with Aunt Sarah after my lesson. Sewed all the P.m. Went to Miss Smiths to tea. She knows Camilla also. had a very nice time

Saturday 13

Mrs Howe was in in the morning. I sewed most all day only I went for my boot. Aunt Sarah went to dancing School & I wanted to but denied my self. Wanted Cicely to come all day but she didn't. Uncle John & I talked in the P.m. Misses Keith call{ed.}

Sunday 14

Went to church in the morning. Saw Cicely just a minute. It rained very hard. Wrote Carrie in the morning & Grace Gordon in the P.m. Went to S.S. prayer meeting. Cicely sat with me & went to walk with me after ward. I do love her best of anyone here in the whole city. "Happy day" ^ Church in the ev'g [*illegible*] home with Mrs Hayes ^ [*illegible*] letter from Mary.

Monday, February 15, 1869.

Went down town with Aunt Sarah & did considerable shopping beside having my dress fitted. Came home & did nothing but sew till eleven o'clock. I was so tired!-- Didn't see any one down town that I knew. I got my watch & eye glasses both of which I had broken. Didn't get to paint.

Tuesday 16

Finished my dress in the morning & was heartily glad of it. Lots of people called in the afternoon. We went to the Shaffers at 7 1/2 & to my joy I was next Cicely in the omnibus "The Calico surprise party at Mrs Howes at Mt Auburn" was charming. The dresses were very [nice *?*] . I was happy because I was with C.B. Every body was very kind & I was very well attended to. Danced every dance --

[NOTE: Mt. Auburn is now a historical district in Cincinnati.]

Wednesday 17

Waked up pretty tired. It rained very hard Aunt Sarah went down town to a committee meeting & I was sitting alone in the dining room writing Mary when my dear darling Cicely Burt came to see me. How I do love that girl! I wish she would like me. She stayed nearly three hours. I went to church at night And nice letters from Mary & Carrie --

Thursday, February 18, 1869.

It snowed and was very muddy & cold & disagreeable. Mrs [Irwin *?*] & Miss Kelly who I like very well came in and I went down in the car with them and went most home with Miss Kelly. Then walked to Covington & was nearly blown away Found them glad to see me. Went to Church & being strongly urged stayed all night Slept with Maggie & had a jolly talk but didnt go to sleep till nearly six

Friday 19

Waked up about eight oclock tired about to death. Had breakfast & walked over with Mr Baker Went to Beckford's for brushes & paints and to Miss Richardson ^ to paint ^ [*illegible*] a card plate to Shepley & Smiths. walked home. Copied Bells of Shandon for Cicely{ . } Mary Sibley & Mary Hastings here. I was real glad to see them & we had a good time

Saturday 20

O! This was the dearest day. I went down town and up to Cicely's at 12. We stayed in the greenhouse an hour and when we went in the house we had a great frolick -- Mr Hooper & Love and Kate and I. Love & Kate are just sweet -- Cicely & I walked over to Covington and went to Maggies and then to Newport. bought some peanuts on our way home and eat them coming across the bridge. Went to the Lent service at St. Paul. had a jolly time in at Miss Callie Robertsons & her sister, Miss McLean and Mrs. [Howe *?]* .

Sunday, February 21, 1869.

Finished my letter home which I commenced last night and wrote a note to Cicely. Went down to church in the car with Miss Squire. Cicely & Love were at the register. Aunt Sarah had a headache & didn't go -- Dr Nelson preached splendidly. Mary Sibley & James came home with us after church. Dr Freeman was in --

Monday 22

Took my lesson in the morning Went to Kepplers to lunch and back & painted in the P.m -- went to the Irwins in the eve. Miss Kelly was [not *?*] there. Stoopid! Aunt Sarah & I waited up for Uncle John & had a jolly talk. Eat a black walnut

Tuesday 23

It rained. I drew in the morning. A dogs head & a very good copy in pen & ink of Beatrice Cenci. Went to Mrs DeGolyer to the club in the eve Jolly Supper. I was president pro temp. D.W. came home with me
[NOTES: Beatrice Cenci (1577-1599) was executed for the murder of her abusive father. She has often been a subject in the visual arts, as well as in literature. Presumably Jewett has drawn from a work of art, but which is not yet known. D. W. probably is D. Williams.]

Wednesday, February 24, 1869.

Miss Kelly & Miss Howe were in. Went to Church in the evening but didnt stay to teachers meeting. Nobody of the girls there but Shaffer & M Hastings Wrote home.

Thursday 25

Sewed a little and finished my letter. And after lunch, went to the Sibleys and stayed all the afternoon. Looked at Molly's photographs Had a real nice time. Had ~~a~~s splendid letter from Carrie & Father. Read "Republican court" aloud

Friday 26

Painted in the morning. In the P.m. I went to the sewing concern at the church and sewed all the afternoon Aunt Sarah came & then we went to the Sibleys & had a pleasant call I read "Great Expectations" in the evening Aunt Sarah went to bed early

Saturday, February 27, 1869.

Went down town with Uncle John Went to Cicely's and invited her to go to the theatre with me to see Scott-Siddons play "As You Like It Which she did. Also Miss Kate and Mrs. Major Burt. Had a jolly time. Lunched at the B's. Horrid cold day.

[NOTE: British actor, Mary Frances Scott-Siddons (1844-1896) in William Shakespeare's comedy, *As You Like It*.]

Sunday 28

Went to church in the morning & that was all. Saw Love Burt, Kates [*illegible*] . [Dr. *?*] Nelson preached. I wrote home. It was very cold indeed. Went to church in the eve with Dr Freeman. Miss H. & Mollie Hastings were in at noon

Monday, March 1

Got a letter from home. Went to paint & came home & went in to Cicely's where I enjoyed myself very much. We stayed in the greenhouse most of the time & Love was with us -- Cicely had been sitting up all night with her Father She gave me a nice note.

Tuesday March 2, 1869.

I walked to Covington. Had a jolly time I went up on the roof with Kate [B *?*] & tore my dress which was only my due! Had a jolly lunch. [Mag or Mary *?*] had a dressmaker I went to church & stayed only [through *?*] the [sermon *?*].

Wednesday 3

Didn't go out for I kept coughing so. I read and mended my stockings & some for Aunt Sarah. She went to a meeting. It commenced snowing which destroyed my peace of mind entirely. Meant to go and see Molly Hastings but didn't.

Thursday 4

Didn't go out on account of my cold. Read Holcomes "Literature in Letters " Sat by the stove most all day. Mrs Howe was in & the two [Mr. or Mrs. *?*] Hinkle's I went to bed very early indeed Aunt Sarah was out all day -- Letter from home

Friday, March 5, 1869.

Started down to see Cicely and met her coming to see me. She stayed a while and then I walked down with her. Got a [trunk *?*] from home with a lovely new grey & blue walking [skirt *?*] in it. They are so kind to me.

Saturday 6

Frightfully cold. I went down town shopping. Had a charming letter from Ella Walworth who is travelling in Italy. Wrote her and Carrie. Read some of Christie Johnstone. Sew'd the trimming on my new petticoat. Eat peanuts. Went out for Uncle John.

Sunday 7

Church in the morning. Walked a little way with Love Burt. Read "Story of Elizabeth" Church in the afternoon. Love Burt walked up Seventh St with me. In the evening I read. & wrote

^ Uncle John was sick ^ Monday, March 8, 1869.

Went down to paint & after that into Mrs Bakers where I met Maggie to my great surprise. I went shopping with her & then she came up with me & made a long call. I went down town with her again & then went to Dr. Howe's about my tooth. I had a charming time with Mrs Howe.

Tuesday 9

Went to Dr Howe's & was there a long while. He hurt me shockingly, but finally I was through. I went down town for a tassel I had ordered & then home & got ready for the club where I had a very good time. It was at Mrs De B[ers *?*] . They had some fine paintings. I read Mr [Barkis's *?*] courtship from Oliver Twist -- aloud -- ^ It rained awfully ^ [d.w. came home with me. *?*]

Wednesday 10

Tried my dress. Mrs Howe was in in the morning. I sewed. Aunt Sarah fixed the book -- In the evening they went to church & I stayed alone. & wrote home & to Frank Fiske. Uncle John & I had a great frolic after supper ----

Thursday, March 11, 1869.

Went down to Cicely Burts. She was at Mrs Robertson's & I went over. & had a jolly time C. showed me Mrs R's jewelry which is exquisite. Before I went there I went to see the confiscated books & met Mrs Hall & Mrs Keith. Cicely asked me to lunch at Kepplers & we went to see the books again. Then she & Mrs Robertson came up to 9th St. [E Hatch *?*] came over & we went to the book auction in the evening --

Friday 12

Went down & took my lesson in the morning. I enjoyed it very much Came right home & went to make a few calls at this end of the town. De B[ers' *?*] & Page & Palmer & Emerson & [Dexter *?*] . Read in the evening. Was half sick with the awful cold I took yesterday

Saturday 13

We went with Aunt Sarah to the Womens Christian Asso^{n} rooms & then to call on Mrs Davis at the Spencer House and to do some errands & then to Covington to the Hatch's & Keiths & Bakers. Lunch at the Hatch's.

[NOTE: Spencer House was a large retail store in Cincinnati.]

^ A Lovely day -- Crocuses in bloom. ^ Sunday, March 14, 1869.

Went to Church in the morning. Cicely was waiting for me. I sat with Love & Kate Burt. Aunt Sarah forgot the key & E. H. & I went to Miss Houston's to wait while she went down to the office. Went to the cathedral to vespers in the afternoon & to church afterward all with Cicely. Wore my grey dress

Monday 15

Painted in the morning though I was half sick. Went up to Cicelys with the umbrella. I am so fond of that girl! Gave her A. L. we sat on the floor together. Aunt Sarah was gone all day at the Home. ~~I had~~

Tuesday 16

Aunt Sarah & Kate were down at the Home all day & evening. Uncle John & I dined on raw oysters. I had a good time. Alice Hatch was here and Mrs. I. Davis. I read "Alfred Hagarts Household" & wrote home & some other thing.

Wednesday, March 17, 1869.

27$^{\underline{th}}$ anniversary of Mother {'s} wedding day. I went to the Sibleys to call on Miss Hubbell. I went upstairs & had a good time in Mrs Sibleys room. Went down to Cicelys but she had gone out into the country.

Thursday 18

Grandpa came before we were up in the morning. We half expected him yet were rather surprised. I went down to Mrs Dr Howes to sleep. This was the night of the calico party at Mrs Coe{ 's } to wh. we were invited.

Friday 19

Finished my picture at Miss R's & then went up to Cicelys. Saw her & Love & had a sad talk with Cicely. Oh Dear Me!! I wish something could be made over! She was half sick. I am so sorry to think of going away.

Saturday, March 20, 1869.

Didn't go out. Grandpa was quite sick all day. I <u>did</u> go out on this street for a little way to a store -- Mrs Dr Howe was here in the evening & Dr Freeman & Mrs Stewart in the afternoon. I read "Aurora Leigh" & "Wilhelm Meister "

Sunday 21

Aunt Sarah didn't go to Church. I did & had a talk with Cicely who was sick & had come out of Sunday School I came home & lunched & went down and met Love Burt & we went to the

Cathedral to vespers, & afterward to her Grand[mothers ?] to prayer meeting. Read "Wilhelm Meister " Dr Howe was in in the evening --

Monday 22

It rained very hard all day I went to the Shakespeare Act in the evening with Dr Freeman [That was fun. *?*] We had a lunch afterward. he bought a lot of candy --

Tuesday, March 23, 1869.

Went down town & to see Mrs Richardson & shopping a little. Then Aunt Sarah & I made 8 calls and I went to Mrs [Sims *?*] House to the Club & had a jolly supper & a splendid time and a dance afterward.

Wednesday 24

[NOTE: Birthday of Theodore Herman Jewett]

Wrote home -- Stayed at home in the evening with Grandpa while the others went to [*illegible*] . Read “Bride of Lammermoor [."] Was tired & stupid --

Thursday 25

It rained very hard but still I went over to Covington. they seemed glad to see me. We played Chequers and talked and sang in the evening. [Maggie *?*] was sewing in the third story --

Friday, March 26, 1869.

In the evening Miss [Clare *?*] Spenser & Mr Reed came in. & we had a real frolic. Miss [Clare *?*] sang beautifully. I had a letter from Ella bless her dear little heart -- I also had a letter from Mary & Aunty

Saturday 27

Went to the church in the [mning *?*] & to walk Came over [in *?*] town with Kate Scudder went to the Synagogue and then to the Cathedral and then up to the house & then to lunch then to see Cicely and then back again & then saw the Hatch's Walked down town with Mrs [*illegible name*] [Howe *?*] .

Sunday 28

^ Mr Carter was over to tea ^ Went to church in the morning The music was lovely and the Sermon very fine. Wrote Ella & Grace & Mary. Went to the confirmation in the evening. It was very solemn. The old bishop was there & some of his remarks were very touching --

Monday, March 29, 1869.

Mr Carter came over bringing me a great paper of candy for a [*illegible*] . We went over in town & walked [on about ?] to [Shillito & Nights *?*] & Bonte's. Then we met Mrs J. Carter & Mrs [*illegible name*] went over the [river *?*] & then came right back -- [Went *?*] into Mrs Abbots in the evening. Letter from Mary

[NOTE: A.P.C. Bonte was a Cincinnati manufacturer of frames & looking glasses. John Shillito had a dry goods store. The transcription of "Nights" is uncertain; no business of this name has yet been identified.]

Tuesday March 30

It was a little colder but still very pleasant. I read a little of Lucile aloud & Rose Clark and a Sunday School book. Went out with Kate Scudder in the afternoon. Played Chequers in the evening with Mrs Baker. Maggie & I talked all the morning --

Wednesday 31

Went over to town in the morning & Aunt Sarah and I went to some openings and then to Mt Auburn calling. Mrs [Holdens *?*] & Mrs Judge Taft's and lots of others. I went over to see Kate Burt at her school. I wanted to be alone & have a talk with her but the [person wasn't there *?*] { . } Aunt Sarah meant to stay while I was [there *?*] -- so she went with me so I [*2 illegible words*] have a talk with her now. Walked to Covington and went to church in the evening.

Thursday, April 1, 1869.

I don't think I went out. Miss [Clem *?*] Spenser & Miss Betty [Stemson *?*] were in -- And we were shouting across half the afternoon. Maggie took a nap. I read Lucile.

Friday 2

^ Went to see Miss Richardson ^ Missed Mrs Taft [*illegible punctuation*] & Mrs Nourse's call in the afternoon for which I was very sorry. We called at Mrs Orems and Miss Anne's & Mrs McClarens. & Mrs Judge Whitman's -- Went to hear Anna Dickinson in the ev'g{ . } Was very sorry to leave Covington.

[NOTE: American Quaker activist and lecturer on abolition and women's rights, Anna Elizabeth Dickinson (1842-1932).]

Saturday 3

Went to ride with Dr Freeman in the afternoon to Mt Auburn & Avondale and Clifton & Spring grove. He gave me a box of candy and had a fast horse. [Mr & Mrs ?] De [Bers ?] called. It was not cold --

[NOTE: Mt Auburn, Avondale and Clifton are Cincinnati neighborhoods. Spring Grove is a cemetery and arboretum.]

Sunday, April 4, 1869.

Church in the morning. Saw Cicely & she gave me a lovely plain gold ring to remember her by. I had rather have it than anything for I shall always have it with me. Went to the cathedral for the last time. Kate was there & Cicely & Fanny and Love I do love Kate so. I met [*illegible name*] & she played for me. Then meeting & I went back to the Burts to tea & then to [*illegible name*] in the [ev *?*]. I never will forget what Kate said while she was sitting in my lap. Bless her. Cicely & J Sibley walked home with me. The Whitmans were in -- C. put my ring on.

Monday 5

Was down town all day. Said goodbye to Mrs Howe & Mr Baker and Miss Nourse & Mary Sibley. Got some little things. Finished my packing. Miss [Eils *?*] came in & Mrs Whitman & then my dear Cicely & when she said she must go I put on my things & went with her. We stopped at the Sibleys. It was one of the saddest times I have ever [known *?*] to say goodbye to her, for I never will see her again. Started at eight from Cincinnati.

Tuesday 6

Didn't sleep much and nothing very exciting happened I enjoyed looking at the Lake and when I got to Niagara at 3 I enjoyed myself enough to last a month. We went to the Canada side in a carriage & I walked down to the Rapids after tea. Wrote some letters after I got home --

Wednesday, April 7, 1869.

Grandpa waked me up about [four *?* five *?*] and we started in the dark. The ride that day was very tiresome for there was nothing to see. We got to Little Falls at two and I liked them very much. Kitty Richmond is very like Anna Fox -- we went to bed early -- next to water

Thursday 8

We went to Mrs Allan Richmond to spend the day I had a good time. The scenery is splendid. Kitty & I have real good times together We went & had some tintypes taken --------

Friday 9

Went out in the morning & then to Mrs [Eils *?*] to dine. Had a pretty good time. The relations all came to Cousin Ursula's to tea and we sang & had a good time in the evening. The snow was just going away [and it seemed funny *?*] to see any

Saturday, April 10, 1869.

Started very early in the morning and enjoyed the ride down by the Hudson and the view of the Catskills. & after I got into the Berkshire Hills. Got to Aunt Sophia's about 3 She was very glad to see us It is a beautiful place right among the mountains. [*illegible*] --

Sunday 11

Didn't go to Church in the morning but did in the afternoon: -- over at Housatonic. Monument mountain is just opposite the town. But it is such a lonely place I didn't go out except to Church

[NOTE: Monument Mountain is near Stockbridge, MA.]

Monday 12

Miss Olds & I went to the woods but they were all full of snow and we walked round a while & came home. In the P.m. I rode over to Stockbridge "Plains" which is a beautiful old fashioned village. I went to the Sedgewick & Indian camping grounds ----

Tuesday, April 13, 1869.

In the morning went down to Housatonic to a writing paper factory which was very interesting. In the P.m. I walked round the place and talked to Aunt Sophia and packed my clothes --

Wednesday 14

Started very early and [spent *?*] an hour at Pittsfield. Got to Boston at a little before five & found dear old Anna waiting for me. Grandpa went to the other depot and A. & I went to Mrs. Gordon's where Mary was. I was so glad to see her & them. And perfectly happy when I got home -- at 9 oclock

Thursday 15

Went out to drive in the afternoon Saw Mrs Doe. Father went back at night. He was so good to come up from Brunswick. I never saw a [dog *?*] that had [*illegible*] man like Joe -- It is so nice to be home -- Wrote a lot of letters --

Friday, April 16, 1869.

Went to [*two illegible words*] with Mary after [dinner *?*] . Mrs Doe came in with Perley -- and Miss Mary came too & Chas. Lord. after they went away I went into Grandma's -- I was so glad to see Miss Mary. She liked my picture ever so much C. Goodwin & L Lord came in

Saturday 17

Annie Barker came to see me. Mary & I got ready to go up to Mrs Hayes, but it rained and we put it off till evening, when we had a very pleasant call there and at Mrs Hobbs. Read "John Wms sermons-----"

Sunday 18

Went to church all day. Mr Hayward preached finely in the afternoon -- Saw lots of people. Wrote Aunt Sarah

Monday, April 19. 1869.

I am just feeling the Effects of my family and was very tired Carrie joined Cousin Charles at the depot and went to Brunswick for a visit Mary and I went over with her

Tuesday 20

Letter from Kitty Richmond. Letter from Carrie saying she got down there safely. Mr & Mrs Hayward were in

Wednesday 21

Dr Charles Hayes & Mrs were in in the evening. ~~Letter from Carrie & father~~ Mary & I went up to Chas's & had a very pleasant call.

Thursday, April 22, 1869.

This was a pleasant day for I had such a splendid long letter from Cicely. Which she had been writing ever since I came away. [most *?*] . It made me real home sick. I went to ride.

Friday 23

Mary & Abby and I went over to Mrs Does & took the double wagon and we all went to ride & had a splendid time. In the afternoon M. & I. called at A. Barkers, Mrs Traftons & Lords & Goodwins. A. Barker in the Evening

Saturday 24

Mrs Burleigh was in in the after noon. Mary & I went over to meet Mrs Gordon who I was delighted to see.
Letter from Aunt Sophia

Sunday, April 25, 1869.

Went to Church all day. Mr Dobey preached. Saw everybody Mary & I went to walk late in the evening with Joe

Monday 26

Was in to see Mrs Gordon. Miss Mary came down in the afternoon & I went home with her, which seemed quite natural. Mary & Sarah Lord & Mrs Rollins & I went to walk in the evening. I read the Galaxy [*magazine*]

Tuesday 27

Meant to go for May flowers but Mary was real sick so I didnt I had the nicest letter that ever [was from *?*] Ella Walworth [who was there *?*] in Florence. [Dear girl saw how I would like to see her *?*] ! Mary & Abba & I went to ride.

Wednesday, April 28, 1869.

Was at Grandma's in the evening and in the morning
Letter from Vattie who is coming to see us in a week or two. I miss Cincinat [Cincinnati *?*] so much.

Thursday 29

Mary & I went over to Mrs Doe's and she lent me a lot of books. Mary was miserably. I read "[Medaea *?*] " & wrote Mrs Gordon --
Letter from Grace

Friday 30

In the afternoon I got tired and homesick and went off by myself to get May flowers. I went over on the plains beyond Mrs Doe's -- I met Mary Hayes on the way home. & saw her home. Mary & I went out riding

Saturday, May 1, 1869.

Mary Hayes & Annie Barker were in in the afternoon. Mary & I walked down with them. and when we were coming back we were getting some oranges at Stackpoles and Carrie appeared before us. She and Father came up from Brunswick.

[NOTE: Stackpole & Co. grocery and dry-goods at 233 Main Street in South Berwick.]

Sunday 2

The ground was white with snow but it commenced to rain and stormed very hard all day and such a high wind I went to church all day. It was so nice to have Father at home. Mr Hayward preached on Baptism

Monday 3

In the morning Mary and I took Father over then went to ride and made a long call on Mrs Doe. In the afternoon I went to Mrs Haywards & Mrs Burleighs Made a long call on Miss Hayes & then went to the Nealley's. Spent the evening with Grandma. Played after I got home

Tuesday, May 4, 1869.

Cleared up the book closet in the morning. Wrote Anna & Vattie & [Grandipa *so spelled*] & Mrs Gordon & Minnie. Went after some boots and some small errands Read "The Man with the Broken Ear" About ----- Mrs Doe was over

Wednesday 5

~~Mary~~ [Was *?*] at Dr. Dorr's in the morning. Afternoon Mary & I went over to York [Hills *?*] woods and found [me ?] lovely may flowers! Saw Mrs Doe & gave her some Must [visit *?*] Mary Grant & Carrie for frogs eggs -- down in Nortons brook. [Had *?*] splendid letter from Cicely

Thursday 6

Was at Dr Dorr's having my tooth filled all the morning. In the Eve Mary & I went to R. Youngs and Miss Hayman's. In the P.m. [Mr. & *?*] Mrs Rollins [*illegible*] went to Dover [& had *?*] a real nice [time. *?*] I wrote [*2 illegible words*] at night

Friday, May 7, 1869.

A lovely day. I was writing to Cicely all the morning most. [Arthy Fiske *?*] came about eleven from Concord to take Abba home. In the afternoon [we *?*] went to [*illegible*] . Mary & W. & I . Sang in the evening. Have got a very nice frame for my paint[*ing ?*] .

Saturday 8

Mary, Milly, Carrie, "Joe" & I all went over to the Guptill's Woods and got some May flowers. We all packed into the chaise & had real fun I cleared up my room ("house cleaning") in the afternoon. Father came home [straight *?*] from Brunswick.

Sunday 9

Went to Church all day. Sermon in the P.m. about the barren fig tree. morning. about "Go up & look at the Sea " Wrote Ella & Maggie Baker & Mrs Mc Henry [& *?*] Cicely -- We told stories after tea. went to walk. I sat up late in my room at night --

[NOTE: Jesus's parable of the barren fig tree appears in the Bible, Luke 13:6-9.
Probably, the sermon on the command to look at the sea refers to the Bible, 1 Kings 18:17-46.]

Monday, May 10, 1869.

Went to Eliot and to make all his calls with Father. Had a most delightful ride. Went to have Abby's tintype taken in the P.m She & Milly went home at 5. I love Abby best of any child I know. Went to the Hayes' with Father

Tuesday 11

Very hot. I sewed on Mothers dress all the afternoon. Read Miss Mulocks "Fairy Book". Ripped my gray pongee in the morning Was into Grandmas just after dinner and in the evening. Read a letter from Mrs Gordon --

Wednesday 12

Finished Miss Merlocks Fairy Book in the morning. Got a letter from Vattie at 11 saying she was coming at 3. So I got her room ready -- went to meet her & was so glad to see her.

Grandpa came at night There was a dreadful milling accident Thermometer ^{o}90 --

Thursday, May 13, 1869.

We [three *?*] and Joe went to take [Data *?*] Tompsons dinner to her in the morning and then Vattie took a nap and I finished my letter to Ella Walworth and in the afternoon we stayed in the house. I mended Mary's dress, and in the evening we went to the "dramatic" entertainment in S. Falls

Friday 14

It rained and we weren't out in the morning. In the afternoon as Joe had run after Mrs Doe's wagon before dinner we, Vattie & Mary and I, went after him. Miss Quincy was there from Boston and we went down in the woods had a long walk and were brought home Went to Grandma's in the evening --

Saturday 15

It rained all the morning We had great fun. I made a great packet for "Mae" and V & I dressed up a bolster in Marys clothes and put it on her bed. Mrs Doe & Miss Quincy came over after dinner and we went to walk with them up by [Wadleighs *?*] and round the square. [Euchre in the Eve *?*]. Carrie went home with Grandpa.

Sunday, May 16, 1869.

Mary & Vattie & I went to Church in the morning. In the afternoon we didnt go. any of us. for it rained very hard and an agent was going to preach. Vattie and I went into Grandma's in the evening --

Monday 17

In the morning I had a letter from Ella who was at Florence & she told me something that worried me. Mother was getting ready to go away. I went to ride with Father and saw Mary Hayes a minute --

Tuesday 18

In the morning Lizzie Parker came up from Portsmouth We were all sewing most of the day -- We went up by the Academy and above Cousin Elisha to walk in the evening -- Mother went to Boston --

^ Letter from Kitty Richmond ^

Wednesday, May 19, 1869.

It rained very hard all day We all sewed. I sewed a little on the machine & mended Vattie's gloves. In the evening we went over to Grandma's all but Mary but Charles Hobbs came and so we spent the evening at home after all.

Thursday 20

Mary and Lizzie went over to Mrs Mortons and Vattie and I had a nice talk while they were gone I showed her some thing. I had a letter from Emma Carruth. O! I'm so thankful for what she told me! We told fairy stories & sang in the evening.

Friday 21

In the morning I had some tintypes taken. In the afternoon Mrs Doe and Mary & Lizzie Parker and Ralph all went to Dover in one carriage and Vattie and I in another. We got [lots *?*] of candy & had a splendid time. I went in to Grandma's in the evening. Wrote dear [mother *?*]

Saturday, May 22, 1869.

I went over to Salmon Falls with Lizzie Parker in the morning. In the afternoon Vattie & Lizzie & I went to ride with John Jewett to Dover. In the evening Charlotte & Mrs Knight were in. We had a real nice talk afterward. I had a letter from Mother. Played croquet

Sunday 23

Church all day. Caught Miss Mary's eye in church in the P m and communicated several times by means of smiles. Vattie took a nap in the P.m. In the evening we went into Grandma's and then Vattie and I walked an hour Wrote Anna --

Monday 24

Had a letter from Maggie Baker Mrs. Doe was over in the morning Father went to Boston in the morning. Lizzie Parker went in the P.m. & Father and Mother & Carrie came. V & I took a walk in the eve She & Lizzie & I read [Home Care *?*] in the P.M.

Tuesday, May 25, 1869.

In the [morning *?*] we tried a horse or rather a pony and I wanted Father to buy it awfully and he wouldnt. In the afternoon I went to Lebanon with Father and had a splendid ride. Got home at tea time. Mary Hayes & Anna [Barker *?*]

were in. Mary H. is coming. I had an awful headache.

Wednesday 26

Didnt go out in the morning except to the mail. Sewed buttons on my boots. I wish I was dead. I am awfully cross -- Carrie and Vattie and I went over to Guptills woods --

Thursday 27

Father got a new horse, a very nice brown one. Had a letter from Cicely in the morning saying that she was engaged to James Sibley & what nearly broke my heart, that she's not coming to Boston. I had another letter at night a real nice one

Friday, May 28, 1869.

Went to ride in the morning and in the afternoon we went to Mrs Leavitts in York, down thru the woods, had a delightful ride and stayed to tea & enjoyed ourselves highly. It was windy coming home --

Saturday 29

Went to Wells with Father in the after noon, with the new horse. It rained until we were coming home but I enjoyed it very much. In the evening Vattie and I called at the Barkers and Burleighs & Hayes' -- saw Mary Hayes

Sunday 30

A Rochester minister preached who had a horrid voice. Church was very early in the afternoon. I walked a little way with Miss Mary And then Vattie and I went to the graveyard where they were decorating the soldiers' graves, and after ward we went to commemorate -- & walked in the country

Monday, May 31, 1869.

Mary Hayes came down in the morning and stayed quite a long while. In the afternoon Vattie and Mary went to ride and then V & I went -- Mrs Doe was over. We went into Grandma's in the evening & called at Charlottes in the afternoon.

Tuesday, June 1

Vattie went away. I shall miss her so much. Mary & I took her over to the depot. After that Mary Hayes saw me as I was [passing *?*] by and she came out and went to ride with me. Had a very sweet letter from Grace & wrote her Letter from Anna.

Wednesday 2

Went over to the depot and got Father in the morning and then went to ride with him. In the afternoon went up in the woods sketching with Mary Hayes. We didn't draw much but got lots of flowers and had a nice talk.

Thursday, June 3, 1869.

Took Father over to the depot and then drove down to Olive Grant. In the afternoon sewed a little on the machine and [read *?*] "Black Sheep" -- Mary & I went out to drive and after tea I went up to see Mary Hayes --

Friday 4

Had a letter from Cicely She is altogether too spoony, and it seems so funny! Went down nearly to Kennebunk with father & had a splendid time. It was so cool down by the sea Mrs Rollins & I went in to the Hayes.

Saturday 5

Went down to hear them practice for the Peace Jubilee in the evening. with Mrs Rollins & Mrs Wakefield & a crowd more --

[NOTE: The National Peace Jubilee was a celebration commemorating the end of the American Civil War in 1865. It took place in Boston, 15-19 June 1869. More than 11,000 choral, orchestra, and band musicians performed.]

Sunday, June 6, 1869.

Went to church all day Mr Hayward preached but I have forgotten what about. Wrote Minnie & Ella & Cicely Burt.

Monday 7

^ Mrs Rollins went to Olive Grants with me ^ Mary Hayes was down in the morning She got here before I was up! I carried her home. We went to ride round by Great Works & to the Hamilton house. She told me about her great grandfather

[NOTES: The Great Works River joins the Salmon Falls River in the southwest part of South Berwick. The river received this name because of the number of saw-mills established

on it, beginning in the 17th century.
Hamilton House is an 18th-century mansion, built by South Berwick ship-builder and merchant, Jonathan Hamilton. Later in her life, Jewett was involved in the property's preservation. The house became an important setting in Jewett's final novel, *The Tory Lover* (1901).]

Tuesday 8

Read "Seaboard Parish" -- went down to see Mary in the morning. She was [just drawing *?*] up in the Library -- I had a letter from Grace Gordon

Wednesday, June 9, 1869.

Mary & I went to Dover for the fringe for my dress Went for Mrs Doe to go with us but she couldn't We had a real nice ride together -- Letter from Vattie

Thursday 10

Mary & I went to Dover in the afternoon. Saw the Hayes over there. Had a real good time. I sewed after I got home. All the evening --

Friday 11

Went down to see Mary Hayes a minute in the morning & she rode down & we rode a little while -- I sewed most all day [before *?*] that. Annie Barker & [Charlotte *?*] & Mrs Rollins & M E Raynes in

Saturday 12, 1869.

Mrs Doe was over in the morning Mary went back with her to dine I & Carrie went over with Kate in the P.m. & all of us went to Dover. I sewed all the evening till very late & nearly finished my dress.

Sunday 13

Went to church all day a Baptist minister from N. Berwick preached. I walked up with Mrs Goodwin in the P.m. Mary & I went up to Charlotte's in the eve -- I was at Grandma's. Read "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood."

Monday 14

Father wanted me to go to Portland & I didn't know which to do [-- *?*] that or Boston but decided on Portland & [got *?*] there at nine Aunt Helen was glad to see me & Uncle John How I do love her!

Tuesday, June 15, 1869.

Went out with Aunt Helen -- to the Public Library & Catholic cathedral. other Cathedral & Dr Nourse in the Evening -- Had some nice talks with Aunt Helen. Read Gates Ajar

Wednesday 16

Aunt Helen & I went to ~~the ca~~ the Eastern promenade which was perfectly lovely. Then we came home & Mrs Jones & Lizzie came in. Then the dinner party at which I enjoyed myself. The talk with Aunt Helen The tea at Mrs Jones. The sun set. & call at the Emery's Bought Mary an amethyst ring

[NOTE: The Eastern Promenade in Portland, ME.]

Thursday 17

Aunt Helen wanted me to stay till [eve *?*] but Father wouldn't let me. When I was part way home I made up my mind to go straight on to Boston, which I did went to drive in the afternoon and to the [*illegible*] Jubilee Ball at night. Saw Dr & Mrs Norton Cicely's sister, & Charlie Perry & uncle Will Splendid time.

Friday, June 18, 1869.

[NOTE: Birthday of Mary Rice Jewett]

^ Father gave Mary Kate, & Mrs Doe a shirt stud & Mother earrings & Father "Oldtown Folks." Grandma money -- ^ Marys birth day. In the morning I went out with Grace. To Mrs Hoffendahls & every where shopping. To Copelands for lunch. Met Annie Barker in the street. Charlie Perry & Mr Ian King & Mr Frank Lincoln were in in the evening. Grace played for me.

[NOTE: Charles Copeland Confectioner on Court St. in Boston.]

Saturday 19

Went down town with Maria and Grace in the morning. Got some rose buds for Grace. She was playing for me in the drawing room & Mrs Gordon came to tell me that the carriage had come I was astonished! Read "Oldtown Folks" in the cars. Saw Mary half a minute. She liked her ring.

Sunday 20

It rained very hard all day. I played a little and was very cross. There was no Service at our church so I didn't go. I had a most delightful surprise in rereading a letter from my dear Ella Walworth wh. I found yesterday I found a sheet I hadnt seen I wrote [Carrie *?*] & Aunt Helen & Cicely

Monday, June 21, 1869.

Mrs Doe came over in the P.m. & I walked over with her. Mary took Ralph. I went to ride a little while, afterwards and to call on Mary Soule & Eliza Wakefield & the Lords in the evening. Also at Grandmas --

Tuesday 22

Went over with Mrs Gordon in the morning and had a nice talk with her. I do hope Grace will come down. [~~thanked~~ *?*] ^ wrote ^ Aunt Sarah & finished & sent my letter to Ella Dear girl. Was at grandma's a long while in the afternoon & Ellen Whitehead in the evening. Letter from Min

Wednesday 23

I am so delighted Grace is coming. It was rainy. I was at Grandmas. Cousin Elisha was in. I am learning to play Aileen Aroon. Wrote a little Made a belt for my pique jacket. Cleaned my driving gloves.

[NOTE: "Aileen Aroon" is a song; presumably Jewett played a piano setting.]

Thursday, June 24, 1869.

Went to ride in the afternoon over to Guptills woods had a real good time got some strawberries. It was pretty hot. Put the little [*illegible*] on Kate. Saw Mrs Doe. Read Atlantics [*magazine*] and 'eat' ice at night

Friday 25

Cleaned up my room and upper drawer. Read in the afternoon & commenced a letter to Cicely. Mary & I went to drive after tea. Sewed buttons on my boots

Saturday 26

Had a dear old letter from Cicely. Read "Margaret" -- O, I am in such a hurry for Grace to come! I do love her with all my heart. Mary and I went to drive before dinner & in the afternoon

Sunday, June 27, 1869.

Went to church all day Wrote Cicely at noon. Read Pilgrims Progress a little while. Wrote a letter for Nelly. Was at Grandma's to show her my dress.

Monday 28

What I call a lovely day -- as it was thick fog from the sea. I went over to meet my dear Grace at night. & we had a nice little talk. We went into Grandma's after tea ----

Tuesday 29

Grace & Mary & I rode all the morning. In the afternoon we went to the Exhibition at the Acad, & in the evening went up to see the play which was pretty good. Grace & I had a splendid talk at night. I do love her so much.

^ Mrs Doe came over at 7 1/2 & we started for Portsmouth ^ Wednesday, June 30, 1869.

There was a little shower on the way but we had a nice drive. Spent the day at the Haven's & I haven't enjoyed my self so for a long while. Grace & I enjoyed the "[tilter *or* teller *?*] ." The Doctor was there and Mrs Pierrepont & others. I found the best letter ^ I wanted ^ from Ella who was at Coblentz -- God bless her! --

Thursday, July 1

Grace went in the morning. I went down to Brock's with her. Met Mary Soule & walked with her awhile. In the afternoon Mary & I went over to the Doe's and in the evening I went up to Miss Mary's & had a very nice call.

Friday 2

Mary & I were very much astonished in the morning to see Uncle John out on the piazza & after him came Aunt Sarah & Grandpa. Father & Uncle John went to Portland at night & we went to ride. Mary Soule & C. Hobbs in --

Saturday, July 3, 1869.

Meant to go to the beach but Mrs Doe couldnt go. Uncle John & Father came back at night. I went down in the garden and into the Lords & was at Grandma's Wrote Cicely.

Sunday 4

Went to church all day -- It was very hot. Miss Mary & I smiled at each other across the church. Read a Sunday School book Uncle John & I went up on the hill in the evening --

Monday 5

Aunt Sarah & Mary & I went to drive, and stopped at Mrs Doe's. I got on Kate's back over in the woods & she threw me off or rather I jumped off. We were at Grandma's at night. I showed Aunt S. the house

^ Letter from Cicely ^
Tuesday, July 6, 1869.

Uncle John went in the very early train and Grandpa and Aunt Sarah went at eight. Aunt Helen went through in the cars, & I was sorry not to see her. Went up to the Rayne's with Miss Mary. Blew soap bubbles --

Wednesday 7

I made my striped [skirt *or* shirt *?*] -- Father had his hair cut very short & we all made fun of him. Miss Edith & Mrs Bodwell Doe were home & we went over to tea and we went to drive in the evening all but Miss Edith. Saw Florence Allen.

Thursday 8

We I sewed on Mary's jacket and we went over to the Doe's. In the afternoon we took the Doe's wagon & our horse & drove up to Knights pond and then went back there to tea & picked lots of strawberries to bring home

Friday, July 9, 1869.

I drew in the morning, & wrote a little. It rained hard at night. Read Gosse ['s *?*] 'Romance of Natural History' -- Mary was at Grandma's to tea. She had a letter from Anna --

Saturday 10

Went over to Mrs Doe's in the morning & carried her the picture I drew. Mary & I called at the Nealleys, Haywards & Hobbs, & Lords in the afternoon Mrs Doe was over. Mary & I rode up to Lucy Keay's & then took Millie Doe home

Sunday 11

Mr Mussey preached this morning & Mr Hayward preached this afternoon. "He hath made every thing beautiful in his time {"}. A very hot day with a high wind. Stayed up stairs in the evening. Wrote Cicely

[NOTE: This sermon was based on a text from the Bible, Ecclesiastes 3:11.]

Monday, July 12, 1869.

Had two splendid letters from Cicely in the morning. Came up stairs and had a nice time reading them. Repotted my two ivies. Mary and I went up to Mary Hayes at night & I went to Lizzie Park's but she was out

Tuesday 13

The Doe's & Mary & Carrie & I went to the beach at Wells had a real good time. I went out fishing and got sea sick and felt all knocked up the rest of the time. Mr Mussey was here when we got home at 9.

Wednesday 14

Felt rather sick all day & only went over to the Post office with a letter to Cicely. Was at Grandma's a few minutes and read her a letter from Mrs Gordon. Read part of "Little women" over & some "Galaxy's".[*magazine*]

Thursday, July 15, 1869.

Made picture frames -- for my two etchings and for the "Huguenot in prison" -- At night I came into possession of a young hen hawk. I mean to try and tame him but he is very cross --

[NOTE: Huguenots became a persecuted sect of French Protestants in the 16th and 17th centuries. Many emigrated to European colonies, including New England. It is difficult to know to what specific image Jewett refers.]

Friday 16

Went over to George Wentworths with Mrs Doe in the morning and went there to dinner. It was very hot -- Went out with Mrs Doe & picked strawberries & ate them Got my hawk quite tame --

Saturday 17

Mary and Carrie & I went to Dover in the morning. In the afternoon I hung my pictures & cleaned my room up -- Mary & I went down to Olive Grants in the evening -- Father went to

Andover with a man who got hurt at the Auction --

Sunday, July 18, 1869.

Mary & I both stayed in the house all day. I read the Sec. Vol. of Young Knighthood [*illegible name*] & read my Testament in the afternoon -- also wrote Ella a long letter & Cicely a short one -- Father came at 11 on a special train

Monday 19

Sewed on my silk sack. Mary took Cousin Annie to ride. In the afternoon we went over to see Mrs Doe. I brought her over to meet Mr De Normandie who didnt come M & I went to see the Nealleys & Annie Barker & Lizzie Parker in the eve -- Annie B. came out with us –

Tuesday 20

Went to Dover in the morning, met Father & we all came home together in the chaise & had a jolly time. We saw the great Circus -- procession camels & all. Mrs Gordon came at night. Finished my silk sack --

Wednesday, July 21, 1869.

Did not get up very early -- Mary & I spent most of the afternoon at Olive Grants. I made a call on Mrs Doe -- She rode with us a little way -- Found Miss Mary here when we came home. Took her home. Father went to Hampton. Spent the eve at Grandmas

Thursday 22

Started quite early for Exeter & had a delightful drive up. Stopped in Dover -- They were very glad to see [us *?*] I went to see Mrs Gordon -- Miss Mellen & Cousin Fanny were in -- Talked very late

Friday 23

Went up to see Aunt Mary Long in the morning & had a nice call. Went to Hampton in the P.m. & spent the P.m. on the sands. I went to see Judge [*unrecognized name*] & his wife Talked very late

Saturday, July 24, 1869.

Went over the river & to Kensington with Grandpa in the morning, & for some ice cream. Started at four o'clock & had a very hot tiresome ride. Stopped a minute at Cousin Fanny's -- Got home at 8. Went in to Grandmas

Sunday 25

Was very tired and stupid all day. Read Christian Anderson's "Sand Hills of Jutland" and Harpers mag & weekly & every Saturday [*magazine*]. Wrote Cicely and Kitty Richmond & Vattie -- Mother went way down in Wells with Father --

Monday 26

Mary took Father to Dover. I made Mrs Gordon a call in the morning. Made Mary's silk sack in the afternoon & wrote Grace in the evening. It rained a little. Read a letter from Grace to her mother

Tuesday, July 27, 1869.

Mary and Mrs Gordon rode all the morning. I went in to see Mrs Gordon with my blue dress on. Stayed to tea & went to Mrs Hobbs after tea with her -- Charlotte came in to Grandmas Wrote Grace

Wednesday 28

Took Mrs Gordon to ride in the morning to the Hamilton house & Guptill's woods. Listened there to the thrushes and talked about Grace and her friends In the afternoon read Alfred [Hagart's *?*] Household{ .} Grandma in eve. Annie Jewett there

Thursday 29

Had a mag. letter from dear old Cicely. Annie Jewett & Mrs & Mr Nealley and Chas & Elisha & Lizzie & Aunt [Bu *?*] were here to tea & Mrs Gordon in the evening We had [hot buns *?*] Lizzie & D [*unrecognized words*].

Friday, July 30, 1869.

Mrs Gordon went home & Mary & I took her over. We three girls went down to Mrs Nealley to tea & had a real nice time. I like Annie ever so much. Mary and I went up to the Hayes before he went. Mr Ward was there.

Saturday 31

Annie came up in the morning and Lettie Freeland who spent the day. I read Lizzie Lorton a part of "Allington{ ." } Had a letter from Anna

at night. Annie Barker was in & C Lord. Mary & Carrie & I went to ride after 6 & took Ralph Doe.

Sunday, August 1

Went to church all day. Mr Hayward repeated his Jubilee sermon. Mr De Normandie was there and came home to dine with us. He is just as pleasant as he can be and I enjoyed it ever so much

Monday, August 2, 1869.

Went out to the Shoals with Mr De Normandie Judge Doe, Judge [Morrill *?*] of Texas Rev [Mr May *?*] & Father & Mrs Bodwell Doe Went to Mrs Denormandies & then Shackfords. Met [Lewis *?*] Williams & Nannie Whiting. Had an elegant time. Letter from Mary Sibley & Cicely --

Tuesday 3

Was awfully tired. Slept till nearly eleven. Cousin Annie came up but I didn't see her. I went in to Grandmas in the afternoon and again in the evening. Mary Nealley was in there. I had a dear little letter from Ella

Wednesday 4

Didn't do much of anything. Carrie & I rode a little while in the morning & Mary and I [rode *corrected from* road] in the afternoon with Fan. I painted a while. Read Du Chaillu's "Wild Life under the Equator.{ " } Mrs. Rollins was in

Thursday, August 5, 1869.

Mary & I went to Dover.

_____

I went down to Miss Haymans for a book. Was at Grandma's & she told me something I thought would be a good plot for a story & that night I sat up very late over it.

[NOTE: *The 5 August entry is complicated to interpret. Jewett appears to have deleted "Thursday" partially: Thursday. Before the date, she has written and then deleted: "For this." Above & to the right of the date: "We took Ralph to have a hair cut."*]

Friday 6

Mary & I called at Mrs Folsoms & Mrs Colcords in the evening. Mr De Normandie came in with Carrie who stayed over there to tea & he & Judge Doe made a long call here -- We went to Dover for some silk.

Saturday 7

Mr De Normandie came over in the afternoon and we three girls & he & Father went up on the hill & saw the eclipse. Mary & I went to the Hayes in the evening & to the Nealleys, & found Mrs Freeland & Annie [*3 illegible words*]

[NOTE: A total solar eclipse occurred on 7 August 1869. South Berwick would have been near the path of totality.]

Sunday, August 8, 1869.

Mr [Gill *?*] preached in the morning. Mr De Normandie came over and went to church with us. & came home & dined. I had a nice talk with him. Went to church in the P.m. Read Riverside [*magazine*]

Monday 9

Grandpa came in the morning. I went up stairs as soon as [dinner *?*] & wrote till tea time Copying. Was down an hour or so after 8 & walked a little while & then wrote again Had a nice long letter from Aunt [Sarah ?] ^ & one from Cicely^ wrote Cicely and Anna.

Tuesday 10

Got up to breakfast with Grandpa. Sent off my story. Went to ride with Mary and Carrie down to Olive Grants. Read "Book [of *?*] Dominies" & some Atlantics [*magazine*] Was into Grandmas Eat 17 [peanuts *?*]

Wednesday, August 11, 1869.

Went to Church in the evening and ['Jo' *?*] came too to my great edification. Amanda Cater was here to tea. Was at Mrs Lords a minute -- & walked up to Mrs Folsom's with Mrs Rollins

Thursday 12

Had a splendid letter from Cicely in the morning Went to Olive Grants in the morning. Mary & I went to call on the Mortons in the eve. Took Mary Hayes in & went to the [Gerrish's *?*] & Mrs Doe's

Friday 13

Etta Morton and her husband made a fearfully long call at noon. I was at Grandma's all the evening. Mary and I went to Mrs Doe's & Carrie who spent the day. Mary Hayes came in with me. Walked up [*illegible word*]
^ I came in through the window in the eve ^

Saturday, August 14, 1869.

Saw Mitty Allen. & went to ride a little way & to the post office in the morning. Read Loss & Gain. Sewed for Mary & went to Olive Grants with her & to Miss Edith's in the eve -- Raynes [*unrecognized word*]

Sunday 15

Very rainy. Went to Church all day. Miss Lizzie Parks & Mr Barker of California sat with me in the morning. A nigger preached in the afternoon --

Monday 16

Still rainy. Father was off all day. I was at Grandma's in the afternoon. Read Heir of Redclyffe and a lot of trash. Was in with Mat Ferguson in the P.m .

Tuesday, August 17, 1869.

Mrs Bodwell Doe was in in the morning. I got a letter from Min -- At night I came as near being utterly satisfied & happy as I can. My story is accepted & I had a very nice note from the Atlantic [*magazine*]

Wednesday 18

Went down to Flinn's with Father in the morning. In the afternoon Mary beguiled me into telling Father & Mother about my story -- I wish with all my heart I had never told any body: it seems as if it no longer belonged all to me. Went to church which was awful stupid

Thursday 19

Mary & I went over to Mrs Doe's for some beans in the morning and took her double wagon and came over & got Mrs Knight & went over to George Wentworth's. I read all the afternoon & went to Salmon Falls with Father. Read The Galaxy [*magazine*] & eat peaches & was at Grandma's in the evening

Friday, August 20, 1869.

Rainy -- I read old Atlantic [*magazine*] and [*illegible*] round generally The piano tuner was here in the morning. Awfully hot & close in the afternoon. Was at Grandma's a while in the evening.

Saturday 21

Read old *magazine*s & kept cool as I could. Didn't feel well. Mary Yeaton was in here a minute or two. Mary and I went to ride after tea & trotted Kate, over on the Plains. Had a discussion as to the spelling of "Spillahaus" --

[NOTE: Almost certainly, the discussion refers to the German, "das spielhaus," or playhouse.]

Sunday 22

Went to church all day and over to the Episcopal Service at Salmon Falls in the afternoon after church we overtook Miss Hayes and she got in to the chaise with us & we afterward took her home

Monday, August 23, 1869.

Had a letter from Aunt Sarah Miss Mary Hayes and Annie Barker were here a good while and also Cousin Charles Jewett and Mrs Freeland.

Tuesday 24

Had a letter from Vattie. Wrote Cicely. Ella sailed today for home from Liverpool. There were lots of callers but I didn't see any of them. Read old Atlantics [*magazine*]. Expected a letter from Grace but didn't get it --

Wednesday 25

Had a dear letter from Ella -- the last I shall have until she writes from Boston. This was very interesting, from Edinburgh Mary & I went to Annie Lizzie Trafton & should have gone to the Hayes but it rained. She wasnt at home. Went into Grandma's. Letter from [*illegible name*]

Thursday, August 26, 1869.

Went up to Great Falls with Mary & Carrie. Came down the lane by John Rollins & went to Mrs Doe's. I put the tassels on my [wrap *?*] and was out riding & went to Mary Hayes but she wasn't at home. I was at Grandma's

Friday 27

Slept very late in the morning had a letter from Grace who is at Bethlehem. Mrs Maynard and Mrs Austin were at Grandmas from 3 till 5. Mrs Doe was in with Perley. We took her home and & Annie Barker & I walked to Davis' & were at the Nealleys & all of us went to the [*illegible word*]

Saturday 28

Mary & I went to drive in the evening over to Salmon Falls to see if the Wards came but they didn't till 8 -- & [*5 illegible words*] in the morning I wasn't very [*illegible word*]

Sunday, August 29, 1869.

Went to church all day though I wasn't well. Hetta and Susy Ward were over at Mrs Hayes just for the day. We walked up with them after church & Hetta & we went up behind the academy & sat down. We went [up *?*] in the [evening *?*] & I had a talk with Hetta out under the apple trees --

Monday 30

Mary & I went to Dover in the morning & I got a piqué dress. I went to bed at seven for I was so tired. I didn't go to sleep till ten when Mary came up -- Chas was in here all the evening. At eleven [the *?*] company's barn caught fire in [S. *?*] Falls & I went part ways over. & didn't go to sleep till 5

Tuesday 31

Mary & Carrie & I went over to see the fire place. Mrs Doe was over a minute & I walked down with her -- In the P.m. she & Mary & I went in [state *?*] to call on Mary Lord & Mrs Hale & Mrs Goodwin and the Hayes & Cobbs & Barkers. Found Annie Jewett and Mary Nealley here to tea -- I told Annie all about my writing & she was [so *?*] pleased.

Wednesday, September 1, 1869.

Wasnt out for it was awfully cold. Lizzie Trafton & Agnes made a long call in the evening, & was very pleasant -- Went into Grandma's to see Annie & bid her good bye I like her so much & shall miss her dreadfully.

Thursday 2

Rainy & cold. & I was still sick with my cold -- Read the Sept Atlantic [*magazine*]. & in the evening went into Grandma's & read her Miss Phelps "Kentucky's Ghost" which I like so much. Chas. was in there a while & Mary -- Mary & I drove over through the woods & farms -- a [new *?*] way --

Friday 3

[NOTE: Birthday of Sarah Orne Jewett]

My twentieth birthday. Mary gave me a splendid great amethyst ring & Grandma money. Mrs. Doe sent me lots of candy. Mary & I went over to Guptills woods. I was into Grandma's, two or three times.

Saturday, September 4, 1869.

Mary saw Mrs Doe & Mrs Langdon in the morning. I saw Mary Hayes & Carrie. Was disappointed that I didn't see the arrival of the Liberia from Europe. Spent the afternoon at Olive Grants & was awfully bored. Grandma gave us a treat of claret in the evening --

[NOTE: It would seem the Liberia is a ship, but it has not yet been identified.]

Sunday 5

Didn't go to church all day. Read Archie Lovell & the Galaxy [*magazine*] stories I wrote Maggie Baker. I hope my throat will get well

Monday 6

I could hardly wait till night for Anna to be here but alas! when the train came an hour too late she was not in it -- Had a great house cleaning of my room in the morning ESP.

Tuesday, September 7, 1869.

Anna came at night and glad enough we were to see her. Mary and I went over to Mrs Doe's in the Pm before we went to the depot. In the morning she was over with Ralph & Perley --

^ tremendous gale all night ^
Wednesday 8

We went over to the Doe's in the morning and had real fun. It was very hot. We were on the beds reading all the afternoon. An awful storm at night. I sewed on my piqué dress. Went to [Dover Point *?*]

^ Went down to see K Whitney at the station ^
Thursday 9

Cleared off beautifully We went to Dover & had a real good time. Got some peaches & sardines. Went down to Annie Barker, to see Carrie Wentworth. Mary Hayes & Carrie here in the morning Letter from Ella Walworth I'm so glad she's got home --
Friday, September 10, 1869.

Anna & I wrote letters in the morning. In the evening Charles Hobbs & Sarah Lord & Mrs Rollins called Anna was real sick with headache --

Saturday 11

Went over to Mrs Doe's to dine & had a jolly time. After dinner went down to Rollins fish point which is perfectly lovely. We were in the wood a long while -- Came to bed early -- Mary Soule called --

Sunday 12

Went to church in the afternoon. [Long woman preached *?*] Horace Soule was there. Mary Hayes also but she didn't have to be carried out! Anna was real sick all day but went to ride with Father. Great visiting at night!

Monday, September 13, 1869.

Mrs Doe came over to dine. They were up in my room all the morning Ralph went to sleep on the sofa in the parlor after dinner & we talked -- Went to the [Lords *?*] & Youngs --

Tuesday 14

Mrs Doe was over. Mary & Anna went calling -- & I sewed on my white pique. In the evening we & S Lord went up to the Hayes & I had a splendid talk with Susy --

Wednesday 15

Mrs Doe & Ralph & Cousin Enid & Chas. & Susy & Mrs Knight Carrie Father Anna Mary & we went out to Bald head Cliff & I never enjoyed any thing of the kind as much except Niagara. Went on the York beach coming home Went to the Nealleys party in the evening --

[NOTE: Bald Head is a rock formation in York County, ME.]

Thursday, September 16, 1869.

We had a party at night about twenty -- I [writing the invitations *?*] & then A. & Mary went to Dover. Every body was here -- & we had a jolly time --

Friday 17

Mary & Mrs Doe went to Portsmouth in the early train & Anna & I in the next to dine at the Havens -- Georgie Halliburton was at home wh made me very happy She & Anna went to Greenland with Mr March & A. & Mr H. played billiards Elegant Dinner 8 courses. Mr Clark [took *?*] the men out in the garden before [dinner *?*] -- Mary & Mrs Doe went to the De Normandies. I talked with Mrs Haven while they were all gone --

Saturday 18

Anna went at 5. I slept till about eleven I was so tired. After she had gone we met Mary Hayes & she came up here & we went over to Mrs Doe's but she wasn't at home

Sunday, September 19, 1869.

Didnt go to church all day. Read old Littells [*magazine*] & wrote Cicely. Eat [deviled *?*] ham & biscuit & enjoyed myself highly -- Wrote Ella & Grace.

Monday 20

Had a charming letter from Ella Walworth and one from Cicely -- Finished the story I've been writing Spent the evening with Grandma.

Tuesday 21

Copied 'The Ship wrecked Buttons' & it took me most all day. Read it to Grandma in the evening & spent the evening with her & we had a great talk

^ Had a letter of 17 Pages from Grace ^
Wednesday, September 22, 1869.

Cold & dreary. Spent the afternoon with Miss Mary & it seemed quite like old times. we had a grand talk. Read Miss Thackeray's From an Island in the Evening"

Thursday 23

Went up to Charlotte's for a receipt and up to Miss Hayes' with her water proof & umbrella. Had a letter from C.B. Mary & I went to Dover in the P.m. had a delightful ride -- We were down to Annie Barkers & walked with the Lords afterward.

Friday 24

Mary got her trimming from Anna so it seems she got to Boston safe -- There was a note also -- The new ~~girl~~ cook to be -- made us a call. Her name is Ann Rogers which is familiar

Saturday, September 25, 1869.

Cant remember for the life of me what I did So this is a kind of lost day. Only one out of a legion that never have had special notice -- I ought to write every day except when I think of it

Sunday 26

Went to church all day. A dumb, stupid man from Dover preached Mary & I went to walk at night. I read Littells [*magazine*] and wrote some letters. Cicely & Ella

Monday 27

Had a nice letter from Ella in the morning & also one from Cicely. Sent a letter to Ella & Cicely both -- It rained in the morning.

^Saw Mrs Doe on our way home ^

Tuesday, September 28, 1869.

Mary & Carrie & I went to Dover in the afternoon I got a stunning pair of boots and also some more writing paper wh. is a very necessary article about this time & some envelopes -- M & I went to the Hobb's & Nealley's --

Wednesday 29

Mary & Mrs Doe drove down to Portsmouth I didnt get up till after they had gone. I went to ride with Father & afterwards took Carrie Mary got home about tea-time Had a nice time. Saw Georgie. Wish it had been me -- Letter from Kitty Richmond.

Thursday 30

Went to York with Father & after he saw his patient we went after some thing for lunch wh. was crackers & cheese -- Then we drove down to the [Short Sands *?*] & tried to go into the [Barrell *?*] house but they wouldnt let us. One of the most delightful days I ever spent. Helen Gordon here. Letter from CB.

Friday, October 1, 1869.

Got up very late. Went to the postoffice & after dinner read "On the Heights" or rather read the first half and looked at the rest & liked it as well as I did last fall -- Mrs Gordon came & I went into see her. Annie B & M & I went to the Book club meeting

Saturday 2

Spent most all of my morning wh. was short, with Mrs Gordon & enjoyed my self. Looked over "Gates Ajar" & read "Every Saturday" & "The Atlantic." [*magazines*] Mrs Doe was in & Mary went out with her -- Had a letter from Ella.

Sunday 3

Half rainy & half not. I like the looks of that Miss Lewis, Mrs Gerrish's niece & mean to go & see her. Mr Hayward preached all day. Wrote Ella & Cicely and thought of them both. Went into Grandma's after church in the P.m. Got asked to but didn't stay -- & Mary went too.

Monday, October 4, 1869.

Think I had a letter from Cicely. The new girl came & seems very pleasant. It rained in torrents all day, but in other parts of the country it will be long remembered for it was a regular tempest -- Didn't go out side the house. Wrote Aunt Sarah.

Tuesday 5

Grandpa came at 3 o'clock Mary & I went down to Olive Grants but she was busy & couldn't do anything that day. Lizzie Nealley was in in the evening & was quite agreeable. I didn't do much but cut out some [Hamburg wool *?*] for Mary to trim something with --

Wednesday 6

Grandpa went away at night Mary & I were down at Olive Grants in the afternoon. I was in with Mrs Gordon up in her room in the morning. Was into Grandma's to tea. Mrs. Nealley was in & also Father in the evening -- Mr Lord came in to see Grandpa --

Thursday, October 7, 1869.

Had a delightful walk in the morning 'Jo' went with me -- dear dog -- & I got some black alder & the loveliest clematis that I ever saw, down by the road to the G Work's mill -- All this week has been perfect weather & Friday & Saturday too. Mary went to Dover with Father. I made my blue skirt Mary & Carrie walked over to Mrs Doe's & I went after them

Friday 8

[*Illegible*] & I walked down to [Davis'] . Came back & had a nice talk with Mrs Gordon. Mary & she & I went to ride. Saw Mrs Haven at the Doe's. Went to Guptills woods & then down the lane from Great Falls. I went to the Hayes but no one was home but Mrs H. Then down to call on Miss Lewis who was sick. Mary came for me & we went to Miss Grants. Wrote Ella & C.B. Grandma's in the evening --

Saturday 9

Mary & I went over to the station with Mrs Gordon in the morning. We had great fun for I went into the [*illegible*] store & got some sleeve buttons to send [*illegible*] Mended stockings & Mary & I spent the rest of the P.m. at Olive Grant's. It was a most lovely day. Miss Lewis called while [we were *?*] out Had a letter from Ella [just *or* not *?*] like herself --

Sunday, October 10, 1869.

Went to church all day. Mr Hayward preached in the morning & Mr Scott in the P.m. I wrote Ella & Cicely. Mary & I talked in the evening & Father came in & we had a real good time. We laughed at him for he went down to church & found Mr S. was going to preach & went back.

Monday 11

Went down to Olive Grant's. Mary had her silk dress cut & she finished cutting my new blue walking suit. Had a letter from Min at night -- She's coming Wednesday. We sat up stairs & sewed & Annie Barker was with us

Tuesday 12

I sewed on my dress. Didn't get up till ever so late. Went out at night for the mail & Carrie with me & afterward we went as far as the Rickers. I got [busted *?*] about S.B.

Wednesday, October 13, 1869.

Minnie came in the morning Mary went over to get her. I had a letter from Ella W -- saying she wanted us to come next Wednesday. Dont I long for it ? I slept until dinner & didn't go to sleep till very late

Thursday 14 ^ Frost at night ^

Sewed all the morning. Mary & Min [went *?*] to Miss Grants -- In the afternoon we went to Dover & had a real good time. Got a lot of candy & went to Lothrop's. Talked in the eve & M & Minnie went into Grandma's

^ went to Olive Grants in the P.m. It rained ^
Friday 15

Minnie went in the early train I got up to see her off. Wrote her a note & one to Ella. In the evening we went up to the school reception & had speaking & some thing to eat & a jolly time Every body there most. We went with [the Lords *?*] .

Saturday, October 16, 1869.

Sewed all day on my blue suit. Mary Grant was here to tea with Carrie. I went into Grandma's in the evening & read her the letter from Mrs E Gordon. She talked about Salem -- very rainy

Sunday 17

Didn't go to church all day. Great temperance lecture by Mr Hayward in the evening. Read in Shadow of the Rock & Jean Ingelow Christina Rosetti & Drawthorpe etc --

Monday 18

Sewed all day. Went to walk with Joe in the morning & met Mary Hayes riding Mary Jewett & I rode a little while. Went to Lizzie Nealleys in the evening about the Club & afterward to walk.

Tuesday, October 19, 1869.

Went down to Olive Grants for her to make the bow to my blue dress. [*3 illegible words*] Mrs Doe was with Perley in the P.m. I finished my gown & mended gloves & went shopping to [*illegible word*] Nealley -- Expected the Lords but they didn't come

Wednesday 20

We were packing all the afternoon and I looked up the things I wanted to put away & to take. Mrs Rollins & Annie Barker were in. Mary & I were at Grandma's in the evening which was glorious. I went to walk -- Father went to Portland

Thursday 21

Came to Boston. Mrs [Robbins *?*] was in the cars -- Ella met us & I was so happy to see her -- We came up in the car. Went to Charles

Sumners lecture on caste at night. Ella & I slept together -- Dear! Wasn't I happy as a clam!

[NOTE: Massachusetts Senator Charles Sumner (1811-1874). His lecture was *The Question of Caste*, dealing with the question of equal rights for newly-freed slaves and for Chinese immigrants.]

^ I whistled ^
Friday, October 22, 1869.

Went down town & bought a hat and to see Bierstadts painting which is beautiful -- The Sierras [*mark resembles close parenthesis*] Went to Mrs Gordons also & saw Grace -- Ella played after tea, and I had another nice time at night.

[NOTE: German-American painter, Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902). One of his best-known paintings is "Among the Sierra Nevada, California.]

Saturday 23

We went down town & it commenced to rain hard as soon as we were in the cars we did a little shopping & came home. Miss Eastman came at night. I read aloud Miss Cushing was in --

Sunday 24

Went to hear Mr [Murray *?*] preach in the morning -- to the church of the Immaculate Conception in the afternoon which brought C.B. to my mind Went to Dr. Neffs in the evening

Monday, October 25, 1869.

Went to drive in the P.m. -- [reservoir *?*] & Longwood. Came down town for [told *?*] of Errands I cant tell how dearly I love Ella

Tuesday 26

Drove to Dorchester & up round Codman Hill & all round Forest Hills. Mr Ayer spent the evening & we played on the cue alley

Wednesday 27

We drove out to to Jamaica Pond & through Roxbury It was very chilly. At night we went to hear Mr Nichols read which I enjoyed ever so much. We returned Saunders call

Thursday, October 28, 1869.

[*3 illegible words*] Ella & I took Turkish baths & had the greatest fun Then we came down town & she took her German lesson & we came to Mrs Gordon Ella played for me. We were beautiful to behold, on account of this T.B.

Friday October 29

At night we went to the most splendid concert. Ella & I went out to do some errands & I got some Malaga grapes which we ate coming home. Ella & I had our parting talk at night. God bless her! -- The concert was by Thomas orchestra from New York.

[NOTE: The Theodore Thomas orchestra. Thomas (1835-1905) was a German-born American violinist and conductor.]

Saturday October 30

I went down town with Ella & then she was packing & we all came down town together She gave Mary a locket & me a Sorrento paper folder. We came to the Gordons & I went out with Grace & Mrs Hoffendahl & bought a porcelain painting for Cicely.

Sunday, October 31, 1869.

Mrs Gordon & Mary & I went to the Church of the Advent in the morning and Mary was sick & we came out In the afternoon Grace & I went to hear Phillips Brooks who preached one of the most satisfactory sermons I ever heard. We went to walk down the Back Bay & went to the Ch of the Advent in the eve & afterwards to Mrs. Hoffendahls --

[NOTE: American Episcopal clergyman Phillips Brooks (1835-1893).]

Monday, November 1

Mary was sick and didn't go out. Wrote my dear darling Ella a long letter Got a note from the Editor of the Riverside [*magazine*] saying he would like the Shipwrecked Buttons, which I now consider as being in a safe harbor! Spent the eve at Mrs. Hoffendahls.

Tuesday 2

I bought ever so many books at [Pipers. *?*] Mary & I went to Cambridge to see Nelly Gilman. She is so changed It was a lovely day. -- When we got back to Boston & to my great

joy, caught sight of Mrs. Walworth [*illegible*] St James [*C*___] went round a while with her -- Mrs Clark and Mrs Knight lunched at the Gordons.

[NOTE: Piper's bookstore has not yet been identified.]

Wednesday, November 3, 1869.

Went up to the Walworths in the afternoon & found there a letter from Cicely. We had a real nice time and it made me quite homesick to be there Mrs Walworth had the carriage round & drove us home which was gratifying I [was out *?*] with Grace I had some minettes taken & we had a jolly lunch at Copelands Slept with Grace

[NOTE: A minette is the smallest of regular sizes of portrait photographs.]Thursday 4

A most lovely day. I was down in Washington St & met Aunty & Fanny & walked with them a while, before then I was at [Pipers *?*] a long while looking at books went to Roxbury in the P.m. with Mrs Gordon. Mr G. & Grace & M. & I went to see Booth in Hamlet wh. I enjoyed immensely

[NOTE: American actor, Edwin Thomas Booth (1833-1893), famous for his interpretation of Hamlet in Shakespeare's play.]

Friday 5 ^ Slept with Grace ^

In the afternoon we had a barouche and went a long drive to Chestnut hill & Jamaica Pond. Went to [Mrs *?*] Hoff. to dine. Capt & Mrs [Sleeper *?*] were at the Gordons Grace & I went to [Pipers *?*] & to [De Vries *?*] and the Atheneum & had [*illegible*] Eat at Copeland's

[NOTE: The Atheneum is a private library in Boston. De Vries, Ibarra & Co. was a Boston art importer.]

Saturday, November 6, 1869.

Went down to Quincey Market with Mrs Hoffendalh and had a real good time. Met Grace at Williams & Everetts Went shopping with them Then went & got my minettes which were very good. Went out in the afternoon with Grace & we met Mrs Gordon & went to Tilton[s] .

[NOTE: Williams & Everett was a Boston art dealership.]

Sunday 7

Went to Dr Nicholsons in the morning. No sermon only communion [*illegible*] Didn't go in the afternoon Grace & I sat in the bay window up in the drawing room & talked. Mr Gordon played. In the evening he & I talked in the library and the others wrote in the drawing room Slept with Grace

Monday 8

Mary & I went down town & I got some cuff buttons of [*2 illegible words* -- baptized *?*] [head *?*] of [Minerva *?*] & some gloves & candy. We went to Mrs Hoffendahls but she was out We saw the [Dr *?*] whom I like ever so much. We came in to the Gordons & stayed to lunch & [*illegible*] down to Exeter[*illegible words*] Gilman was in

Tuesday, November 9, 1869.

Wrote Cicely a long letter which ought to make up for my neglect of her. Read some of Goethe's Correspondences with a Child which I like exceedingly. Mrs Jameson & Mrs [Mellen *?*] & Aunt Mary Long and Cousin Fanny Gilman were in Gardiner Gilman was here to tea.

Wednesday 10

Had such a pitiful letter from my dear Ella. Mrs. Carruth is to sail for Europe soon, which is very hard. I'm so sorry for Ella Mary & I went to walk. Mary Bell was in Went to Aunt Mary Longs to tea with M Conner & Nelly Gordon & M Bell. Very nice time.

Thursday 11

Went over in the morning to tell Cousin Fanny that we would come to tea -- Went over the new barn with Gardiner & he took us to ride round the Robinson School and to Mr Hayes greenhouse. Had a very nice talk with Aunt Mary Long. Went to take her Days of Yore -- Nice time at [Cousin ___ *?*]

Friday, November 12, 1869.

Uncle Will & Mr John Gardner & M. & I went down to the auction of Mr March's books -- Saw Mr & Mrs Haven & Mr Gordon & Mr Denormandie. It must have been a beautiful place -- Had a lunch coming home -- L. Jewett & Mary Conner called.

Saturday 13

Mary & I called at the Gardners & Aunt Sarah's & Miss Mellens & Mrs Ladd's. & at Aunt Mary Bells. I went to bed very early. One of these nights Charlie Walker was in. He's handsome --

Sunday 14

I went to church in the morning with Grandpa & wrote letters at noon to Grace & Cicely & Ella. In the evening went with Maria [Gordon *or* Gardner] to the Epis. church wh. I enjoyed Saw Miss [Harris *?*] & Mrs Harding

Monday, November 15, 1869.

Called at Lizzie Jewett's & Mary Conners who was out and Aunt Lydia's & Mrs Harding's who I am very much in love with & on Aunt Mary Long -- who asked us to stay. Maria [Gardner *?*] took tea with us --

Tuesday 16

Very cold. People were in so I didn't go to Aunt Mary's as I meant to -- We went up to Aunt Mary Bells to tea Had a very nice time. Musical -- reading of Randall Poems, & of Epitaphs --

Wednesday 17

Horrid rainy day. Mary & I came home. They seemed very glad to see us -- My story "Mr Bruce" is published -- in this months . Went in to see Grandma and did all the other "of courses."

Thursday, November 18, 1869.

[NOTE: Thanksgiving day]

Grandpa came at eleven -- Mrs Doe & Ralph came in & we made them stay -- which made the capital dinner more capital. Read my story aloud in the evening -- Father & all think it very nice --

Friday 19

Letter from Ella in the morning She is in Dorchester & more resigned. I read and was lazy -- Spent most of the afternoon with Mat. Ferguson. And the evening with Grandma Had a delightful drive with Father

Saturday 20

Grandpa went before I was down. It was a regular tornado but the P.m. was clear and mild as April -- Read Days of Yore & [rode *?*] a little while with Mary at twilight. Had a letter from Cicely --

Sunday, November 21, 1869.

Church all day. walked up with Miss Mary & Mrs Goodwin in the afternoon. Mr Hayward preached very nicely in the P.m. was at Grandma's a few minutes --

Monday 22

Wasn't out in the morning Kept house in the P.m. -- Mrs Burleigh, Mrs Hobbs & Mary Hayes were in -- Mary walked home with M. Hayes. I read The Improvisatore -- which is nice as can be –

Tuesday 23

Went to the P.O. in the morning Met Sarah Lord -- Finished 'Improvisatore' -- Went to the Nealleys to the sociable in the evening. I was acting in Charades most of the time -- Called the Lords. I got $50.00 for Mr Bruce from the

Wednesday, November 24, 1869.

Snowy & raining & disagreeable. Read Harper [*magazine*] & was very lazy -- Had a letter from Cicely Burt -- I suppose the last I shall have till she is Mrs Sibley. She likes my story ever so much. Grandma has a dreadful cold --

Thursday 25

Went to Daniel Nowells & Shepard Butters with father in the afternoon. & to the lecture in the evening which was about Africa by Mr Rohe The train was very late so we didn't get our letters & Mat F. said there was one for me --

Friday 26

Went to Grants & then over to Great Falls with father & spent the rest of the morning in Dr Hansons office. Went to the society at the Raynes & had a jolly time. Sewed all the P.m. had a nice supper & sang in the eve -- Had a letter from Ella. Bless her

Saturday, November 27, 1869.

Very chilly. Mary & Carrie & I went over to Mrs Doe's in the afternoon & Joe & Snub got fighting to our exceeding consternation I read Miss

Marjoribanks Cousin Mary Neally was in in the evening.

Sunday 28

My beloved old Mr. [Barster *?*] preached all day which was very gratifying I wrote Ella a long letter at noon and in the afternoon & evening I read all the letters but one that she wrote me from Europe. I read the papers too & a little in some magazines

Monday 29

Went to ride with Mary in the morning & then to the mail & took a letter from Mrs Gordon in to Grandma and there she was herself! I was so glad to see her. Mary & I went to Dover in the afternoon. There was a strike and all the people were out. Had a delightful letter from H.E.G.

Tuesday, November 30, 1869.

Spent part of the morning with Mrs Gordon & was in there in the afternoon. Mrs Edith was over with the children. Mary took Mrs. Gordon over & brought Grandpa back on his way home from Portland. He was very pleasant --

Wednesday, December 1

Grandpa went home Mary & I went calling in the P.m. Nealley's & Yeatons & Haywards & Burleigh[s] & Hayes'. Will Shackford came at night We were very glad to see him. Mary had a letter from Aunty telling the most delightful things that Aunt Mary Long said.

Thursday 2

Cicely's wedding day. Mary & Will Shackford went to Salmon Falls & I wrote Aunty. Carrie went home with Will in the afternoon to stay till Saturday. Mary & Mother had a great talk about our friends & relations in the evening.

Friday, December 3, 1869.

Copied a picture from my Enoch Arden for Ella. Was doing that nearly all the time till I dressed myself to go to Charlottes to the Society. Sewed all the afternoon & Lizzie Nealley & Mary & I helped wait on the table Every body was there & we had a very nice time. Every body was talking [abt *?*] my story.

Saturday 4

Expected Carrie home but she didn't come & is not coming till Monday. Mary was piecing a bonnet for Mother. I laid on the sofa nearly all day and read Goethe's Correspondence with a child. Spent most of the evening at Grandma's. Had a long letter from Ella at night.

Sunday 5

Mr Hayward preached one of the horridest, most uncultivated disagreeable sermons in the morning that I ever heard. Sarah Lord & I walked home together. Wrote Ella at noon. Went to church in the afternoon.

Monday, December 6, 1869.

Carrie came home in the morning. Snow storm. Mrs Doe came over with Ralph in the afternoon. I copied The finding of Excalibur & it is the best pen drawing yet. Was drawing part of the afternoon & all the evening. Father went to Exeter to see a patient over at North Hampton.

[NOTE: Excalibur became the sword of the legendary King Arthur as reported in such literary works as Alfred Lord Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. Presumably Jewett has copied an illustration of this event.]

Tuesday 7

Letter from Grace. delighted to hear from her. Went out to the Post Office. & afterwards into Grandma's. In the evening we went up to the Pikes to the club & had a very nice time. Had oysters for lunch Singing [and other *?*] diversions

Wednesday 8

Went down to Lizzie Nealleys & into Lizzie Park's for a book of Gail Hamilton couldn't find it but got another. Went up to Daniel Nowells with Father after dinner & then over to Mrs Doe's for Mary who had been spending the day there. Had a nice call & got Mill on Liberty Christopher Norths Essays & The Antiquary

Thursday, December 9, 1869.

Expected a letter from Cicely but it didn't come. Went into Grandma's & read her a letter from Mrs Gordon in which there was a great 'comp' for me about my writing Mary & Sara Lord & I went to ride in the afternoon. A. Barker in the [

evening *?*] . We all went to Charles Hobbs lecture which was capital.

Friday 10

Mr Goodwin was buried but none of us went. Mary & I went over to Mrs Doe's with some onions for the old lady who is sick & she & the children & we went off to ride & had real fun -- Mary was up to Charlottes to tea --

Saturday 11
[NOTE: Birthday of Caroline Perry Jewett]

Very warm & pleasant. Mary and Carrie and I went to ride. I had a dear old letter from Ella. Mother & Mary made some calls & Sarah Lord & she & I went to the Raynes & Landons & Hobbs and Youngs. Charles Hobbs with us to the [last *?*].

Sunday, December 12, 1869.
Went to Church all day. Wrote Ella and Grace at noon. Read some in Days of Yore and Helps over Hard places Walked up with Sarah Lord. Mr Hayward preached horridly in the afternoon

Monday 13
[NOTE: Birthday of Caroline Augusta Jewett]

Drew The finding of Excalibur for Ella Walworth & sent it to her. It was in pen & ink. Mary & I were asked to Sarah Lords to tea. Carrie [Goodwin *?*] was also sent for. We had a real nice time. I talked with Mr Lord before tea & afterwards we played Euchre --

Tuesday 14

Didn't go out except to the Post office Wrote a little. Copied The Little doll that Lied and sent it to Young Folks [*magazine*]. Wrote Anna Fox about some earrings for Mary. I'm awfully mad with Cicely Burt because she doesn't write.

^ Mrs Doe was over ^ Wednesday, December 15, 1869.

Was at Grandma's in the morning In the afternoon Sara[h] Lord, Mary and I called at Mrs Gilman's, Mrs Trafton Nealleys [Laurie *?*] Nealleys, the Pike's & Charlottes and then went down to the Hayes'. Lizzie Nealley was here all the evening -- & Charles Hobbs.

Thursday 16

Read in the morning & afternoon Mary was piecing up the whatnot. Mr DeNormandie came at 6 & Judge Doe was here to tea also. Mr DeNormandie lectured on Palestine. & I dont know when I have enjoyed anything so much. We went to the Doe's after the lecture

Friday 17

Had so nice a letter as never was from my dearie and my chickie and my darling Ella. In the afternoon we went to the Society at ^ Deacon ^ Nat Hobbs' and had a jolly time [*illegible*] . Sewed all the afternoon and had a steaming supper. Mother & Mary & I drove up. It was awfully bad sleighing.

Saturday, December 18, 1869.

Didn't go to sleep last night till five -- Letter from Anna. I dont think I shall get Mary the earrings now for I dont know what to get. Mary got a lot of candy at Stackpoles.

Sunday 19

Didn't go to church, for I didn't feel very well. Wrote Ella. Read *magazine*s and wrote Sunday in much the same manner as usual. Carrie has a very bad cold and so have I.

Monday 20
[NOTE: Birthday of Jewett's grandfather, William Perry]

Mary & Mother were making cake all the morning. I wasn't very well & therefore took some medicine. I think Mrs Doe was over -- I had a letter from Cecily which I was glad enough to get -- as it was the first one --

Tuesday, December 21, l869.

I cut cake and [*unrecognized word* breed *?*] the rooms in the morning. In the evening we had the Sociable, or girls club or what ever you call it. [More *?*] here than at any other place and we had a dance and a real good time -- Father was in Kennebunk.

Wednesday 22

It rained very hard all day. Lucky it wasn't yesterday. Nelly Gordon was in with Carrie & she played ever so long. Father started off to Ogunquit about five, in all the storm. Mary was at Sara Lords with some cake for Charlotte The Riverside [*magazine*] came with the Shipwrecked Buttons in it & also a charming note from the editor.

Thursday 23

Mary & I were out in search of presents in the morning. Grandpa came at half past ten. I went to Eliot with father in the afternoon & had a splendid ride. He was charming I told him all about a story I am going to write & he told me of things.

Friday, December 24, 1869.

Mary & Grandpa went off before I was up. I was travelling round all day after presents. Was going down [to *?*] Mary Hayes in the P.m. & met her & she came up here. Then I met Lizzie Nealley and we had some fun together & I went [with *?*] Was at Grandma's all the eve. Her box of presents came from Boston -- I read the Buttons to her.

Saturday 25

A very poky Christmas. All my presents except a cushion for Carrie either came before or are to come after today. & that I dont like. Read and was at Grandma's in the afternoon & also in the evening. Walked with Sara{h} Lord most all the evening

Sunday 26

Didnt go to Church all day -- Wrote Ella, which is one of the pleasant things about Sunday. I wish I could have a little talk with her instead of writing. Read a Sunday school book, Joseph the Jew, & some of Recreations of a Country Parson.

Monday, December 27, 1869.

Very rainy. I went to the Post office twice, and was at Grandma's part of the evening. Read the 1867 and laid on the sofa almost all day for I had a lame side -- No one was in and it was dark and dreary.

Tuesday 28

Mary came in the morning quite unexpectedly. She brought lots of candy and things. I had a letter from Ella. Mine was mostly written last week and a little bit at the end today She had a high fever & that worries me awfully. Was at the vestry in the P.m. & eve -- Sunday School festival, great bore.

Wednesday 29

Went to Grandma's & the mail in the morning & walked a little while with Carrie. In the afternoon, Mary & I went down to Annie Barker's & made a long call. Mr Clark & Miss [Miggins *?*] called in the evening. Read Atlantics [*magazine*] after that --

Thursday, December 30, 1869.

Father's lecture was at night, on the Atmosphere & I enjoyed it very much. Ever so many were there -- Sarah Lord was in in the afternoon. We went out in the kitchen. They were making cookies & cake --

Friday 31

Got up quite early & had breakfast with Mary & Carrie. [sliced *?*] a tongue and went out a little Took my cheque down to the bank. Went down to the Haywards right after dinner and worked all the afternoon on packing the basket and setting the table. There was lots there. And Marie Lord & Lizzie Nealley & Sara Lord & lots of us were out in the kitchen helping & working. They made the coffee at Mrs Yeatons. There was loads left of course -- Mr.Burleigh left the money in the parson's hand & the [dress *?*] for the parsoness upstairs I read in bed & went to sleep very late -- So ends 1869. the happiest year I think I ever had [*this entry extends onto the next page of the book, which has the format heading "Memoranda."*] because my friends are dearer than ever; I have tried harder to be good, and I have had success in writing and in other things. And my afflictions have been few and far between and my pleasures many. E.W. is my best friend. I hope I can say these same things next year.

[*End of Daily Entries.*
The next passage appears on the 3rd "Memoranda" page.]

There was a little crooked branch from one of the old lilacs lying against one of the steps, which bore a certain grotesque resemblance to a human figure. As she went up to the house Content saw it and with the strange sympathy for inanimate things [which *?*] we all have once ^ sometimes ^ in a while, she took it up with a little pang as ~~across~~ ^ she saw ^ one of its deformed arms was ~~barely connected~~ ^ nearly broken ^ off and carried it up and laid it in the grass under the little wall of box at the side -- For it looked as if it ~~was~~ ^ had been ^ trying to go there and and hopeless. -- I daresay she had often ~~forgotten~~ ^ neglected ^ to help ~~the~~ people she knew -- up to the soft turf and the resting place of the hill they were trying to climb --

[*The next entry appears on a "Cash Account. January" page*]

'There' said he 'is a house wherein live ^ six ^ old maid ladies. ~~and one [*illegible*]~~ Isn't it funny *?* & The youngest is nearly fifty -- Little foretaste of heaven' Said I 'neither marrying or giving in marriage '

[*The next entry appears on a "Memoranda" page for cash accounting the follows a "Summary of Cash Account" page*]

There are briers besetting every path
That call for patient care
There is a crook in every lot
And a need for earnest prayer
But a quiet heart that trusts in Thee
Is happy everywhere --

[*There are briers besetting every path*: A stanza from the hymn, "Father, I know that all my life" by Welsh poet Anna Laetitia Waring (1823-1910)]

[*The next entry appears two pages after the previous entry.*]

Here lies buried ye body of
Samuel Plaisted Esq. Eldest son
of Col Ichabod Plaisted Esq
who departed this life March
ye 2 173(4) *?* in ye 36 year of
his age.
Near him lies buried ye body
of Roger Plaisted Esq. grandfather
to the said Samuel Plaisted
>who was killed by ye Indians
October ye 11th aged 48
years --
Also ye body of his eldest son
Mr Roger Plaisted killed at
the same place & time as
his father

Inscription on the old flat gravestone at the Plaisted garrison burying ground on the Wallingford place, Berwick

[*The next entry appears on the page following the previous entry*.]

Elizabeth Wiatt
Dau[r] to John & Elizabeth
Wiatt. Aged about
Eighteen Years -- Dec[d]
March ye 15th

On the little slate gravestone close to the large tree, at Wallingfords. This was a very beautiful & accomplished girl, according to some old lady who told father about her --
[*Six "blank" pages following the above entries include 3 paper cutouts pasted in, and scribbled autographs and notes, and the following newspaper clipping pasted in from the articles of impeachment of Pres. A. Jackson)*]

THE SECOND ARTICLE.

The adjournment resolution having been lost, there was nothing to do but for Mr. Williams to move his proposition, so that articles could be taken up in any order. This was agreed to unanimously, and at ten minutes past one, with a buzz of delight and disappointment, conjoined from the galleries, the Clark began reading article two, which all understood was the strongest of those remaining. Mr. Ross seemed to know that everybody was looking at him and in a moment he flushed red and moved nervously in his chair. The galleries, it was clear, hadn't fully understood Mr. Anthony's position, for there was quite a rustling as he answered "Guilty." Fessenden stood erect, with one hand on his desk and the other half way in his pocket, and pronounced his "Not Guilty," with clearness and deliberation. Fowler had recovered heart or voice. On a former occasion he spoke so low that it is yet almost a matter of controversy how he voted. To-day he replied in a tone that the galleries heard to the furthest corner. Grimes rose from his seat with difficulty and responded in a feeble but firm voice.

THE DECISIVE VOTE

Ross rose slowly and gravely when his name was called and stood with his hands clasped loosely in front, his face now red and now pallid, but not a tremor was visible about his body. The fifteen seconds in which the Chief Justice nervously recited the usual question was the most exciting time ever known in the hall of the Senate. Every eye was turned upon Ross, one of the smallest, youngest, and least influential members of the Senate, and from end to end, and side to side of the Chamber, everybody understood that he held on his lips the official life or death of Andrew Johnson, and in his power more of good or ill for the republic, than was ever before to be made or marred by one little word. The suspense, short as it was, was absolutely painful, and the galleries and Senate floor itself almost broke into a murmur of relief when he pronounced his "not guilty," and thus killed impeachment at a breath. There was

nothing more of interest on the roll call, for it mattered not how Willey voted, except as he himself was concerned. At twenty-five minutes past one the defeat of the second article was announced.

THE THIRD ARTICLE
[**End of the Diary**]

Entries on Jewett's Writing and Publishing Activity During 1869

11 January
Went down & took my lesson and came home & wrote most of the afternoon & evening. Had a letter from Mary & Father & all. I am so sorry to miss Anna's visit The name of my story was " An Apology " It was a horrid day.

12 January
It rained very hard and snowed. I went to Mr. Page's with Aunt Sarah, to the reading club. Had a splendid supper & good time. My story was received with great applause. M. De Golyer came home with us. I went down town in the morning.

5 August -- Was at Grandma's & she told me something I thought would be a good plot for a story & that night I sat up very late over it.

10 August – Sent off my story. ["Mr. Bruce" by A. C. Eliot. *Atlantic Monthly* (24:701-710), December 1869.]

17 August – My story is accepted & I had a very nice note from the Atlantic

18 August -- In the afternoon Mary beguiled me into telling Father & Mother about my story -- I wish with all my heart I had never told any body: it seems as if it no longer belonged all to me.

20 September -- Finished the story I've been writing Spent the evening with Grandma.

21 September -- Copied 'The Ship wrecked Buttons' & it took me most all day. Read it to Grandma in the evening & spent the evening with her & we had a great talk
 ["The Shipwrecked Buttons" by Alice Eliot. *Riverside Magazine* (4:30-35), January 1870.]

1 November -- Got a note from the Editor of the Riverside saying he would like the Shipwrecked Buttons, which I now consider as being in a safe harbor!

17 November -- My story "Mr Bruce" is published -- in this months Atlantic.

24 November -- Had a letter from Cicely Burt -- I suppose the last I shall have till she is Mrs Sibley. She likes my story ever so much.

3 December -- Every body was talking [of] my story.

14 December -- Copied The Little doll that Lied and sent it to Young Folks.
 [Jewett's poem, "The Little Doll that Lied" eventually appeared in <="" i=""> *St. Nicholas* (1:595), August 1874.]

22 December -- The Riverside came with the Shipwrecked Buttons in it & also a charming note from the editor.

Jewett's Reading in 1869

Magazines

**Atlantic Monthly* (most frequently mentioned)
Blackwood's
Every Saturday
Galaxy
**Harper's Magazine*
Harper's Weekly
Littell's
**Riverside*
Sunday (Possibly **Sunday Afternoon*)
**Our Young Folks*

* Magazines in which Jewett eventually published.

Books

Author, title, and entry date noted.
Some items are mentioned more than once; only the date first mentioned is noted.

About, Edmond. *The Man with the Broken Ear*. 4 May.

Alcott, Louisa May. *Little Women*. 14 July.

Andersen, Hans Christian. Sand-Hills of Jutland. 25 July.
The Improvisatore. 22 November.

Auerbach, Berthold. *On the Heights.*" 1 October.

Beckford, William. *Vathek*. 5 February.

Bible. New Testament. 18 July.

Marie Boissonnade, (Besneray, Marie de). *Nadine*. 9 February.

Boyd, Andrew Kennedy Hutchison. *Recreations of a Country Parson.* 26 December.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. *Aurora Leigh*. 20 March.

Bulwer-Lytton, Robert (Owen Meredith). *Lucile*, a verse novel. 14 January.

Bunyan, John. *Pilgrim's Progress*. 27 June.

Camilla. 12 February.
Not clear what Jewett means. She is not known to have been acquainted with anyone of this name. She could refer to Frances Burney's novel or to any of several operas.

Cary, Alpheus. *A Collection of Epitaphs Suitable for Monumental Inscriptions, from Approved Authors.* 16 November.

Craik, Dinah Maria Mulock. *The Fairy Book*. 11 May.

Dickens, Charles. *Great Expectations*. 25 February.
Oliver Twist 9 March.

Dodge, Mary Abigail (Gail Hamilton). Unnamed title. 8 December.

Du Chaillu, Paul B. *Wild Life Under the Equator*. 4 August.

Edwards. Annie. *Archie Lovell*. 5 September.

Euripides. *Medaea.* 29 April. This transcription is uncertain.

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von. *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. 20 March.
Correspondence with a Child. 9 November.

Gosse, Philip Henry. *The Romance of Natural History*. 9 July.

Griswold, Rufus Wilmot. *The Republican Court: or, American Society in the Days of Washington*. 25 February.

Guérin, Eugénie De. Letters. 31 January.

Holcombe, James Philemon. *Literature in Letters*. 5 March.

Home Care. [Not yet identified] 24 May.

Ingelow, Jean. Unnamed title. 15 January
Unnamed title. 17 October.

John, Eugenie (E. Marlitt). *Gold Elsie*. 20 January.

Keddie, Henrietta (Sarah Tytler). *Days of Yore*. 20 November.

Kingsley, Charles. *The Waterbabies*. 1 January.

Lamb, Charles. Writings. 9 January.

Linton, Eliza Lynn. *Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg*. 31 July.

Macauley, Thomas Babington. Essays on Montgomery's Poems & Mme D'Arblay. 9 January.
Lays of Ancient Rome (poem).

MacDonald, George. *The Seaboard Parish*. 8 June.
Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood. 13 June.

Mahony, Francis Sylvester. "The Bells of Shandon" 19 February

Mill, John Stuart. *On Liberty*. 8 December.

Mitchell, Rev. Walter. *Bryan Maurice or the Seeker*. 7 February.

Moncrieff, Robert Hope. *A Book about Dominies*. 10 August.

Newman, John Henry. *Loss and Gain*. 14 August.

Oliphant, Margaret. *Miss Marjoribanks.* 27 November.

Ouida (Maria Louise Ramé). *Under Two Flags*. 28 January.

Palfrey, Sarah Hammond (E. Foxton). *Herman, Or, Young Knighthood*. 18 July.

Peebles, Mary Louise (Lynde Palmer). *Helps over Hard Places*. 12 December.
Peebles published two volumes with this title, *Stories for Girls* and *Stories for Boys*.

Pellico, Silvio. Unnamed title. 20 January.

Randall, James Ryder. *Maryland, my Maryland, and There's Life in the Old Land Yet*. 16 November.
It is not certain that Jewett refers to this writer or to this title.

Randolph, Anson Davies Fitz. *The Shadow of the Rock, and other Religious Poems*. 17 October.

Reade, Charles. *Christie Johnstone*. 6 March.

Ritchie, Anne Thackeray. *The Story of Elizabeth*. 7 March.
From an Island. 22 September.

Rossetti, Christina. Unnamed title. 17 October.

Sand, George. *Fauchon, the Cricket: a Domestic Drama in Five Acts*. 9 February.

Scott, Mrs. *Joseph the Jew: a Tale Founded on Fact*. 26 December.
The identity of Mrs. Scott is not yet known. One possible candidate is Harriet Anne Scott.

Scott, Sir Walter. *The Bride of Lammermoor*. 24 March.
The Antiquary. 8 December.

Smith, Alexander. *Alfred Hagarts Household* 16 March.
Dreamthorp: A Book of Essays Written in the Country. 17 October.

Stevens, Abel. *The History of Methodism*. 29 January.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher. *Oldtown Folks*. 18 June.

Tennyson, Alfred. 3 February.
Enoch Arden. 3 December.

Tinsley, Annie. *Margaret*. 26 June.

Trollope, Anthony. *The Small House at Allington*. 31 July.

Ward, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. *The Gates Ajar*. 15 June.
"Kentucky's Ghost." Collected in *Men, Women and Ghosts*. 2 September.

"When Shall He First Tell" (transcription uncertain, not yet identified) 1 February.

Whitney, Adeline Dutton Train. "Patience Strong's Outing." 26 January.

Willis, Sara Payson (Fanny Fern). *Rose Clark*. 30 March.

Yates, Edmund Hodgson. *Broken to Harness: A Story of English Domestic Life*. 2 January.
Black Sheep. 3 June.

Yonge, Charlotte Mary. *The Heir of Redclyffe*. 16 August.

Williams, John. Sermons. 17 April.
There are many clergyman named "John Williams." Lacking more information, it is impossible to know to which Jewett refers.

Wilson, John (Christopher North). Essays. 8 December.

Persons named in the 1869 Diary

Many of the people mentioned here have not yet been identified. Jewett spent the early months of 1869 in Cincinnati, staying with family. I have indicated those she met during that visit. The many others for whom I have no information, are merely listed.

Allen, Florence, Mitty

Austin, Mrs.

Ayer, Mr.

Baker, Maggie (Mr. Baker has a store) -- Cincinnati

Ballard (or Bullard), Dr. -- Cincinnati

Barker, Annie
Annie Barker is known to have been a Jewett neighbor. Whether she is connected with a South Berwick choir director, Elizabeth Ann Barker, born c. 1805, is not known. Nor is it known whether she was connected with the Mr. Barker of California, who visited South Berwick on 15 August.

Barrell
Probably refers to the Barrell sisters. Elizabeth Barrell (c. 1799 - November 12, 1883), sister of Mary Barrell (c. 1804 - June 6, 1889). Old friends of the Jewett family, they lived in what is now the Sayward-Wheeler House in York Harbor, ME. for much of the 19th century.

Barster, Mr.

Bell, Mary.
Probably Jewett's cousin, Mary Persis Bell, daughter of Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell. Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell (14 April 1826- 3 February 1904) was one of Jewett's two favorite "Aunt Marys." Her second marriage was to New Hampshire senator and governor Charles Henry Bell (1823- 11 November 1893). Her first husband was Joseph Taylor Gilman (1812-1862), who was the youngest brother of Nicholas Gilman (1799-1840), Jewett's great-great-grandfather. Charles H. Bell first married Sarah Almira Gilman (1827-1850), who was the daughter of Nicholas Gilman, and they had two daughters: Helen/Nelly (1848-1909) who married Harold North Fowler (1859-1955), and Mary Persis (1850- after 1897), who married Hollis Russell Bailey (1852-1934).

Breck, Miss -- Cincinnati

Breed, Miss -- Cincinnati

Brock's
Probably a store in Portsmouth, NH.

Burleigh, Mrs.
Almost certainly this is Matilda Buffum Burleigh (1823-1911), wife of John H. Burleigh (1822-1878), the Maine congressman from South Berwick, who was serving in the United States House of Representatives in 1876.

Burt, Cicely, Mr. & Mrs. Major Burt, Love -- Cincinnati
Cicely Burt Sibley (1844-1932) married James H. Sibley on 22 December 1869. Her parents were Andrew Gano Burt (1810-1874) and Anne Green Thompson (1818-). Of Cicely's family, *Descendants of Henry Burt*, p. 109, says: "Mr. Burt was a man of a cultivated taste, fond of literature, a collector of paintings, fond of his garden, a strong character, quiet, gentlemanly, widely known and appreciated, a friend of Henry Clay. Mrs. Burt was from London, Eng. ... James H. Sibley of Cincinnati, husband of Cicely, was born Aug. 17, 1841; their children : Henrietta, b. Aug. 20,1871 ; James Whitelaw, b. Dec. 27, 1873."
Cicely had two older brothers and two younger sisters: Pitts H (b. 1837), Andrew Sheridan (b. 1839), Kate (b. 1846) and Henrietta (b. 1850). Andrew Burt became a Union infantry officer during the Civil War and after was a Brevet Major in the "Indian Wars" in Wyoming (p. 189). Major Burt married Elizabeth Johnston Reynolds in 1862. Their children in 1869 were Andrew (b. 1863) and Edith (b. 1867).
Presumably, one of Cicely's younger sisters was nicknamed "Love."

Butters, Shephard

Campbell, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Carret, Miss -- Cincinnati

Carruth, Emma, Ella and Mrs.
This may be Emma Carruth (1849-1888) of Dorchester, MA. See Jewett's letter to Mary Rice Jewett of 3 March 1888. Her mother was Sarah Ann Pratt (1813-1910). Ella may be her sister, Ellen Carruth (1848-1923).

Cater, Amanda

Chickering, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Church, Mr., Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Clark / The Clarks -- Cincinnati

Clark, Mr., Mrs. -- South Berwick

Cobb -- A South Berwick family.

Coe, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Coffin, Miss -- Cincinnati

Colcord, Mrs.
A South Berwick family descended from Jonathan Colcord.

Conner, Mr., Mary

Crossett, Miss -- Cincinnati

Cushing, Miss
Elizabeth Cushing (1797-1889).

Darling, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Davis, Miss and Mrs. I, -- Cincinnati

Davis
The Davises of South Berwick probably were Joseph Porter and Cylinda H. Lord Davis, the parents of Benjamin Franklin Davis, who would later become the proprietor of a South Berwick drugstore.

De Bers, Mrs., Mr. -- Cincinnati

De Golyer, M. -- Cincinnati

De Normandie, James.
Rev. James De Normandie (1836-1924), ordained at South Parish in Portsmouth, NH in 1862, and pastor at First Church (Unitarian) of Roxbury, MA.

Dexter -- Cincinnati

Dobey, Rev.

Doe, Edith Bell Haven and Mrs. Bodwell Doe, Millie, Ralph, Perley.
South Berwick, neighbor, Mrs. Charles Cogswell Doe. Charles C. Doe became Chief Justice of the New Hampshire Supreme Court. Their children included: Ralph (1866-1882) and Perley (1868-1922).
Judge Doe's brother was Joseph Bodwell Doe (1818-1890), who became a merchant and banker in Janesville, WI. He married Anna Jane Marcher in 1838.
Which family member was Millie is not yet known. Mrs. Bodwell's only surviving daughter was Martha W. Doe Ferslew (1840-1917). Possibly, Millie was a cousin.

Dorr, Dr.
South Berwick dentist.

Eastman, Miss

Emerson -- Cincinnati

Ferguson, Mat

Fiske, Minnie, Frank, Abba, Arthy ?,
Minnie Fiske is Mary Walker Fisk (1850 - 20 November 1877) of Concord, NH. The Jewett-Perry-Fiske families spelled their name "Fisk" and "Fiske" interchangeably. Her parents were Francis Allen Fiske (1818-1887) and Abby Gilman Perry Fisk (1824-1868). Her siblings all spelled their name "Fiske": Frank (1851-1886), William Perry (1853-1914), Abby Gilman (1862-1947), and John Taylor (1866-1940).
Abby Gilman Perry Fisk was Jewett's maternal aunt, making Mary Walker Fisk Jewett's first cousin.
The transcription of "Arthy" is uncertain, and it is not yet known which member of the family this was.

Flinn's
Probably Jewett refers to the Walter Flynn grocery on Main Street in South Berwick.

Folsom, Mrs.

Fox, Anna -- Cincinnati

Freeland, Lettie
Possibly connected with Annie Freeland Jewett (1841-1874), who married Jewett relative, Dr. Charles Cogswell Jewett (1831-1884).

Freeman, Dr. physician -- Cincinnati

Gardner, John, Maria

Gates, Vattie
This may be Vashiti / Vashti Gates (1848-1925), daughter of Ephraim Church Gates and Vashiti / Vashti Randall Pickins of Calais, ME. She married Bradley Llewellyn Eaton (1850-1937) in 1872. The "Find a Grave" pages for this couple offer a good deal of information about their families.

Gerrish, Mrs.
This may be Hattie A. Gerrish (1835-1908), wife of Dr. Christopher P. Gerrish (1829-1909) of South Berwick.

Gibbs, Mr. -- Cincinnati

Gill, Mr.
Robinson Gill (1829-1897) of Timble UK immigrated to the United States, where he became a successful businessman and a member of Robert Collyer's All Souls Universalist Church in Brooklyn NY.

Gilman, Charles Jervis and Alice Dunlap -- Brunswick, ME.
Their son, Cousin Charles Ashburton, also is mentioned. Jewett addresses all three as cousins. See Correspondents.

Gilman, Dr John Taylor and Helen Williams -- Portland, ME.
Uncle John and Aunt Helen.
Their daughter, Helen/Nelly married Dr. John Taylor Gilman Nichols of Cambridge, MA.
Fanny may be their daughter by adoption.
Gardiner Gilman (1829-1912) was another relative residing in Exeter, NH.

Goodwin, Mr., Mrs., C or Carrie
Ichabod Goodwin (1819 - 7 December 1869). His wife was Sophia Elizabeth Hayes Goodwin (1824-1905).
Carrie Goodwin has not yet been identified.

Gordon, Grace, Mary, Mrs., Helen, Nelly
Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden (10 Sep 1842 - 1 April 1918) was Jewett's "cousin" and one of her early friends. The daughter of George William Gordon (1801- November 1877) and Katherine Parker Sleeper (1804-1889), Grace Walden became the second wife of the Protestant Episcopal clergyman Jacob Treadwell Walden (1830-1918) in 1885. He had served a number of parishes before their marriage, but in the 1880s was concentrating on scholarship and writing, residing in London and New Hampshire. She had two older sisters, Helen and Kate (who married Dr. H. L. H. Hoffendahl), and one older brother, George. Grace Walden's maternal aunt, Elizabeth Sewel Sleeper (1792-1870) married Nathan Jewett, Jewett's paternal great uncle, and then Captain Theodore Jewett, Jewett's paternal grandfather. However, as Captain Jewett's fourth wife, she was not Jewett's biological grandmother..
Mary and Mrs E Gordon have not yet been identified.

Grant, Mary -- Cincinnati

Grant, Olive.
Olive Grant (1821 - 17 January 1892) was the family's dressmaker for much of Jewett's life. The last reliably dated mention of Grant in Jewett's correspondence is in a letter to Annie Adams Fields in the summer of 1891, so Grant must have died after 1891. Jewett reports Grant's death in an undated letter to Fields, which has been placed in January 1892, because that was the death date of the Olive Grant who seems most likely to be the Olive Grant.
Gaining further information about Miss Grant has been difficult, but the growth of Family Search in recent decades has produced some possibilities. Family Search and Find a Grave indicate that there were four persons named Olive Grant residing in the South Berwick area during Jewett's lifetime. Of these the least likely are the two who died before 1891: Olive M. Grant (c. 1818-1885) and Olive H. Davis Grant (1827-1888).
A stronger candidate is the Olive Grant (b. c. 1823) who was living in South Berwick at the time of the 1880 census. She was listed as a single female housekeeper, living with her daughter Ida B. Tebbets, and grandson, Charles. She would seem to fit Paula Blanchard's story that "Olly" Grant supported herself and her illegitimate daughter by her needle and that she was a treasured source of community gossip (Sarah Orne Jewett, 1994, p. 38). However, Blanchard cites an anonymous 1782 diary (Houghton bMS 1743.1 Item 362) for this information. Though this is in Houghton's Jewett collection, its material precedes Jewett's lifetime.
The best candidate seems to be Olive Grant (10 October 1821 - 17 January 1892), daughter of Nathan Grant and Eunice Lord. Born in South Berwick, she died in Portsmouth, NH, where Jewett reports attending Miss Grant's funeral.
Guiterman, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Gunnison, Mrs, -- Cincinnati

Hale, Mrs.
This may be Lucy H. Lambert Hale (1814-1902), wife of U.S. Senator John Parker Hale (1806-1873) of Dover, NH.

Hall, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Halliburton, Georgina
Georgina Halliburton (1 May 1849-1910), a lifelong friend of Jewett from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was the daughter of Susan

Halliburton Peters (1830 - 9 April 1898) and James Pierrepont Halliburton (1824-1849). After the death of Mr. Halliburton, Georgina's mother married George Wallis Haven (1808-1895). Mr. Haven's first wife had been Helen Sarah Bell (1822-1846), who was the mother of another close Jewett friend, Edith Bell Haven (Mrs. Charles Cogswell) Doe (1840-1922).Georgina's half-brother was Dr. George Haven (1861-1903).

Hanson, Dr.
Apparently a physician, possibly in Great Falls/Somersworth, NH.

Harding, Mrs.

Harris, Miss

Hastings, Mary, Molly -- Cincinnati

Hatch, Mrs., E., Alice -- Cincinnati

Haven, Dr. George.
Dr. George Haven, half-brother of Georgina Halliburton. See Correspondents.

Hayes, Mary, Mrs., Dr. Charles
Mary Osgood Hayes (1830-1884) as an aunt of Susan and William Hayes Ward, editors of the Independent. She was a friend and neighbor, living near the Berwick Academy.
Dr. Charles Hayes may have had a practice in Dover, NH. He is mentioned in John Hayes of Dover, New Hampshire, with his brother, Hiram, of North Berwick (1834-1911) as a Civil War veteran.

Hayman, Miss -- Cincinnati.

Hayward, Rev.
Silvanus Hayward (1828-1908). See Correspondents.

Hayward, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Hedwick, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Hinkle, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Hobbs, Mrs., Charles
South Berwick local historian, Charles C. Hobbs (1835-1917).
Deacon Nat Hobbs probably is Nathaniel Hobbs (1831-1870).

Hoffendahl, Mrs., Dr. -- Boston
This is Grace Gordon Walden's older sister Kate, who married who married Dr. H. L. H. Hoffendahl.

Holden, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Hooper, Mr., Kate -- Cincinnati

Houston, Miss -- Cincinnati

Howe, Mrs., Dr. Dentist -- Cincinnati

Hubble, Miss. -- Cincinnati

Irwin, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Jameson

Jewett, John
John Jewett probably is Jewett's cousin, John Woodman Jewett (1853-1892).
Annie Jewett and L. Jewett have not yet been identified.

Jewett, Sarah Orne
For members of her family see Key to Correspondents.

Jones, Mrs., Lizzie -- Portland

Keay, Lucy
This may be Lucy Anna Keays Hayward (1839-1917).

Keith, Mrs., the Misses -- Cincinnati

Kelly, Miss -- Cincinnati

Kepplers -- Cincinnati

King, Ian -- Boston

Knight, Helen Cross -- Portsmouth, NH
Helen Cross Knight (5 March 1814-1906). Helen Caroline Cross Knight lived in Portsmouth, NH. Her sister, Charlotte Tilton Cross (1819-1903), was the second wife of Elisha H. Jewett (1816-1883), who was first cousin to Jewett's father, Theodore Herman Jewett. She published fiction and nonfiction, often for the Religious Tract Society. Identifying this correspondent has been complicated by her eccentric handwriting
In the diary, a "Susy" seems associated with this family, but she has not yet been identified.

Ladd, Mrs.
This may be Anna R. Watson Ladd (1843-1909).

Landon -- may be a misspelling of Langdon ?

Langdon, Mrs.
This may be Helen Bell Haven Langdon (1845-1874) of Portsmouth, NH, who was related to Georgie Halliburton.

Leavitts, Mrs. York.

Lewis, Miss
She is identified as Mrs. Gerrish's niece in the diary. No more is yet known.

Lincoln, Frank. Boston.

Long, Aunt Mary
Mary Olivia Gilman Long (March 9, 1810 - October 14, 1904) was one of Jewett's beloved aunts. Of Aunt Mary Long, Richard Cary says: "Of this person, John Frost writes (in Sarah Orne Jewett, p. 35): 'Sarah Orne Jewett once said that she grew up with her grand-aunts and grand-uncles as playmates. Mary Olivia Gilman Long â€" Aunt Mary Long -- was the grande dame of the family. She was the recent widow of a naval commodore, and was childless. She knew all of the family history, and had made her share of it.'"

"Find a Grave" published this sketch from the Portsmouth Herald of March 10, 1903

> Mrs. Mary O. Long, today observed her ninety-third birthday. She passed the day happily in the house where she was born, now the residence of Mrs. Charles H. Bell, her sister in-law. Mrs. long is a fine type of the gentle-women, and enters upon her ninety-fourth year in remarkable health and spirits. She drives out daily.
>
> She is the daughter of Nathaniel and Dorothy (Folsom) Gilman. On June 1, 1829, she was married to the late John C. Long, a commodore in the United States navy, who began his career as a midshipman on the Constitution in its engagement with the Java. Mrs. Long can doubtless claim the distinction of being the sole survivor of an officer who served on "Old Ironsides" during the War of 1812.
>
> Commodore Long saw much other naval service. He commanded the Mississippi, which brought Kossuth to this country, and his firm stand in preventing the Hungarian leader from compromising out government by revolutionary harangues at Marseille was warmly commended by his superiors.
>
> He circumnavigated the globe in 1840-43 in command of the sloop of war Boston and closed his active career as commander of the Pacific squadron. He died childless, at North Conway, Sept 2, 1865.
>
> Mrs. Long's home is filled with art treasures and curios collected by her husband in every quarter of the globe.

Note that this clipping is in error about the relationship between Mrs. Charles H. Bell and Mary Long. According to "Find a Grave," the first wife of Charles H. Bell (1823-1893), a New Hampshire politician, was Mary Long's niece, Sarah Almira Gilman Bell (1827-1850), daughter of her older brother, Nicholas Gilman (1799-1840). After her death, C. H. Bell married Mary E. Gray Bell (1826-1904).

Lord, Charles, L, Sarah, Mary, Susy.
The Lord family is so extensive in and around York County, ME, that it is nearly impossible to know which Lords these are or whether they all are in the same household.

Lothrop's
Daniel Lothrop & Sons was a large department store in Dover, NH.

March, Mr.

May, Rev. Mr.

Maynard, Mrs.

McAlpine, Dana -- Cincinnati

McLaren, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

McLean, Miss -- Cincinnati

Mellen, Miss

Morrill, Judge -- of Texas
Possibly Amos Morrill (1809-1884).

Montgomery, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Morton, Mrs., Etta
Mrs. Morton may be Eliza Ann Welch Wetherell Morton (1832-1904). Possibly she was called "Etta."

Moulton, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Murray, Mr.

Mussey, Mr.

Nealley, Mr., Mrs., Mary
The Nealley family was prominent in South Berwick. Mary Elizabeth Jewett Nealley (1817-1890) was a Jewett relative. Andrew Jackson Nealley (1815-1887) owned a local store. His brother Ebenezer (1807-1888) was married to

Hannah B. Carlton (1813-1871), and they had a daughter, Maria (1833-1886).

Neff, Dr. -- Boston

Nelson, Dr. minister -- Cincinnati

Newport, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Nichols, Mr. Dr.
Mr. NIchols may be a Jewett relative, Dr. John Taylor Nichols -- See Helen Williams Gilman in Key to Correspondents.
Dr. NIchols may be Dr. James R. Nichols M.D. (1819-1888). He was the founder and publisher of *Popular Science News and Boston Journal of Chemistry*.

Nicholson, Dr.

Norton, Dr. and Mrs. -- Boston.
Probably Charles Eliot Norton, brother of Jewett's friend, Grace Norton. See Correspondents.

Nourse, Dr.
Probably this is physician and U. S. Senator (Maine), Amos Nourse (1794-1877).

Nourse, Miss, Mrs. -- Cincinatti

Nowells, Daniel
Daniel Nowell of South Berwick (d. 1881).

Olds, Miss -- Cincinnati

Orem -- Cincinnati

Page, Mr. -- Cincinnati

Palmer -- Cincinnati

Parker, Lizzie from Portsmouth

Park, Lizzie from South Berwick

Perry, Dr. William Gilman.
This probably is the Uncle Will mentioned on 17 June and 12 November. Married to a favorite aunt, Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry.
Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry (1826- 5 September 1896) of Exeter, New Hampshire, was the wife of Dr. William Gilman Perry (1823-1910), Jewett's maternal uncle. Frances / Fanny Perry Dudley (1861-1953) was their daughter. A chronic victim of asthma, which restricted her traveling and visiting, Aunty Lucretia compensated by writing lively, descriptive letters, and entertaining a steady stream of friends who sometimes called for the day and stayed for a week. "A wise and constant lover of good books," she conveyed her approval of Dickens, Browning, and a score of others to her eager young niece. Jewett attributed much of her desire to improve intellectually to this aunt.
Charlie Perry Gilman may be their son.

Perry, Sarah Chandler and John Taylor Perry -- Cincinnati.
Sarah Chandler Perry (1833-1897) was the wife of John Taylor Perry (1832-1901), who was a son of Dr. William Perry, Jewett's maternal grandfather. Cary says of John Taylor Perry: "After twenty-five years as editor and part owner of the Cincinnati Gazette, ... returned to his birthplace, Exeter, New Hampshire, where he resided until his death." In 1898, he authored The First Church in Exeter, New Hampshire. He was the author of a number of genealogical and historical documents. Pierrepont, Mrs.

Pike's
Probably a reference to South Berwick merchant, John S. Pike (1815-1888) and his wife Abby S. Pike (1814-1896).

Quincy, Miss
Possibly Eliza Susan Quincy (1798-1884), Boston artist and author.

Raynes, M E
Probably Jewett refers to the family of South Berwick shoemaker, Francis Raynes, whose daughter, Olive, operated the Raynes School, where Jewett and her sisters were elementary students.

Reed, Mr. -- Cincinnati

Richardson, Miss -- drawing teacher -- Cincinnati

Richmond, Kitty, Mrs. Allan, -- Cincinnati

Ricker
Shipley W. Ricker (1827-1905) was a South Berwick businessman.

Robbins, Mrs.
Possibly Sabina Butler Robbins (1814-1902) of South Berwick.

Robertson, Callie, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Rochester, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Rogers, Ann.
Richard Cary says that Ann Rogers was one of

the several immigrant Irish servants who lived in the Jewett household during Jewett's lifetime.

Rohe, Mr.
Presents a lecture on Africa.

Rollins, Mrs., Mr., John
Richard Cary says: "Ellen Augusta Lord Rollins (1835-1922) lived at Main and Young streets in South Berwick, within sight of Miss Jewett's home." Her father was John Rollins, but he died in 1860. Though the people Jewett names probably are related to Ellen Rollins, their identity is unknown as yet.

Saunders
This could be the family of Sally Merrow Lord Saunders (1810-1879).

Scott, Mr.
Mr. Scott may have been pastor at St. John's Methodist Church, Dover NH.

Scudder, Kate -- Cincinnati

Shackford, Will
Probably William Gardner Shackford (1840-1907). He became a steamship captain, recognized in 1891 for saving his passengers and crew when struck by a sudden Atlantic storm.

Shaffer, Ella -- Cincinnati

Sibley, Mollie, Mary, James -- Cincinnati
The family of James Hastings Sibley (1841-1927), who married Cicely Burt. James's father also was James, and his mother was Mary. Possibly his sister, Mary, was called Mollie.

Sims, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Smith, Miss -- Cincinnati

Soule, Mary, Horace
This may be Horace Homer Soule (1827-1908), who was married to South Berwick native, Elizabeth Cushing Hobbs (1827-1906), sister of Charles C. Hobbs. One of their children was Mary Hamilton Soule (1852-1918).

Southworth, Mrs. -- Cincinnati

Spencer, Clare or Clara or Clem or Cleo -- Cincinnati

Stemson, Miss Betty -- Cincinnati

Taft, Mrs. Judge -- Cincinnati
This may be Cincinnati judge and politician, Alphonso Taft (1810-1891), the father of President William Howard Taft. His second wife was author Louise Maria Torrey (1827-1907).

Thompson, Data ? -- Cincinnati

Tilton
Possibly Jewett refers to J. E. Tilton & Co., a Boston publisher.

Trafton, Mrs., Lizzie, Agnes.
The Trafton family was prominent in the South Berwick area, but these members have not yet been identified.

Wakefield, Mrs., Eliza
George H. Wakefield (1827-) married Mary E. Goodwin in South Berwick on 9 November 1864.
Sarah Elizabeth Wakefield (1826-) was his sister.

Walker, Charlie
Probably Charles G. Walker (1856-), son of Oliver Walker (c. 1832-) and Lucy A. Walker (c. 1835-).

Walworth, Ella
Ella Maria Walworth (Mrs. George Britton) Little (b. 7 February 1849) One of Jewett's closest friends in her early years, Ella Walworth married George Britton Little (b. 14 August 1847) on 3 November 1875. Their children were Theodore Walworth and Harry Britton.
Her parents were Boston inventor and manufacturer, Caleb Clark Walworth (1815-1894) and his first wife, Mary A. Eastman (1821-1886). Her surviving siblings were Stella Louise (1855-1914), who married Wallace Lincoln Pierce (1853-1920) in June 1876 and Alice Drummond (1857-1901), who married George Putnam May (1846-1889) in 1879.

Ward, Mr., Hetta, Susy
William Hayes Ward (1835-1916), brother of Susan Hayes Ward, was an early Berwick friend of the Jewetts. He was successively associate editor, superintending editor, editor, and honorary editor of the Independent from 1868 to 1916. Jewett's work began to appear in this semireligious weekly in 1871. He married Ellen Maria Dickinson (1836-1873), and their son was the journalist, Herbert Dickinson Ward (1861-1932). William and Susan's sister, Hetta Lord Hayes Ward (1842-1921), reported on architecture, exhibitions of painting, the applied and domestic arts for the Independent, as well

as publishing delightful stories and verses for children, according to Richard Cary.

Wentworth, George, Carrie
The Wentworth family was extensive in the South Berwick area. These members have not yet been identified.

Whitehead, Ellen
South Berwick tailor, Charles E. Whitehead (1817-1878) and Mary B. Whitehead (1826-1908). Among their children was Ellen/Nellie (1850-1879). Ellen married George M. Eckert in 1876.

Whiting, Nannie

Whitman, Mrs. Judge -- Cincinnati
Probably Elizabeth King Whitman, spouse of Judge Henry C. Whitman (1817-1890). See *A Sketch of the Supreme Court of Ohio*, pp. 288-9, in *The Green Bag* 7 (1895).

Whitney, K,

Williams, Lewis -- Isles of the Shoals

Williams, Mr., Dr., Mrs., Louis, D. -- Cincinnati
The d.w. reference probably is to D. Williams

Yeaton, Mrs., Mary
George Campbell Yeaton (1836-1918) was a South Berwick lawyer. His wife may be Harriet N. Yeaton (1836-). Whether and how Mary is connected with him is not yet known.

Young, Rebecca O.
Rebecca O. Young (1847-1927). In Sarah Orne Jewett: her World and her Work (2002), Paula Blanchard says: "Rebecca Young, who lived a few doors from the Jewetts, was an old classmate of the [Jewett] sisters from the days of Miss Raynes's school and Berwick Academy and an intimate friend of both Mary and Carrie. She was for many years treasurer of the South Berwick Savings Bank" (p. 203). Young was riding with Sarah Orne Jewett on 3 September 1902, when a stumbling horse threw both of them from the carriage.

Mentioned by first name only

Abba

Old Anna at home
This probably is not Ann Rogers.

Abby, a child

Cousin Enid

Miss Edith, Mrs. Edith & the children
One of these people may be Edith Bell Haven Doe. See Correspondents.

Aunt Sophia in Massachusetts, perhaps in Housatonic or Stockbridge

Cousin Ursula

Sarah Orne Jewett Diary 1871-1879

Annotated items are marked with asterisks.

Persons Often Named in this Diary

To reduce repetition, these persons are identified by full name, when necessary, in the section notes, but are described just once, in this list.

Kate / Katherine de Costa Birckhead (1843 ? - 1925 ?), close friend and spiritual mentor to Jewett, mainly in the late 1870s. Little has as yet been learned about her. Her parents were James Birckhead, Jr. (1792 - 1 December 1870) and Elizabeth / Eliza / Lizzy Hunter (1807-1890). Before the Civil War, James Birckhead had been an international flour merchant, engaged especially in trade with Brazil, where Katherine was born. Elizabeth's father, William Hunter, was United States Minister to Brazil at the time of their marriage. Kate's brother, William Hunter Birckhead (1839 - 19 April 1895), became a physician. He married Sarah King of Newport, and their children were: James, Philip, and Hugh. Miss Birckhead also was a close friend of Ellen Mason. See also Laura Jamagin, *A Confluence of Transatlantic Networks*, p. 121.

Georgie Halliburton (1 May 1849-1910) a lifelong friend of Miss Jewett from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was the daughter of Susan Halliburton Peters (1830 - 9 April 1898) and James Pierrepont Halliburton (1824-1849). After the death of Mr. Halliburton, Georgina's mother married George Wallis Haven (1808-1895). Mr. Haven's first wife had been Helen Sarah Bell (1822 - 1846), who was the mother of another close Jewett friend, Edith Bell Haven (Mrs. Charles Cogswell) Doe (1840-1922). Georgina's half-brother was Dr. George Haven (1861-1903). Often mentioned in the correspondence through 1899 is "Auntie," who seems to be an important second mother to Georgina. This could be neither of her known aunts, because both died in 1888. her father's sister, Mary Ann Halliburton (1797-1888) resided near Georgina in Portsmouth, NH. The other, Cornelia Woodhull Griswold (1807-1888), resided in Brooklyn, NY, the wife of Joseph W. Haven (1803-1872), the only brother of her step-father.

Ella Maria Walworth (Mrs. George Britton) Little (7 February 1849 -) One of Jewett's closest friends in her early years, Ella Walworth married George Britton Little (14 August 1847 -) on 3 November 1875. Their children were Theodore Walworth and Harry Britton.

Ellen Francis Mason (1846 - 1930) lived on Beacon Hill in Boston and in Newport, RI. Partnering with her sister, Ida, she devoted much of her time to charitable enterprises and to sponsorship of the arts, particularly music. She was an author, civic leader, trustee, and philanthropist, remembered for her translations of Plato. (Cary and Wikipedia).

Cora Lee Clark Rice (1849-1925) was one of Miss Jewett's earliest Boston friends who introduced her to the social and cultural life of the city. Married to John Rice, the son of a Massachusetts governor, she devoted much time to philanthropies and the Home for Incurables in Boston.

Grace Gordon Walden (10 Sep 1842 - 1 April 1918) was one of Jewett's early friends. The daughter of George W. Gordon (1801-1877) and Katherine Parker Sleeper, she became the second wife of the Protestant Episcopal clergyman Jacob Treadwell Walden (1830-1918) in 1885. He had served a number of parishes before their marriage, but in the 1880s was concentrating on scholarship and writing, residing in London and New Hampshire. She had two older sisters, Helen and Kate (who married Dr. H. L. H. Hoffendahl), and one older brother, George. Sources: Who's Who in New England; Cow New Hampshire blog; The New England Historical and Genealogical Register, Volume 32 (1878).

[**Diary Entries**]

[*Written diagonally across the first page*]

Father said one day "A story should be managed so that it should <u>suggest</u> interesting things to the <u>reader</u> instead of the author's doing all the thinking for him, & setting it before him in black and white. The best compliment is for the reader to say, "Why didn't he put in this or that"

[*Second and third pages contain a list of friends and correspondents*]

1 Grace Gordon
2 Kate Birckhead
3 Georgie Halliburton
4 Ella Walworth
5 Ellen Mason

6 Lily Orne
7 Lilie Waterbury
8 Sadie McHenry.
9 Emily Irwin
10 Mrs. Furber
11 Aunty.
12 Minnie Fiske
13 H. C. H. B.
14 Cicely Burt.
15 Grace Minot
16 Cora Clark
17 Emily Whitney
18 Etta Jackman

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19 Ned McHenry.
20 Mary
21Carrie
22 Prof. Parsons.

Etta Jackman.

23 Mr. Ward.
24 Annie Jewett.
25 Anna Fox.
26 Maggie Hunt.
27 Aunt Helen.
28 Aunt Mary.
29 Grandpa
30 Miss Mary Hayes.
31 Frank Fiske

[*Title page*]

Not how but what!

T. S. O. Jewett

May 1st 1871

Do every-thing as well as you can, and be sure not to do your work at the wrong time.

Not polite for the sake of seeming polite, but polite for the sake of being kind ------

An echo repeats our own tone exactly. So the world replies to us; kindness or roughness. As our own fashion is, so answers it.

"What can be nobler than helping men to lead better lives ?"

"For what every-one is in Thy sight -- that is he, and nothing more."
Thomas a Kempis.

"There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way of doing things.
Arthur Helps*

1871 May 1st. This was G.H.'s* birthday and Grace* and I talked a great deal of her and I thought of her. I meant to give her The Lady of La Garaye* but found Grace had also thought of it. So I was disappointed the second time for I bought "H. H.'s Verses" for her Saturday, and found [__ Emery ?] had given it & I changed mine. I was very selfish about it & thought of ways it could be arranged in both cases so I could do as I wished. I am so glad I was good natured about it for I should be so ashamed of myself now -- I wish particularly to be unselfish in such things & not "seek my own" & because I have been a very selfish girl I must try hard Sunday. Mr. Brooks* said something I liked so much. We are all fighting in a great battle and each one has his own place & temptations to overcome, but it does not have to do with himself alone but when ever we conquer, we are helping every body else & aiding in the great victory. So each in his own little corner must be very brave and earnest. I must try and remember this, when it is hard to give up things, or I find myself doubting at all -- & forgetting God & all those other things. Mr. Brooks said that "every temptation conquered leads us a little deeper into that ------ strength." There is one thing which I was noticing in myself. I used to make great efforts to understand all the grand mysteries, & to know God as so many poor blind foolish girls have done before me, and I only got farther and farther away from Him, & more in the dark, & more bewildered than ever -- Now I let it alone as well as I can, and try to be good without asking to know the reason of Things & every little while I read some verse in the Bible which used to perplex me, & find it is all clear and plain and that God is teaching me faster than ever before. I wish I could remember something Mr. Brooks said about straining my mind to know God & never getting one step ahead until we come like little children. The evening of this day I went to see "Rip Van Winkle"* and I believe it is like something in that, when he begs his daughter to know him & pleads with her and she thinks 'I don't know this old man, he says he is my father but how am I to know it is the truth, I have never seen anyone who looks like him. He does not look as my father used, & thinks about it. By & by he says something about her child hood & she takes it all for granted as it were. If she stops and thinks there is nothing to be certain of but she sees his

smile, & he tells of things which she knows are true, & believes him, and afterward -- if it were all in real life I suppose he would grow familiar & she be quite certain and then wonder why she did not know him at first sight. I think if we would only know God at first sight it would save us so many sad uncertain hours. But we feel obliged to think it all over. Whether this thing is sensible, & that probable, & get in the dark and have so much more respect for our own opinion than for what He tells us -- & finally have to throw our "thoughts" all away & come to Him like a tired child who is lost at night & cares for nothing but to keep fast hold of its Fathers hand and to go home no matter how, & saying nothing if there are hard places to go through because ~~our~~ the fathers we chose have all turned out the wrong one and we are sure He knows best, & are so glad He found us -------

Notes
Helps: Sir Arthur Helps (1813 - 1875) was an English writer and political appointee. The quotation is from *Friends in Council* (1860) p. 85.

a Kempis: Thomas à Kempis (c. 1380 - 1471) was a German monk and the author of *The Imitation of Christ* (c. 1441). The quotation, while it may appear in the writings of à Kempis, is actually from St. Francis of Assisi: "If others commended him, and showed any esteem of his virtue, he often said to himself: 'What everyone is in the eyes of God, that he is, and no more'."

G. H.: Georgie Halliburton.

Grace: Grace Gordon Walden.

Garaye: Jewett refers to *The Lady of La Garaye* (1862) by the British poet and social reformer, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah (Mrs. George) Norton (1808-1877).
Mr. Brooks: Phillips Brooks, rector of Trinity Church, Boston.

Rip Van Winkle: Joseph Jefferson and Dion Boucicault wrote a popular dramatization of `Rip Van Winkle,' Washington Irving's well-known story from The Sketch Book (1819-1820). The play was first performed in 1865, and Jefferson was enormously successful in the role of Rip.

3rd. Georgie* has been up today and we had some nice talks -- We are going to learn the collect every week & say it at night. She was telling me of one of Mr. Brooks's Easter sermons which had to do with the Easter collect. He said we must follow out our good impulses and thoughts and not let them be like the little seeds which never sprout but only wither away. "By thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect," the collect says. Georgie said something which I do not mean to lose sight of -- that if we stop a minute to think whether a thing is right or wrong, & if there is <u>any</u> doubt, it is better to give it up. I thought while I was walking with her how much she helps me and how much good her <u>earnestness</u> and faith and sincerity and love always do [*illegible deletion*] me. I can see on looking back what a wise hand took care of me last year! Kate* in the Spring and Summer was just the one to help me give up my doubts & to see the shallowness of what I had been trying to believe & find comfort in and then, just as I was trying to walk -- as a child does. I began to know Georgie & she was just the one to help me that part of the way. & I have seen her just when I needed her most. I do not mean that I have forgotten my darling Kate, but I cannot be with her now & have her talk to me, and I need some one. I long to see Kate again, but I shall all in good time -- when it is best for me. It is so nice to think that every thing is ours to be right & "working together for good" ------ I began with Georgie's birthday to be more careful about doing right. & I am hoping to have a great many little crosses in my "sin book" -- for this month. Last month there were only nine bad days which is an immense improvement -- it is so easy for me to be cross and say wicked things.

[*The following segment is marked with a vertical line in the left margin*]

I am going to try very hard from this day (Saturday, 6th) to do pleasantly all the little things which people ask me to which are so apt to come just at the wrong time. Not only to do them without scolding or 'making a time,' but to do them as if I wished to & I had rather do it than not! ---------

I saw a verse in one of the Psalms yesterday which I liked very much. I wish I could hear Mr. Brooks preach about it -- "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord"* -- There is such a wide meaning and so much comfort in it. Not that God has arranged that our lives taken as a whole shall be one way or another or that he means, no matter what happens to have them come out all right & in a certain condition. That he lets us alone till just before we go to Him. Or that he starts us in a certain place with certain influences about us. & then forgets us as it were, but that every little step of ours is watched & provided for and <u>ordered</u>, and chosen for us. It is

such a pleasant thought that there is one friend -- & the best we have too -- who never forgets us or stops loving us and helping us & caring for us. Even when we are careless about pleasing Him, & perhaps forgetting Him altogether. I often think of one of the friends I am most fond of and wonder if she is thinking of me, & caring about me. I never know. But I can always be certain when I think of Christ, that He knows it and it is so pleasant as Georgie said the other day, that we are never alone. I wish I could always remember this.

Notes

Georgie: Georgina Halliburton.

Kate: Kate Birckhead.

by the Lord: Psalm 37.

"And do you like it ?"

I don't always like it answered Agnes "but just now I do."

"Then you should always like it," retorted Ruth. "Don't form the habit of whims, and fits, and starts. When you like your duty, praise God for the blessing and when you don't like it, pray God for His help. Anyhow, do it all the same."

Page 353 "Occupations of a Retired Life."--------*

I wonder where this came from:

"Our ideals partially realized, are powers for good in our lives"--------*

"Such stages have to be gone through, I believe, by all young and brave souls, who must win their way through hero-worship, to the worship of Him who is the King and Lord of heroes. For it is only though our mysterious human relation~~ships~~ xxx ---- that we can come to the knowledge of Him in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell for ever and ever in perfect fullness."

Tom Brown at Rugby* -- last page ------

Notes

Retired Life: Edward Garrett, "The Occupations of a Retired Life" *The Sunday Magazine* (June 1, 1868), p 573.

lives: H. R. Hudson, "Miss Faith," *The Galaxy. A Magazine of Entertaining Reading* 6:3 (Sept. 1868), pp. 381 ff.

> "OUR ideals; partially realized, are powers for good in our lives." Miss Faith Langley, being my ideal woman, was a power in mine. I used to see her, Sundays, when I first became a teacher in the academy at Winton--a lady with delicate features, bright eyes, and sunny-brown hair. I remember I thought the face a grave one, sometimes, when it was lifted in earnest attention; but if, after the service, she turned to speak to those about her, it seemed the very brightest and sweetest face in the world."

Rugby: The British author Thomas Hughes (1822-1896) published *Tom Brown's School Days* (also known as *Tom Brown at Rugby*) in 1857.

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24 May. I have just been spending [two ?] days with Kate* in Boston, & though this is not exactly a journal I shall write about it here. When I heard her voice on the stairs, -- she is at Miss Mason's* -- it gave me the queerest feeling. I have longed to see her, to be with her, for so many months that I could not believe it was real. My dear dear darling Kate! -- We sat & talked a little while & she told me something which touched me inexpressibly. I will write more about it sometime & I hope there will be more to write than I know now. We went into the Gordon's & Kate soon went back to dinner, & after lunch Grace and I went in & I saw dear Miss Mason. At five I went to drive with Miss Mason & Ida & Kate to Brookline & while they were calling Kate & I walked round a pleasant garden & enjoyed ourselves excessively in stealing & secreting flowers! After a time we climbed on a rock near the [~~horses~~ ?] carriage, & talked a little. One thing I did grieves me so, I showed Kate Father's picture in my watch & talked about him, of course it made her think of her own father, oh her face haunts me so! & I wished to comfort her, and could not say a word{ .}* If I could only forget my doing that! She must have thought me careless and heartless, and she never will know

how careful and loving I wish to be & how willingly I would give up my own pleasures or do any thing for her. I love her so perfectly, & how was it I could do such a thing! I cannot ask her to forgive me for it ever. & I cannot bear to have her remember my doing it & thinking how cruel I was to her. It worries me so. She was so sweet afterward as we were driving in town & laughed and talked with us but I could see that same look in her eyes & I know I hurt her so. I was at Miss Mason's to tea & we sat in the parlor in the back afterward, & Kate & I were alone and I was just going to talk to her or try to at least, & some gentlemen came in & I lost her. We went in to Grace's at half past eight and Mr Hill came, a friend of Kate's & they stayed until half past eleven. We [buried ?] cities and laughed a great deal, and of course I was happy because Kate was there -- In the morning I went down to Mrs. Hoffendahl's* [*illegible deleted words*] and she came out with me & we went to several shops. I was in such a hurry to see Kate and I was not half so kind to Mrs. Hoffendahl as I wish I had been, because I might have gone round with her more. I hope she did not notice I did not wish to stay but she must have, for she is so quick. I made Mrs. Greene* a little call & then went to the Mason's and Kate was not ready to see me & I was so ashamed of myself -- I read aloud to her and we talked a while & then she sang for me, & there to my utter astonishment it was dinner time & I stayed & had a very nice time, but when I got back to the Gordon's I was met by the most dreadful expression on Mrs. G's face & though I made a more humble apology than I have for a great while, it did not seem to do any good. I did not suppose they would keep lunch waiting & indeed never thought of it till long after the time & then it seems to me it would have been worse to go back & have lunch alone. It was very childish and rude in me and I think I have a great deal to regret in those two days, but I mean never to do either of these two things I have written about again, and there were so many lovely things happened, & Kate helped me so much & was so kind. I have promised her I will learn the twenty-seventh psalm for her, and -- oh dear -- I cannot write about her any more it makes me wish for her so. God bless her and take the lovingest care of her, & help me to be good and true to her always.

Notes

Kate: Kate Birckhead.

Miss Mason's: Ellen Francis Mason.

a word: Kate Birckhead's father was James Birckhead (1792 - 1 December 1870). This entry, therefore, is only months after the death of Kate's father.

Mrs. Hoffendahl: Grace Gordon's older sister, Kate, married Dr. H. L. H. Hoffendahl.

Mrs. Greene: Probably this is Anna Blake Shaw (1817-1901), who married the minister and activist, William Batchelder Greene (1819-1878). Their daughter, Elizabeth (Bessie, 1846-1875), became a benefactor of the New England Hospital for Women and Children.

25th

It was so lonely! I was wishing to see, Georgie* so much, and Father had a note from a patient in Portsmouth. And I persuaded him to drive down in the after noon instead of waiting for the morning train. I found Georgie at home and enjoyed her so much. We walked round the garden & talked very fast, about Kate* & everybody. It made me wish to see Kate so much & I envy Georgie her music & lessons & her Saturdays in Boston, with all my heart -- I wrote her at night after I got home, and after that I was reading Kate's psalm, ^ the 27th ^ which by the way I have not learned yet, and then some others, & some verses struck me very forcibly . One was that about "breaking" the gates of brass & cutting the bands of iron in sunder -- I suppose it ~~means that~~ shows us God's great wisdom & strength. Very often it seems as if we could do nothing, as if we were in prison ~~with~~ fastened with bands of iron & shut in by the strongest gates & there was no way out at all. & there was none for <u>us</u>, but God can do every thing. And so every day He shows us our weakness and ignorance & carries us on our way, & the path which looks impossible in the morning is God's "plain path" when we look back at night & see how wisely we have been led. I do not mean that we always understand why things have happened, every night -- but I think there is always something that we can understand & thank God for -- & that helps us to trust Him for the rest.

"Blessed are they that are homesick, for they shall come at last to the Fathers house" --
Heinrich Shilling

"Life is the changing deep
and I a little wave."--------*

"Let us recollect that it is His cloud that over shadows us" ------ Newman*

"He that laboreth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto Eternal Life."*

Only think how beautiful the days will be in heaven, if we shall no longer care for the exquisite night, & what a country it must be if we shall be content to have "no more sea"----

~~Uncle John gave to night, in the course of a very interesting discussion with Father upon the authenticity of the Gospels & that sort of thing, what was to me a very strong proof. The radicals admit the genuineness of some few things Hist. The Epistle to the Romans[?] when it says that this and that person saw Christ &~~

I meant to remember all this & write it here but have unhappily forgotten it ----

Mr. Beecher* says in a "Lecture Room Talk" something like this –

When a little child begins to walk, the mother watches it standing undecidedly & coaxes it toward her and then as it takes it's first faltering steps, she goes slowly backward, yet always reaching out, so if it stumbles she can surely hold it. It is just so with us: It is best we should learn to walk. It is best we should make all the efforts we can, but God is always close by and if we fall will surely lift us up-- We must take care of ourselves to the utter most, but just where our strength fails there stands the Heavenly Father.

If we are going a journey the last thing our friends will find us doing is sitting quietly down making no effort, and looking as if we did not care -- We are busy getting ready and thinking what we must do, & making our plans. And yet, when we wish to go the journey -- to travel the road that will bring us to the place we would not for the world fail of arriving at. We ~~sometimes~~ put ~~it~~ off ^ starting ^ for years and then loiter by the way and continually take the wrong path [sinfully ?].

In Mark*, the three [*illegible deletion*] women are busy getting ready in the night because they have to 'rest' and do nothing on the Jewish Sabbath but the first thing in the morning they go out at the city gate as soon as it is opened with their spices ~~and~~ to go to the tomb of Christ to anoint Him. And [where or when *?*] they are almost there they say "Who shall roll away the stone" ? This is such a lesson to us! They did not sit down and wonder and calculate about it -- whether they could find some one ^ to help ^ -- for the moving of the stone was beyond their power -- being a great labor. They were working with 'love' and so they did all they could without thought or doubt -- Not as we think about our 'duty' as we call it, & try to decide whether we can avoid doing things. They might have reasonably given up all hope of being able anoint Christ's body -- Their was the rough Roman guard who would most likely beat them with any thing but kindness, & the heavy stone, & they so weak, but they never thought of any of these things, & how often we let such little ["little" *is double-underlined*] obstacles hinder us. If we could only be less careless of consequences when we know the things are right we wish to do -- & if we could only have more faith to believe that if we do right -- do God's work, nothing can harm us -- or really hinder us The Roman soldiers of the present will never trouble us and the 'stone' be always rolled away! -------

Madame Guion [*diagonally across top of page*]

"O Lord how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent.
Wherein we dwell, we dwell with Thee
In heaven or earth or on the sea.

To us remains nor place nor time
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm & free from care
On any shore since God is there."

Old Hymns*

"With joy & gladness shall they be brought, and shall enter into the Kings' palace" -- *

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."*

"Kind eyes are the stars in the Kingdom of Heaven"
Mac Donald

A man ought to be just and true but never stern and cold. If you say I am so by nature I reply that is not the nature which you ought to cultivate. A man may have a piece of hard gravelly land but his answer is not to keep

saying "Ah! I cannot do much with it" -- But he takes his oxen and plows it up very deep and works over it and does all the things he can think of or know about, to make it better to make it fruitful laud. Our natures are given us to start on -- for the sake of cultivation. We must never say "I cannot change that; it has always been my way it is my nature--" when it is a bad way & a wicked nature & we can & ought to change it. We are given our natures to cultivate:

I think if is just like a piece of land given to a man for his garden. Perhaps it is uneven and there are places where there is dark rich earth where things will grow almost without being touched. [*illegible deletion*] and then there are hard stony places where the ground is all dry and baked by the sun. And the man ploughs it all up and smooths it, and after that it has an object -- It is no longer useless and not good, but it is to be used for something. There may have been wild flowers & berries growing there before, perhaps both the very best -- but now it is to bear fruit for people and vegetables and begins to be of use -- Then the man digs down in the dry places & tries to find what is the matter with them. Perhaps there is a great stone just hidden which keeps everything parched and kills all the little plants that try to grow -- so he goes to work to dig it out, & perhaps it takes him a great many days, & perhaps some of it always stays deep down in the ground, but it is made much better and he cares more about the things which grow in that place than those which he has had no trouble about. Then ~~there~~ he plants some beautiful flowers and they come up and he is very proud of them, & one day he finds ~~a~~ horrid weeds choking them, because he has been careless & neglected them -- & weeds keep coming up every where & he fights with them [*illegible deletion*] day after day & sometimes is almost discouraged, & sometimes he sees fruit ripening around him, and thinks he has not worked for nothing after all. There is the rain and dry weather, and storms that beat every thing down & pleasant days when every thing grows very fast. And so the summer goes and the harvest grows near -- There is a kind of harvest all the time from our gardens. Some times we gather one kind of fruit & sometimes another -- and find little flowers growing where we did not look for them, & the better our gardens are & the more carefully we take care of them the better things we find. I mean to plant a great deal of unselfishness for one thing -- that is I am going to ask God to give me a great deal & when I see the little plants coming up I shall take all the care of them I can, and make them grow strong.

Notes

Georgie: Georgina Halliburton.

Kate: Kate Birckhead.

Heinrich Shilling: In a review of Charles L. Goodell, *Pathways to the Best* (1907), the reviewer finds this quotation in the book, where it is attributed to Jean Paul Richter (1763-1825). See *Methodist Review* 89 (1907) 833.

little wave: From the poem, "Life and I" (p. 69) by Horatius Bonar (1808-1889).

Newman: John Henry Newman (1801-1890), from "Our Lord's Last Supper and His First," *Sermons, Bearing on Subjects of the Day*, (1844) pp. 31-46.

Eternal Life: This popular quotation, though it sounds biblical, appears to have originated in publications of the American Quakers. See, for example, *The Friend* 20 (1856) p.360.

Beecher: Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887). Lyman Abbott describes Beecher's Lecture-Room Talks as brief lectures given at Friday evening meetings at Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, NY. (217-8).

Mark: The Gospel of St. Mark 16:3.

Old Hymn: Hymnals attribute these verses to Jeanne Guyon (1648-1717). They are given various titles, such as "Contentment" and "God is with us everywhere." Two additional verses are:

> While place we seek, or place we shun,
> The soul finds happiness in none;
> But with our God to guide our way,
> 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
>
> Could we be cast where thou art not,
> That were indeed a dreadful lot;
> But regions none remote we call,
> Secure of finding God in all.

palace: Psalm 45.

to pass: Psalm 37.

Mac Donald: George MacDonald (1824-1905) *At the Back of the North Wind* (1871) Chapter 27.

"The city's shining towers we may not see*
with our dim earthly vision;
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes these gates Elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar.
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar
And half reveal the story."

4 July, 1871.

[July]

I have been reading "A Sisters Story"* or memoirs of the Ferronnays Family and like it very much. It is compiled from their letters & journals by Mrs. Craven one of the daughters who is married to an Englishman, & has outlived them all. I think it would have great influence if one had any tendency toward being a Catholic. They are very delightful cultivated people, the father a count, & they are connected & are friends with the best French families. Comte de la Ferronnays is Ambassador at Rome when the story begins. Albert, one of the sons marries Alex d' Alopeus daughter of the Princess [Lapoukhyn *?*] & her first husband, & who was a Swedish Count. He lived in Russia & was Protestant -- Albert dies of consumption & Alex's grief is intense, but she finally becomes a Catholic & finds great happiness, & does a great deal of good. Her character is very interesting. Eugenie & Olga (who are both saints of girls) die & so does the old Comte, & Finally only Pauline is left. The book is most sad & touching for the most part but sometimes the letters are bright and entertaining. They must have been a charming family to know with their devotion to each other & real goodness. & they all seem to be charming from a worldly point of view, friends of noted people & with great refinement & cultivation & all seem by their mention of each other to have been very nice looking. I am very much struck with the perfect faith in God which they seem to have & their intense love for him in spite of bitter sorrow -- It reminds me of Eugenie Guerin in places, though the Ferronnays are not like Eugenie much. They are not in the least, disagreeable Catholics. Indeed the book makes me wish I could be a Catholic & believe as they did, for they are all so earnest and seem to be so very happy & satisfied. Not that I am dissatisfied with my Episcopalianism for I know too well that I should still be myself if I tried any belief -- I mean I have not such faith & love as these French people had & never could be entirely at rest. Why not ? I suppose they had to begin, & indeed poor Alex's troubles when she gave up her Protestantism were much greater & harder than mine ever have been as the subject. I must pray more & do as they did & God will be as good to me as to them. I am very much delighted with the confidence they have in one another. & particularly by their seeming to pray so much for each other -- I think reading about them has done me good, & I hope I say from my heart that dear little Olga's dying words: "I repent, I believe I love I hope."—

"It is very strange that when there is not politeness enough to go round, that it should not be kept for home consumption" ----- L. S. B.*

"I often feel as though the seas were really my own soul itself, and as there are in it hidden plants which only rise at the instant in wh. they bloom above the water, and sink again at the instant in which they fade; so from time to time there rise wondrous flower forms from the depth of my soul, and breathe forth perfume and gleam and vanish." -------- <u>Heine</u>.*

"In an ordinary human attachment, out of love to a woman, out of love to a friend, out of love to a child, you can suppress quite easily, because by sympathy you become one with them and their feelings, this or that impulse of selfishness which happens to conflict with them, and which hither to you have obeyed. <u>All</u> impulses of selfishness conflict with Christ's feelings, he showed it by dying to them all; if you are one with him by faith and sympathy, you can die to them also. Then, secondly, if you thus die with him, you become transformed by the renewing of your mind, and rise with him. The law of the spirit of life which is in Christ becomes the law of your life also, and frees you from the law of sin and death. You rise with him to that harmonious conformity with the real and eternal order, that sense of pleasing God who trieth the hearts, which is life and peace, and which grows more and more till it becomes glory. If you suffer with him there fore, you shall also be glorified with him."

Matthew Arnold* "St Paul & Protestantism" -- Part II ----------

"Christ -- our kinsman"*

"Eyes filled with the tears of yesterday--------*

Thought

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech.--------
Through thinking, few or none.
Fear often times restraineth words.
But makes not thoughts to cease;
And he speaks best, that hath the skill
Where for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
Our kinsmen at the grave,
But virtues of the mind into
The heavens with us we have;

Wherefore, for virtue's sake,
I can be well content
The sweetest time of all my life
To dream in thinking spent

Lord Vaux* -- died 1555

Don't spend your life as children do a holiday!

Hidden Growth

Dear secret greenness! Nurst below
Tempests and winds and winter-nights!
Vex not, that but One sees thee grow;
That One made all these lesser lights.
What needs a conscience calm and bright
Within itself, an outward test ?
Who breaks his glass to take more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
Till the white-winge'd reapers come!

Henry Vaughan*
1621-1695

I have long dark days when I feel very far from God, but I am quite sure that He loves me, and that at last I shall be led into the Kingdom. For if I had been left to myself all these years my strength would failed me long ago. And I should have given up the battle, and have fought no longer against these temptations and doubts and fears. It is not in me to have persevered; it is only by God's help that I have. And so, having so strong a helper, what need I fear ? He will not change His mind, He has begun to make me good and He never will leave the work half done. He has heard my prayers; and brought me nearer to Himself and can I for a moment imagine He means by and by to turn away and leave me alone ?--------

If one loves Christ one never grows old. For are we not "the children of God"*

Some people ~~seem~~ remind me of that verse in Matthew. ^ Some people are a great deal more "the children" than others. ^ [*The insertion runs across the bottom of two facing pages*.]

"The path of a good woman is strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. 'Her feet have touched the meadows and left the daisies rosy.' Flowers flourish in the garden of one who loves them. A pleasant magic it would be, if you could flush flowers into brighter ~~brighter~~ bloom by a kind look upon them; nay, more, if a look had the power, not only to cheer but to guard them. This you would think a great thing ? And do you think it not a greater thing, that all this, and more than this, you can do for fairer flowers than these -- flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them -- flowers that have eyes like yours, and thoughts like yours, and lives like yours."
Ruskin's "Queens' Gardens"*

"Those only ____ _____ _____ [*Jewett's three blanks*] who have faith in principle, as opposed to faith in human dexterity; who feel that in human things there is really and truly a spiritual nature a spiritual connexion, a spiritual tendency, which the wisdom of the serpent cannot alter, and scarcely can affect.
Page 290. Vol. I. Froude's History*

"What we call evil is the only and best shape, which for the person and his condition at the time, could be assumed by the best good."
Phantastes.*

Death* -- "merely the arrival at the end of a journey."

We slight the gifts that every season bears,
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp,
In our great eagerness to reach and clasp
The promised treasure of the coming years;

Or else we mourn some great good passed away,
And, in the shadow of one grief shut in,
Refuse the lesser good we yet might win.
The offered peace and gladness of to day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them one by one and never stay[, ?]
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was
In each until the closing of the door
Has sounded through the house, and died away,
And in our hearts we sigh "Forevermore."
Chambers Journal*

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Notes

may not see: From a hymn by Nancy Amelia Priest Wakefield (1836-1870).

Sister's Story: *A Sister's Story* (1868), by Mrs. Augustus Craven (1808-1891).

home consumption: Jewett paraphrases from an article, "A Word About Common Politeness," which appeared in *Every Saturday* 3 (22 July 1871) pp. 90-1. The identity of L. S. B. is not yet known. That Jewett has information about the author suggests that she may have seen the article in a different source.

Heine: Christian Johann Heinrich Heine (1797 - 1856), in Heinrich Heine's Pictures of Travel (1863).

Arnold: Matthew Arnold (1822 - 1888). His essay, "St. Paul and Protestantism," appeared in about 1870 in the book of that title.

kinsman: This phrase was current in Christian religious discourse.

tears of yesterday: Whether this is a quotation from a written source is not yet known.

Vaux: Thomas Vaux's poem, "A Quiet Mind." appears in *Songs of Three Centuries* (1875). edited by John Greenleaf Whittier. Jewett evidently saw the poem before it appeared in this volume.

Vaughan: Henry Vaughan's (1621-1695) poem became a popular hymn.

children of God: The reference appears to be to Matthew 5:9.

Gardens: "Of Queen's Gardens," by John Ruskin (1819-1900) was a lecture collected in *Sesame and Lilies* (1865).

Froude's history: *The Reign of Henry the Eighth*, Volume 1, by James Anthony Froude (1818-1894). The full quotation is: "Those only read the world's future truly who have faith in principle, as opposed to faith in human dexterity; who feel that in human things there lies really and truly a spiritual nature, a spiritual connection, a spiritual tendency, which the wisdom of the serpent cannot alter, and scarcely can affect."

Phantastes: George MacDonald (1824-1905), *Phantastes* (1858) Chapter 25, the final sentence of the book.

death: This phrase is from *Catherine* (1859, p. 71) by Nehemiah Adams (1806-1878).

Chambers Journal: Jewett cites the anonymous sonnet's appearance in *Chambers Journal* 1871, p. 384, where the title is "Through Life." It was widely reprinted, and she may well have seen it elsewhere, perhaps in *The Living Age* 110, p. 258. from the same year.

[5 September]

5th Sept. I will write a little to night for I wish to remember this happy day. I have had such a contented feeling all day long and so many nice things have happened. I had such a kind loving letter from Georgie* this morning with some birthday wishes which I have not read yet, and a little book: "Morning Watches"* -- which has a page or two for every morning and evening. She has one like it and it is so pleasant to think we read the same thing. Her letter was so earnest and hopeful that it makes me feel as if I had cared so little about being good, and as if I had been quite contented as it were, instead of wishing, and trying as hard as she does. Dear Georgie! -- Aunty & Fanny and Cousin Fanny Gilman* are here & Father has gone away. This afternoon we were all out driving. I do wish I was a better girl. I wish I longed for it more. I wonder why I am not [where or when *?*] God is so good to me. I am so cross about little things. I had another thing which I had wished for with all my heart: a letter from my darling Kate.* I would give any thing to see her to night. I have not said

that Sunday was my birthday and these two were birthday letters with the kindest wishes for me. Kate sent me some verses from the Bible as her wishes and Georgie's I have not yet read. Kate also sent me a little fern and some flowers, which I have put in my bible. Mary Hayes* was here this evening, & was very nice. I liked all my birthday presents, and every one was so kind Sunday. It was so good to have it Communion Sunday, to begin "my year" with. I think the year beginning with one's birthday is one's particular year. I am going to copy here the verses Kate gave me so I shall have them all together. God bless all my dear friends who are so good to me, and help me to make my life brave and beautiful and nearer to His, here on Earth, and bring us by and by all together in the "better country" where we shall have forgotten to do wrong and be always with Him.

Isaiah 41:13 -- "For I the Lord God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not: I will help thee." Job 34:32. "That which I see not teach thou me: if I have done iniquity I will do no more. 2 Cor. 5:15. And that he died for all, that they which live should not hence forth live unto them selves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." 2 Peter 3:9. The Lord is not slack as concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. Col 1:10. That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God. "This one is my especial [*illegible deletion*] wish for you."

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it. -- also: "Now the Lord of peace himself give you peace always by all means."*

This week after my birthday was one of the best and happiest I have ever had. I never have been 'stronger' or loved God more. It helps me so much when I am blue and things are troubling me to remember sunshine, like this. Every body was so kind to me and every thing -- myself included -- went right. I think it is the greatest blessing in the world to have such dear friends as I have. I am really beginning to feel that I can do some good in the world & have influence. I have been so successful in my writing & I mean to keep on. It is so pleasant to feel that I can ask God to help me do things and that He is my Friend. I was thinking today how glad I am that I am no longer trying to get on without Christ. It seems so strange that I ever wished to. When I know so fully how little dependence I can place upon myself, how false and miserable I am. how can I for a moment think that I can save myself & be friends with God by being good & how I can I help being glad that there is some one who is perfect & can make me better & 'save' me. I cannot go back to my 'Radicalism' on that point at any rate. I should have very little respect for a pardon that God gave me on account of my own merits and good works! And besides that I should be needing another in half an hour! It is so much better to believe that some one else has taken care of it for me, and I know he is helping me to be a better & truer girl. I do believe in Him. "That they which live, should henceforth not live unto themselves but unto Him" ------ -------

Notes

Georgie: Georgina Halliburton.

"Morning Watches": *The Morning Watches* (1852) is a devotional book by John Ross Macduff (1818-1895), published by the Protestant Episcopal Book Society. It has gone through many editions. By 1857, an expanded version had appeared, entitled *The Morning Watches and Night Watches*.

Aunty & Fanny and Cousin Fanny Gilman: This would be the Dr. John (1806-1884) and Helen Gilman (1817-1905) family of Portland, ME. Cousin Fanny may be their adopted daughter, but confusion remains as to that daughter's name and in identifying the two "Fannys" named here.

Kate: Kate Birckhead.

Mary Hayes: Richard Cary identifies Mary Osgood Hayes (1830-1884) as an aunt of Susan and William Hayes Ward, editors of the *Independent*. She was a friend and neighbor of the Jewett's, living near the Berwick Academy.

all means: See 1 Thessalonians 5:23-4 and, for the last quotation, 2 Thessalonians 3:16.

[*November*]

November 12th It is a great while since I wrote anything in 'the other book' as Georgie* and I call this, but I really have a great deal to now that I wish to remember. I will "begin at the beginning" as I always ask Grace* to do when I see her after she has had one of her 'Campaigns' in Newport. Thursday morning Carrie and I were out driving and stopped at Mrs Doe's to make a call and she told me that perhaps Georgie would be up this week, & she was going over to the station at eleven to meet Mrs. Langdon & I drove over too and stopped with her till the cars came to see if Mrs. Langdon knew when Georgie would come & dear me! What did I see but that dear child herself! It was quite too much, for I had wished to see her so. I cannot write about it at all! After dinner I drove over to see her and she came back with me to get my bag and then we walked back. That ~~night~~ evening we had great fun talking and guessing puzzles and Mrs Doe was so good to us. At night I was very happy for it was so delightful to be alone with her and have her all to my self and we had a talk after we went to bed which helped me more than anything has for a great while. I do not know any thing which encourages me more than to see how Georgie improves and how she has grown in this last year. I wish I had begun this book a year ago -- for Georgie and I were together at Mrs Doe's ~~before~~ then -- and I think that was the beginning of our <u>real</u> friendship, though not the beginning of my loving her by any means. This was our anniversary. She made me feel quite contented with myself and as if I too had 'grown'. But it has been so little and the year has been such an idle and useless one compared to what I meant it should be, and I have no excuse at all except that I have forgotten God is near me all the time and would always have helped me only I would not let him. Georgie seems to be so much nearer God than I am. I do not mean [only] that her life is better and more Christian than mine -- but she seems to remember Him and think of Him so much & realizes He is with her --. She is such a <u>sincere</u> girl, and it is so seldom one finds a girl with so much purpose and earnestness in her life. No wonder she gets on faster than I do. I owe a great deal to her for one cannot be with her without being influenced by her and she makes me try harder always and feel more sure and contented and happy. The next morning I read The Lady of La Garaye* aloud and enjoyed it ever so much. I promised her last spring that I never would read it until I did with her. In the afternoon we took a long walk to Mrs. Langdon's & then round by the Hayes's to [*illegible deletion*] house and then to Salmon Falls & home. In the evening we had a nice time and Mrs Doe read us <u>Elaine</u>.* Yesterday we could not go out because it had snowed in the night and we talked about the "Thirty Years War"* and made great plans for it. I wonder if any of them will ever come true. I came over [to the *?*] station with her and we walked up & down the platform and talked I dread her going to New York but I think I should feel much worse if I were not so very fond of her. I mean that I love her so perfectly and am so 'sure' of her & have such faith in her, that it makes a great difference. I was not afraid of her forgetting me, and am not afraid of my forgetting her and I am not afraid that we have "seen the best days" of our friendship, and that we are to lose each other because we are to be separated. I do not fear losing Georgie and I am perfectly sure she will not lose me!

I cannot think of anything I wish to remember more than when we went up stairs together after breakfast and read & said our prayers and sat in one chair and read the psalms for the day. We came upon this verse the first morning and liked it so & never had noticed it before -- & so we are going to take if for our verse this year.

"Whoso offereth me thanks and praise, he honoreth me, and to him that ordereth his conversation ~~a~~right, will I show the salvation of God."

I will write last weeks collect here too because it is one I like best and we talked about it: "Grant we beseech thee, Merciful Lord, to thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve thee with a quiet mind, through Jesus Christ Our Lord." ----------

Notes

Georgie: Georgina Halliburton.

Grace: Grace Gordon Walden.

Carrie: Jewett's sister, Caroline, who eventually married Edward Eastman.

Mrs. Doe: Edith Bell Haven (Mrs. Charles Cogswell) Doe (1840-1922).

Mrs. Langdon: This person has not been identified. A strong candidate would be Helen Bell Haven Langdon (1845-1874) of Portsmouth, NH, who was related to Georgie Halliburton.

The Lady of La Garaye: Jewett refers to *The Lady of La Garaye* (1862) by the British poet and social reformer, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah (Mrs. George) Norton (1808-1877).
Elaine: While this is not certain, it seems likely they are reading Alfred Lord Tennyson's (1809-1892) *Idylls of the King*, part 6, "Lancelot and Elaine" (1859).

30 Years War: Perhaps the friends plan to read Frederick Schiller's *History of the Thirty Years' War*, English translation 1799.

salvation of God: From *The Book of Common Prayer*. The next quotation is from the same source.

Nov [16 *or* 26 *?*]

I never thought until last night how much one of the petitions of the Lord's Prayer* means. Deliver us from evil. Not only from outward evils: sickness & trouble and disappointments -- but we ask to be helped in our fight against inner evils too! For they are far greater, and we can be helped by no one else but God Himself. The evil of doubting God, and being careless about pleasing Him, and all our temptations to neglect our duty and to be selfish, and thoughtless & inconsiderate of the people about us -- It does not say "Lead us not into temptations, and deliver us from evil" as if it meant distinct things; "but deliver us from evil," the Lord taught us to ask. It gives it a new force to me to have thought of this, though I dare say, every one else always understood it so -- I heard Mr. Bartlett preach this morning at the Methodist church* and liked him so much. His text was For though the outward man perisheth yet is the inward man renewed day by day.* He was really very eloquent. I wish to remember one thing he said: "We cannot all preach to a multitude but every one of us can preach to one!

I am thinking a great deal to day of what happened to me just a year ago -- my confirmation at Portsmouth.* Just a year ago I was making many resolutions, and praying with all my heart that God would make me one of His True Children & I gave myself to Him. And now to day, I can see that I have drawn a little nearer: that all the steps I have taken have not been away from Him, and that even the doubting hesitating way I have taken hold of His hand has been enough for Him to lead me on by. He has been so kind and so ready & given to see me when I came back to His side after days of carelessness and hours when I had forgotten His love. If we could only remember that it is ourselves who go away from God, not God who turns away from us! How different it would have been if I had treated any of my friends in this world as I have treated Him! If I had been so careless, only remembering them kindly once in a while and spent the rest of time in doing the very things I knew would make them angry and sorry & which they had asked me again and again not to do! But Christ is so patient, and it makes me wish so much to be better when I think how much He must love me and how little I have done to deserve it. I have been looking at two of Kate's letters which came before I was confirmed and which were the greatest comfort and help to me. I shall keep one of them in this book for I am more fond of it than of any except the little note she wrote me first. Dear Kate! She must be thinking a great deal of her father* now, and this will be a sad week for her. I have her in my thoughts so often always and more than even now.

The other day in Boston I had such a nice call upon Miss Mason and she said so many true things about Kate: She is like one's own self, only nicer" -- and she called her such dear names -- and spoke so affectionately of her. I believe I could not help liking some very disagreeable person if I knew they loved Kate! I wish I had time to write something about those four days in Boston for I enjoyed every hour & dear Grace was so kind and good I was so happy with her. Grace is so true and earnest I think. I don't believe any girl ever had better friends than I. I am so sure of them all. I hope I shall 'grow' this year & that God will teach me His way & help me to keep it and not wander away from Him, and forget Him and doubt Him any more.

Mr Bartlett said one thing to night -- I went down to the prayer meeting.-------- "Infidelity has an argument against every thing but a man's experience" -- I think it is so true! I know it is true. The doubts I used to have do not trouble one half so much now -- because I have felt in my heart that I love God and that God loves me and helps me and nothing can blot that out. I can find an argument against many points in "Theology" but nothing can take the belief away that comes from experience!

Notes

Lord's Prayer: Matthew 6 and Luke 11.

Mr. Bartlett ... the Methodist church: Willard B. Bartlett (1817 - 8 July 1898) served as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in South Berwick, ME 1870-1. Find-a-Grave

day by day: 2 Corinthians 4:16.

confirmation at Portsmouth: Elizabeth Silverthorne in *Sarah Orne Jewett* (p. 71) says that Jewett was confirmed a member of St. John's Episcopal Church in Portsmouth, NH on 27 November 1870.

Kate ... her father: The anniversary of the death of James Birckhead (1792 - 1 December 1870) is near at the time of this entry.

------- "And I ask you with me to look back often during this week upon the past and let us close the old year with devout thankfulness for past mercies -- and prepare for the new with prayer and strong resolve to meet and perform all that is given us to do, so ere another twelve-month passes by, we may be more ready, reliable and faithful: let us do all the little things so well that that God may find us ready to bear heavier burdens, perhaps those of others or whatever He sees fit to send. If joy, may we give it to others, if sorrow we may carry it to Him. Let us strive with all this "Pride of Life" to remain humble, and to feel we are children of God, and for every treasure we possess here let us lay up double that treasure in Heaven, so when God calls us. it will not be hard to go for we will have more there than we leave behind. --------- Dear Sarah, when I think of our love for each other it makes me very happy, and it seems an instance of our treasure in Heaven -- I love you, not for anything outward and I know you love me in the same way -- We love what is good in each other, and that is God's, and is in Heaven, & the more we love our friends & each other in this way, the more we give unto God's Keeping. This is one of the happiest ways, save our love for God, of giving our treasure to Him, but we know of many ways beside. All the trials weekly borne, all deeds gently done, every right motive truly obeyed, & countless other ways which I am sure we know. We can, and I hope we will daily lay up our treasures in the blessed country where we shall one day meet them and be so glad to find them there before us -- not behind, wasted and perished in the cold world. --------- We will try every day to give something pure to God. Even a little sacrifice if nobly given will He accept, one little temptation resisted, one evil habit conquered. God will not deem it too small to keep for us, No, dear. I am sure some day the little deeds; the little kind words; the very least of all will be there to welcome us, and we shall not be strangers; it will be Home. ----------I have written just as I wish I could talk to you and I shall be sorry if I have not been able to convey my meaning but I think we understand each other's way of expressing now. [*Illegible deletion*] I trust you will agree with me and we will begin together this new year, not as we began the old, but as we finished it."

From a letter of G. H.'s: received Nov. 28th -- one of the best letters I ever had in my life, & which has done me wonderful good. I like so much her idea expressed in the first of the letter, that the world-year & the Christian-year -- are distinct & yet join together in one -- one is the motive, & ~~the~~ the other the action: "the one working out the aspirations and hopes, and building firmly the castles which in the holy year we have founded upon works of faith."

An old Roman ~~emperor~~ ^ general ^ was once marching to the wars and asked to lodge his army in a certain city. "but the governor would not let his city be troubled by so numerous & dangerous a guest". The general then asked only for relief & entertainment for his sick soldiers -- the governor thought sick men could do no mischief and this was granted. But when they had been there a while they grew ~~strong~~ well again, opened the gates to the rest and were strong enough to take the city.

Now if Satan cannot get leave for his whole army, he begs very hard for his 'weak ones', the little sins, but those sickly soldiers soon get strength to surprise the soul."* ^ And everything may live within -- Ezekiel 17.19 ^

Mr. Brooks said, Dec 31st 71 ~~Wherever the river cometh in life~~ ^ The river cometh. ^ Perhaps it is only up to our [ancles *?*] and though our feet are walking in the way of Gods commandments, ~~while~~ our hearts are cold, but by & by the river will rise & fill life to our hearts & our hands & our heads, and we shall ----------*

What looks to one [man *?*] only the ripples sparkling in the [sunshine *?*] becomes a strong wave rolling on & on gathering strength & power till it ~~reaches eternity~~ ^ breaks on the shore of eternity ^

Prayer is not a conquering of God's unwillingness*

Notes

surprise the soul: See *The Works of Thomas Adams* (1862) v. 2, Sermon XLV, p. 359. Thomas Adams (1583-1653) was a British clergyman. The addition of the Biblical quotation from Ezekiel seems relevant to the next passage, which appears to be quoted from Phillips Brooks, though no print source for it has yet been located. While Jewett appears to have written Ezekiel 17:19, the passage she quotes is from Ezekiel 47:9.

we shall: Jewett returns to this quotation, rendering it more completely following her 23 May 1873 entry below.

unwillingness: Jewett uses this quotation in her essay, "Lucky People" (1882), where she attributes it to a wise preacher. This idea appears in *Select Notes: A Commentary on the International Lessons*, Volume 27, p. 273, by Francis Nathan Peloubet and Mary Abby Thaxter Peloubet, published in 1900. This could not be Jewett's source, but it does suggest that the idea was part of contemporary religious discourse. The Peloubet quotation appears in "A Study of Blessings": "What is 'prevailing prayer' ? Not a conquering of God's unwillingness, but a mastery of the Christian's own unreadiness. God would like to give us so many things, if we were only ready for them!"

[*January 1872*]

January 14th I wonder at my self for not having written here before, for I have had a great to deal to write. I went to Boston the Friday before Christmas, to stay with Grace* and I really think I never had a pleasanter or more satisfactory visit in all my life. I think if I had written out just what I wished to have happen to me in the two weeks that followed, it would have been just what has happened. I have not time to write about it fully and there is small danger of my forgetting it. Saturday I did not go out. Sunday I went to church with Mr. Hill, (Trinity) & Mr. Brooks* preached a good sermon. In the afternoon Grace & I went, and he preached on the text: "And there was no room for them in the inn -"* which I shall ~~write~~ try to remember some of for this book. In the evening we went over to Kitty's,* carrying part of the presents & having great fun on the way. Monday was Christmas and we all went to St. Pauls.* Dined at Mrs Hoffendahl's* and had the presents and a little party & great fun in the evening, Grace & I were asked to the Mason's* party also but I had a headache and we were both tired and didn't go. Tuesday we went out to Cora Clarks and stopped at Ella Walworth's* as we came back. Wednesday Mrs Gordon & I went to the Soule's.* Thursday I went to Mrs. Green's* to tea. Grace & I had such a nice time. Enjoyed Mr. Edmund Quincy particularly & Mrs Waterston.* Friday ^ morning ^ Grace & I spent with Mrs Waterston, & I could have stayed a week in the library. It is such a delightful home. I was perfectly fascinated by Helen W.'s portrait.* We made a short call at the Soule's and then I went to see Mrs Winthrop* and then to see Mrs. Howells at Field's & Osgoods,* & spent an hour or two with him in her charming room there We talked about mysteries & he said a great many kind & encouraging things to me. That evening seven of us went to see Sothern play Dundreary* and I never laughed harder. We went to the club with Mr. Gordon and had a delicious supper afterward. Saturday Georgie* came at twelve & Grace and I were so glad to see her. I was just going to say the most complimentary things about those two dear girls, but I think I'll leave off writing such things in this book for I know and they know that I love them with all my heart and there is no danger that I shall forget that I do! -- Sunday we went to Trinity all day, & heard most beautiful sermons. Sat in ^ the morning in ^ what we call "our pew" in the gallery. In the morning the text was: "And everything shall [live] whither the river cometh* -- and in the afternoon, we sat down stairs. I had seen Miss Mary Hayes* and she called us & went with us. It was a sermon for the last day of the year -- about the cloud which had been leading the children of Israel -- "When the Egyptians came after them it moved and went behind them.* Saw Miss Mason after church, went up to Louisburg NY. with Miss Mary -- Captain Matthews* came in the evening & we went over to Kitty's. Georgie & I went together & we had a delightful little escapade -- which remaineth a secret to this day -- before we joined the others. -- Ah but Monday was the day! New Years day and such a lovely beginning as my year has had! It ought to be a very good year. Georgie & Grace & I went to Trinity in the morning and had a walk together afterward. I saw Miss Mason whom I like so much, and then I started for Newport! ------- with Captain Matthews.* Ah, my dear darling Kate!* what lovely days those four were! The walks and talks by sunlight and starlight -- and at twilight in the house. The sea and the sunshine and the

delicious Newport air and the kind charming people I saw, and that blessed Kate herself! Oh dear! I ought to be such a good girl for so many good things are always being given me, and I am so thoughtless and live in such a careless way, only remembering once in awhile to thank God for it all -- It is one of the best things about our friendship, that we always take each other just as we are and go right on, no matter how long it has been since we have seen each other. We never have to get acquainted with each other all over again. Oh Kate does me so much good! she always helps me and makes me stronger. I know that it all comes from God, but I am so glad the 'way' is Kate. I can talk to her so easily, and I never regret have told her anything: I never feel what some body calls in some book I have just been reading: "faithless hesitation" ----- I have perfect confidence in her. I think as perfect as it is possible for me to have in any person, and the more I see [her] the more my confidence and love are strengthened. If I found myself disappointed in her it would have been one of the bitterest things in all my life, for to lose Kate would be losing a powerful influence for good, and an influence which enters not merely into great things but into my little every-day interests. I suppose God would ~~have~~ give me somebody to take her place but I should have to wait a long while before I loved anybody else in the way I do her -- But I know I am not mistaken and am not disappointed -- and I need not trouble myself! I wish I could remember many things she said to me, well enough to write them here -- but though the words do not come to me the influence is not lost. I think she cares more for me then she used, and she tells me she enjoyed my visit, and that a letter of mine helped her and all this makes me so happy. How I wish I could do some thing for you to show you that I love you Kate! When I try to talk about ^ it ^ the only words I can think of seem such weak silly meaningless ones, & just the same one which people use when they do not mean half that I do! Nothing made me happier than her showing her friends' letters and telling me about her. I never can forget her doing that! -- After I came back to Boston I was there a day & night -- and I had such a nice walk with Miss Mason. I like her so much! We went out on the Cambridge bridge, & when we came back Grace & I went in to lunch with her & Mrs. Winthrop. Ellen and I talked a great deal about Kate whom she loves in the same way I do, & that is a strong link between us -- though I am fond of her for her own sake, and have always asked God to bless her and take care of her every day since I was with her in Newport a year and a half ago - I thought I was not going to write any more about my friends!! ----------

Notes

Mr. Hill, (Trinity) & Mr. Brooks: Jewett attended Trinity Episcopal Church in Boston, where Phillips Brooks was rector. Mr. Hill's identity is uncertain. A good candidate is William H. Hill (1838-1913), a Gordon neighbor who was a bookseller and then a banker at Richardson, Hill, & Co. See also The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography, v. 11.

Grace: Grace Gordon Walden.

no room for them in the inn: From the biblical story of the birth of Jesus in Luke 2.

Kitty's: Though this is not certain, it seems likely Jewett refers to Grace Gordon's sister, Kate. See note above.

St. Pauls. Grace Gordon's future husband, Jacob Treadwell Walden, was rector at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul in Boston.

Mrs Hoffendahl's: Gordon's older sister, Kate. See note above.

Mason's: Ellen Francis Mason.
Cora Clarks ... Ella Walworth's: Cora Lee Clark Rice and Ella Maria Walworth (Mrs. George Britton) Little.

the Soule's: This may the family of Horace Homer Soule (1827-1908), who was married to South Berwick native, Elizabeth Cushing Hobbs (1827-1906), sister of Charles C. Hobbs. One of their children was Mary Hamilton Soule (1852-1918).

Mrs. Green's: Probably this is Anna Blake Shaw (1817-1901), who married the minister and activist, William Batchelder Greene (1819-1878). Their daughter, Elizabeth (Bessie, 1846-1875), became a benefactor of the New England Hospital for Women and Children.

Mr. Edmund Quincy ... Mrs Waterston: Anna Cabot Lowell Quincy (1812-1899) married the Rev. Robert Cassie Waterston (1812-1893). She was the author of *A Woman's Wit & Whimsy*: *The 1833 Diary of Anna Cabot Lowell Quincy, Verses* (1863), *Together* (1863), and *Edmonia Lewis* (the young colored woman who has successfully modelled the bust of Colonel Shaw)

(1866). Mrs. Waterston's older brother was Edmond Quincy V (1808-1877).

Helen W.'s portrait: This may be Helen Ruthven Waterston (1841-1858), the deceased daughter of Robert and Anna Waterston. A portrait of Helen Waterston is held by Historic New England. See note above.

Mrs. Winthrop: Probably, this is Cornelia Adeline "Adele" Granger (1819/20 - 1892), widow of John Eliot Thayer (1803-1857), who was the third wife of Robert Charles Winthrop, an American lawyer, politician, and philanthropist. Representing Massachusetts, he was Speaker of the House of Representatives, 1847-49. Her parents were the politician Francis Granger and Cornelia Rutson Van Rensselaer. See also Wikipedia.

Mrs. Howells at Field's & Osgoods: William Dean Howells (1837-1920) a prolific American novelist, editor, literary critic and playwright. He befriended Jewett at the beginning of her career and, while working as editor at Atlantic Monthly, nurtured and encouraged her. He married Elinor Mead, sister of the sculptor Larkin G. Mead and the architect William R. Mead. Wikipedia.
James T. Fields and James R. Osgood were partners in Fields, Osgood & Company, publishers, in 1871. The reorganized firm published Jewett's first book, *Deephaven*, in 1877.

Sothern play Dundreary: Jewett has seen the British comic actor Edward Askew Sothern (1826-1881) in one of his most popular roles as Lord Dundreary in Tom Taylor's *Our American Cousin* (1858). Jewett would have known that seven years earlier, this was the play President Abraham Lincoln was enjoying when he was assassinated.

Georgie: Georgie Halliburton.

whither the river cometh: See Ezekiel 47:9.

Miss Mary Hayes: Richard Cary identifies Mary Osgood Hayes (1830-1884) as an aunt of Susan and William Hayes Ward, editors of the *Independent*. She was a friend and neighbor of the Jewett's, living near the Berwick Academy.

went behind them: See Exodus 14:20.

Captain Matthews: Probably this is the Civil War veteran, David Andrew Matthews (1847-1923). He became a captain during the "Indian Wars." After leaving the army, he returned to Worcester, MA, where he eventually became Chief of Police in 1907.

darling Kate: Kate Birckhead.

"faithless hesitation": Probably, Jewett has been reading "Stanzas to an Unknown" (1846, p. 97), in *Solitary Hours of Fancy and Feeling* by James Marius Macrum.

God does not explain all His plans, and His system for our education to us -- and when He is teaching us in a way which seems a mistake, and just the wrong way and very hard to learn, we ought to be willing to trust His wisdom rather than our own and try to make out His meaning and even if we fail utterly in that, still be sure it is 'all right' –

Since I came home I have been very lonely and have missed Kate and Grace immensely. I was glad to get home but I had written almost every day and they did not want to hear the stories more than once all over again, and some how I missed the girls more than usual and it is so poky to walk alone -- after having been with them! But I thought at last that I was behaving in a very cowardly way. My work is here in Berwick -- not in Boston or Newport, and I am shirking furiously. The people here are just the ones God has chosen for me out of all the world & they are the ones who can do me most good and to whom I can be of service if I only try. I ought not to wish I lived some where else as I always do (in the winter) and feel so dissatisfied with people & have so little interest in them. If it were better for me to be with my nearer friends of course God would bring it about -- but I am so dependent upon them and wonder at it continually for I used to be quite contented to be alone. If I had not the happy home which I have, I should be very wretched in Berwick. I don't think it is mere love of excitement and novelty -- but I am so happy with my friends. But God never has asked me to do any thing for Him like the things I am always wishing to do, and I will try very hard to be contented here, and do the work He has given me, as well and earnestly and lovingly as I can. I think very often we wish to do some thing which God knows is too hard for us, and sees that we are not fitted for, and so in His kindness, hinders us, and then we make ourselves very miserable and scorn the things which He has suited to our strength and love exactly.

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[*Illegible word*] wonder what Georgie said [*illegible words*] about Graces being troubled [*illegible words*] and her telling [*illegible words*] & it really [*illegible* words] This is just what God asks us to do with our trials & troubles -- give them to Him --

After we have earnestly asked God to help us to be good and patient and kind, and He does, what right have we = how foolish it is, for us to try and make ourselves believe that the devil is tempting us with a feeling of our goodness, and search diligently for the wicked motive we are sure we must have had! I think this is ~~is~~ dishonoring God, & we ought to be glad and thankful to Him, instead: that He has brought us a step nearer Himself --

Christ knows better than we do -- how weak & how unreliable we are. He knows that we are a long way off from 'perfection'. He knows how great our failures are & how impossible it some times seems that we are ever going to be different people. But he says now in our present life, with his eye upon us; with a full knowledge of all our circumstances: "My grace is sufficient for thee"* ----------

"A man who is able to throw himself into the existence of another, to see with passion & vehemence the welfare of another, has the strongest safeguard ever invented by God against all the evils that result from brooding over & becoming absorbed in the sufferings of self" -- Essay on Cowper in Blackwood,*

'It may seem a small point of difference that one man should say "yes --in a little while." And another shall say "Yes -- now." But in reality a larger point of difference could hardly be'. (From a sermon of Dr. Alex Raleigh's)

"Reason may climb very high mountains, it may reach the very top, but it must have the mountain under it all the time".*

"But to you who have known Jewett all his life, it is useless to write such things. I commenced practice close by him a few years after his beginning & I was in the closest relations with him for nearly seven years, and our intimacy has continued. I am sure I know him thoroughly -- our intercourse has been that of brothers with never a "family quarrel", and my esteem for him equals my knowledge of him both personally and professionally. Take him for all in all, he is the best physician of my acquaintance. There is no person upon whose judgment I should so safely rely in any important case. His resources in practice are very great, and his tact in managing a case -- in doing the right thing ~~and~~ in ^ just ^ the right way is wonderful. And as a man, -- studious, well informed -- a keen observer, and understander of men, exceedingly intelligent, decisive but not obstructive in his opinions, affable, cheerful, of infinite humor which never detracts from his quiet dignity -- unselfish -- devoted to his profession from a love of it, and from its being a means of exercising his unaffected benevolence: of the highest integrity, & pleasing in manners -- he is a type of the courteous, cultivated, Christian gentleman & physician. This is no exaggeration as you who know him can aver -- whoever is within his reach ought to be satisfied that they have as good as this wicked world affords in the way of a physician, surgeon & friend."

From a letter of Dr. J. E. Tyler's to D. Lord, September -- 1866.*

Notes

sufficient for thee: See 2 Corinthians 12:9.

Blackwood: While it is possible Jewett read "William Cowper" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, she is more likely to have seen it in Littel's *The Living Age*, v. 110 (1871) pp. 67-90.

hardly be: See Alexander Raleigh, "Hearing and Doing," in *Quiet Resting Places and Other Sermons* (1863), p. 120.

the time: No source has yet been located for this quotation.

1866: This is Dr. John Eugene Tyler (1819-1878), whose medical practice in Salmon Falls, NH contributed to his family's friendship with Jewett's father, Dr. Theodore Herman Jewett, in neighboring South Berwick, ME. Dr. Tyler came to specialize in mental illness and served as superintendent of the McLean Asylum in Somerville, MA.

I don't want the personal question of my own salvation to be the whole of religion to me!

For what every one is in Thy sight that is he, & nothing more." a Kempis*

"And they called her cold. God knows
Underneath the winter snows,
The invisible hearts of flowers grow ripe for blossoming!
And the lives that look so cold,
If their stories could be told
Would seem cast in gentler mould,
Would seem full of love & Spring"*

"When these dark days come again remember this, that you have within reach the "Friend of friends" that He knows all you are feeling & thinking, and that He will never "grow tired or disgusted with your weakest efforts, so long as they are efforts; After this put by self, and set to work to try & be some thing for some body else! Never mind who or what it is. This is always the best remedy" --------

From K. B.*

Jan ye 22nd 1872.

And they called her cold. God knows ….
Underneath the winter snows,
The invisible hearts of flowers
grow ripe for blossoming;
And the lives that look so cold,
If their stories could be told,
Would seem cast in gentler mould,
Would seem full of love and spring.

Notes

a Kempis: Thomas à Kempis (c. 1380 - 1471) was a German monk and the author of *The Imitation of Christ* (c. 1441). The quotation, while it may appear in the writings of à Kempis, is actually from St. Francis of Assisi: "If others commended him, and showed any esteem of his virtue, he often said to himself: 'What everyone is in the eyes of God, that he is, and no more'." Jewett included this quotation at the beginning of this journal as well as here.

life and spring: This is a slightly modified version of the final stanza of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, "Lady of Castelnoire" (1865). See The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, pp. 251-3.

K.B.: Kate Birckhead.

[March 1872]

Easter day March 31st 1872

I have not written here for a great while before, and I very much wonder for I have sat here at my desk day after day -- when I have been at home. Some time the last of last month I made Georgie* a most charming little visit, and the week after that I had a note from her saying that she would like to come up & spend the day with me Saturday. I went down to the junction to meet her & who should be with her but Grace!* I was overjoyed and we had such a nice day together, only it was so short. I was to have gone to Boston that day but postponed it until Monday --when I went to make Ella Walworth a little visit, & stayed with her ten days or so. I had a very nice time & I probably shall not see much of her for a good while as she is going abroad again in June. It was a very satisfactory visit to both of us, for we know each other much better than ever before -- & she was so kind. One thing about my Boston visit which I think I shall remember longest -- is my knowing Ellen Mason better. I have always fancied her very much and been interested in her because we both are so fond of Kate,* but last January I saw her more than ever before, & this time I have really been with her a great deal. It is so nice to hear her talk about Kate. We had some walks together & went to church together twice, once to St. Paul's and once to Trinity. I enjoyed Mr. Brooks's *sermons so much. I heard three of his Lenten Lectures & a sermon, all of which were very fine. The first one I heard, I liked best, about Mary's anointing Christ.* -------- I wonder why I had to stop just here! I do not suppose I can ever finish it exactly as I meant to in the first place -- I know what I can write about though, and that is the lovely Easter letter I had a day or two after this. From Grace and Kate and Georgie & Ella Walworth -- hers wasn't all 'Easter letter' though -- and such a nice one from Ellen which I was not looking for. I care so much more about it than if she had written it a day before or after, because if she had not cared for me she never would have written me such a note as this -- upon Easter day itself. She could not have "made believe" that day, and I don't believe she ever does. She has done me good already, for seeing how earnestly she lives and that she does ^ every ^ things as if she thought it was worth while made me sadly conscious of my laziness and shirking and I have tried for some time to be more systematic and to study and use my time better. Can't stop to write anymore about you, my girl with the sweet eyes! ----- And

Grace's letter was another of the ^ dear ^ letters which have come to me from her for years now. I have been looking over this book a little and I really was quite pained to notice that I have written so little about her. I suppose it is partly because I have known her longer and the others are newer -- "But newest friend is oldest friend in this: That waiting him (her!) we longest grieved to miss one thing we sought." (That was a very nice little sentence of yours Mrs. H. H.!* ------- What ever the reason is, it cannot be because I have not the deepest and truest and most real love for Grace, and there is a place in my heart which she has lived in ever since I was a child and will always live in forever and ever. Dear sad, loving-hearted Grace. I should have found it out years ago (and forgotten I ever cared for you) if you were not as "true as steel" -- and I know very well how good you have been to me and I only hope I may be quarter as good to you -- and then how you will treasure my memory! It took me a great while to know more of ^ you ^ than ~~than~~ your dear dainty outside, but I do know the inside of your heart now, or at least I know some of it. You're my tea-rose bud girl, & there's nothing in all the world as much like you, in looks or ways: Ellen is one of those very sweet pink-rose buds. I don't know their names but they are very fragrant and are made in the most compact way -- all the leaves very close together so you think at first they are not meant to open, and let you see the rose's heart. Georgie is my wild-rose a bright little wild-rose, not the pale kind, tender looking -- willful looking, brave looking little fellows! Kate -- is like [*Illegible deletion*] a very tall white hyacinth (& Ellen is like pink one) and Kate is also like spring violets the very fragrantest sweetest ones and knowing her is as good as having them bloom all the year round! Georgie says I am most like a little bright red poppy -- which at this time is dreadful to think of -- for what would one say to see my friends & myself in a bouquet together! "That staring horrid poppy in with the roses!" "Throw [Frow *?*] her away!" Kate would say immediately! And this is all of that story, but I am so fond of those girls -- and there are some more, but those four are all that belong to this book. I certainly never must let anybody read these last few pages. They are only for me: "And then she stopped and said no more. She ought to have done so long before."* ----------

Daybreak*

When out beyond the eastern hills
Was faintest light; then, scorning
Shadows which warned us back, we turned
Our faces toward the morning.
And soon by daylight we could see
The road we thought so weary
Where we were frightened in the night,
Was anything but dreary.
On either side grew grass and flowers,
We saw each others faces
The light shone deep into our hearts
The rocks were resting places.

When first upon that morning cold
We saw the golden glory,
And found the light was meant for us,
And learned anew its story -----
We were so glad, with hearts at rest,
In peace the sunshine found us
We sang a psalm, and smiling watched
The pleasant land around us.
For though the clouds grow dark o'er head
And storms may bring us sorrow
It's not for always, and the sun
Still shines: will shine tomorrow.
We lose the path, our feet soon tire
We seek new ways, lamenting;
And back like truant children come,
Unsatisfied, repenting.
Though we may fall and fall again
We fear to walk no longer
And ever through mistakes & pain
Can hourly grow the stronger
Dear Lord of Light! Forever lead
Our wandering hearts. Oh guide us;
Nor let us once in storms or sun
Forget the Friend besides us.

April 1872 "[H. G. ?]"*

The inflexibility of the laws of nature ~~are~~ ^ is ^ no bar to special answers to prayer -- when the Creator of the world promised to answer prayer He probably understood the laws of nature as well a men did: at any rate, the laws of nature are His affair, not theirs: men should obey orders.*

"Is it not possible that He who made the world may have established laws for prayer as well as those for the sowing of seed, or raising of grain ? Is it not as legitimate subject of inquiry when petitions are not answered, which of these laws have been neglected ?"* ----

Notes

Georgie: Georgina Halliburton.

Grace: Grace Gordon Walden.

Kate: Kate Birckhead.

St. Paul's ... Trinity ...Mr. Brooks: Grace Gordon's future husband, Jacob Treadwell Walden, was rector at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul in Boston. Phillips Brooks was rector of Trinity Church, Boston.

Mary's anointing Christ: A few days before Jesus was crucified, Mary Magdalene washed and anointed his feet. For accounts of this event see Matthew 26, Mark 14, John 12 and Luke 7.

Lyman Abbott describes Beecher's Lecture-Room Talks as brief lectures given at Friday evening meetings at Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, NY. (217-8). Whether this also was Brooks' practice at Trinity is not certain. Nor is a text yet known in which Brooks speaks at length about Mary Magdalene.

H. H.: Helen Hunt's poem "My New Friend" appears in Verses by H.H. (Helen Hunt, 1873) p. 111. The edition referenced here is Mary Jewett's copy in the collection of the Houghton Library at Harvard University, inscribed to her by Cora Clark Rice.

long before: The source of this quotation is not yet known.

Daybreak: Jewett's poem was published in *The Independent* 24:4 (August 1, 1872). The initials at the end of the poem, following the date, are not easily legible, but appear to be H. G., which suggest some connection for Jewett between this poem and Helen Gordon, Grace's older sister.

obey orders: This appears to be a paraphrase of Harriet Beecher Stowe in Chapter 39 of *The Minister's Wooing* (1859) p. 542.

neglected: This quotation also paraphrases Stowe's *The Minister's Wooing*, p. 543.

[14 April]

14th April. ^ This is copied from some thing I found in Father's handwriting ^

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out"* "Wise" can be read in two ways -- Besides this verse's meaning that God will certainly not cast us out, it means that He will not send us away from Him. No matter what <u>way</u> we come if it be a true 'coming' --. And He will cast us out in 'no wise'; all His strange dealings with us which we puzzle ourselves so about, are not a casting out & keeping at a distance -- but if we cling to God they will most certainly be a bringing nearer.

"And the <u>Tenderness</u> that is in the midst of the <u>Almightiness</u> shall feed them & lead them unto fountains of living waters And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" –*

Not Now

Not now, my child -- a little more rough tossing
A little longer on the billow's foam;
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness
And then the sun shine of thy Father's home.
Not now, for I have wandered in the distance
And time must call thee in with patient love.
Not now, for I have sheep among the mountains
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.
Not now, for I have children sad and weary
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?
Sick ones who need thee in their lonely sorrow
Wilt thou not tend them for a little while ?
Not now, for many a hungry one is pining.
Thy willing hand must be outstretched & free.
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish
And gives some answering messages to thee.*

Notes

cast out: Mr. Jewett quotes John 6:37.

their eyes: Jewett quotes from *Real Folks* by Adeline Dutton Train Whitney (1872) p. 141.

to *thee*: "Not Now my Child" is a hymn with lyrics by Catherine K. Pennefather. The original has at least six verses.

"And there was no room for them in the inn"* ---------- When the poor carpenter and his wife came to that inn in Bethlehem it was full every one told them and they could not get in. How that has been followed out all these hundreds of

years. No room for Christ -- We find room for every thing else and every body else in the busy inn of our hearts. Let us see who were probably there: the Jewish farmer with his money bag -- come to pay his tax: the consequential Rabbi, the proud Roman soldiers, etc. and now they are all forgotten (we do not know any thing about one of them except that they kept Christ out. It is just so with things we make room for! How worthless they are & how completely we shall forget them. And we cramp our souls so! the doors are too low for any but little stooping thoughts to enter -- and the apartments are all so filled with rubbish, when God meant they should be roomy & open, and that they should be a temple for Himself -- If the people had known who was being born how eagerly they would have made ready the best room. If they had known it was the King of Kings -- the only Savior of us all, the Creator, the ^ best ^ friend! and if we realized how important it is for us to let Christ in we should hesitate no longer. We do not recognize Him -- He comes to the palace gate 'No room!' and the splendor & revelry goes on and the Lord of all glory is shut out. He knocks at the students' door, and he says 'No room!' and turns to his books and his study of philosophy and science while the Lord of all Wisdom goes away. We cry 'No room!' continually. We are ^ too ^ busy or too idle. We let friend after friend come into our hearts and dwell there but there is never any place for Him.

I never half understood until I was confirmed myself, what a help & comfort & satisfaction it is! One of the reasons why it is urged upon us is showing to the world which side we have taken in the battle, but I think it is of great service also, in making that fact plain -- to ourselves, beyond fear of mistake. There is almost always a hungering doubt in one's mind whether one has fully decided, and at any rate we feel that we are not Christians outwardly. We read about it and hear it preached about and think we are entirely convinced & thoroughly made acquainted with it & its benefits, but we are very far from being right. You may have a fine picture of some beautiful old house, hanging upon your wall for years and you feel as if you knew all about it: -- it is so familiar to you. But perhaps you go to live in that house -- you go inside -- you see the carvings and and pictures, and the exquisite views from the windows, and it keeps you from the heat & the cold & is your home, & the place where you go to rest, and then you think of the picture of the outside which you used to know so well, and of the old times when that was all you knew about the comfort you have now.

"The hopeful, the trusting, the strong, infuse their hope & strength into others by the mere force of example"* -- The instinctive imitativeness of mankind must not be forgotten. We must bear in mind [*illegible deletion*] this power ^ even ^ our physical influence has upon people about us" ----

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"The instincts of the higher and lower nature of man, are in constant conflict because the lower are not limited, but are constantly pushing beyond their proper bounds as they never do in animals. If the higher gain the day, man is worthy of the place he was made to fill as the ~~the~~ image of God and the ruler of the globe, -- having dominion over all its creatures and over his own animal nature. But if the animal instincts take the control, there is no limit to his possible degradation" ---- "The animal powers of man must be governed because they are not self-regulative. They must be limited & directed in their action by some power or set of powers above them. This power the man has * * * * * The very fact that his lower propensities, -- the Appetites and Instincts, -- are not self-regulative as in animals, but are capable of terrific power, ever destructive power when left to them selves, shows them to be admirably adapted for service. No matter how powerful any agency is, if it be directed and controlled. The more powerful it is the better."

"Instinct in Animals & Man"*

God tells us we must not worship any gods but Himself, and we do not. I do not mean to ignore our "making idols" of ourselves and all that sort of thing -- but I am thinking of the worshipping a god, a supernatural being. Our God is the true God but I think we ~~do not~~ consider our duty done when we say this ourselves, & that we do not break that commandment & are Christian people. Now, when we pray, we are so apt to merely think of our Heavenly Father as someone who can give us the many things we are in such need of and almost entirely leave out all the 'worship' part -- He says Thou shalt have no other gods beside me -- but He does not tell us not to bring our tribute to Him. I read some where awhile ago that we are all priests and have a 'service' to perform just as the old priests in the Temple used.

^ From Miss Sewell's "*A Glimpse of the World*" ^*

"If you hate doubt," he said, "you hate the condition in which God has placed you. What is there wh. is not open to doubt ? And if it was not, where would be the trial of faith ?"

"But faith is the reverse of doubt," said Myra.

"You are mistaken child. Faith is the certainty of the spiritual faculties opposed to the doubt of the material causes, but without doubt there could be no faith. Faith will not exist in heaven because there" ---------

Notes

no room for them in the inn: From the biblical story of the birth of Jesus in Luke 2.

force of example: Jewett quotes from *Mental Hygiene* by Isaac Ray (1863) p. 160. It is not clear whether Jewett quotes elsewhere in this passage and whether the final quotation mark is intentional.

"Instinct in Animals & Man": The title Jewett gives is not exact, making one wonder whether her source may be different from Instinct: Its Office in the Animal Kingdom, and Its Relation to the Higher Powers in Man by Paul Ansel Chadbourne (1872) 249-50.

Glimpse of the World: This item is inserted at the top of a page and is barely legible. Its content is inferred from the source of the quotation, a novel by Elizabeth Missing Sewell (1815-1906): *A Glimpse of the World* (1863). The quotation is from volume 1, p. 237.

[June]

5th June. It is a very stormy day and a very disappointing day to me, for I had made a great many plans. Father and I were going to Marblehead to dear old DMr. Allen's funeral & Mary* was to join us at Portsmouth. I was so sorry when I heard he was dead, day before yesterday and I am grieved to think I wrote no more -- or rather that I wrote nothing about him last summer while he was here. If I had only taken some notes of his magnificent sermons or tried to remember some of the things he said. He is my idea of what a clergyman ought to be, and seemed to belong rather to a past generation than to the present. He was so dignified and elegant & yet one could talk so freely with him & he was so kind and good. Dear old man! I would give a great deal if I could have one more talk with him. I hope his teaching was not all lost. I think I shall see him again but it is a long way to look forward and I am so wayward and faithless, but God is very strong, if I am not. I think it is the greatest encouragement to think about such a person as Mr. Allen. He was high-tempered and self-willed just as I am, and he was able to conquer his faults and instead of yielding to them and doing harm in the world he died a brave true Christian, Christlike man and everybody is sorry -- and he has gone home to see his Master no longer { "}through a glass darkly but now face to face"* -- I should have liked so much to have gone to Marblehead, and I was so disappointed to see such a rain -- but it is all right. Then to night I was going to spend with Grace* in Boston and had great plans for to-morrow. I must write a little about Ella.* I have been meaning to do so ever since she went away. We have loved each other for a long time but have seen little and known little really ^ for a long time ^ until I was there in March when things changed, and now we have just finished a most happy week together & it will probably be the last for a good while as she is going abroad again. I think we helped each other a great deal and I have 'found ^ her ^ out' more fully than ever before & we have found our way very deep into each other's heart. I miss her sweet little face and her loving little hands and I like to hear her play better than I do anyone else, for she catches the meaning of the music. Her tunes are not like a dozen uninteresting people jabbering at once, but like some sweet force telling a story for every word of which, one listens. I shall give her a habitation in this book I wonder that I have not before -- but some how I had grown used to knowing her -- that is knowing the little I did know and I have hardly seen her this year. I loved her truly but I love her differently now and think we should never go back to the old way -- which however has been a very pleasant way and a helpful way to us both --. How strange it is to go on with a friendship for so long and have a kind of "waking-up" as we have! God bless my deal little girl! ----

June 17th

If I ever am half as good as my darling Aunt Helen!* Somehow all my other friends put together do not give me such belief in goodness and the possibility of living close to God and spending one's time in serving Him. I am not "crying down my other friends" -- I am sure of their goodness and earnestness, but they are

none of them like Aunt Helen. Her life is more Christlike and more filled with faith, and love to her neighbor and kind thoughtfulness, trust in God and brave earnestness and unselfishness than any life I know. Last week (which I spent with her) has taught me more of this than I ever knew before though I have loved her ever since I can remember. I am certain I have thought too much of doctrine and all that sort of thing, and have adjourned the doing of it: as Shairp says -- It is the life that tells*, and my life is just nothing but a selfish one. I am good-natured when I am amused and interested -- but when I am left to my self and ought to be at work -- Horrors! I cannot write about it! ------

The sweetness and goodness of her face haunts me, and having been with her & seeing how entirely unselfish and true her life is, makes myself seem unbearably selfish, and wicked. I have written and talked as wisely and impertinently about belief and had such a profound satisfaction in my religious achievements and now I hate the thought of it for it isn't what I thought and felt, but what I did. -- and I have done nothing, and worse than nothing. Oh if I only get over this hatred of my laziness -- of myself, and my insincerity! I almost believe in the popular idea of the devil -- (which is gotten from Paradise Lost* and not from the Bible) and that he has been deceiving me, with this feeling of goodness. It seems as if -- It is very wicked for me to write in this way, but I hate myself so entirely today -- I cannot begin to tell how I enjoyed my week in Portland. The house is so delightful and the sea air always makes me contented & happy if nothing else will. And I saw such pleasant people. Mrs. Pierce was there Mr. Longfellow's sister* who was a most charming person, & it is so nice to know one of Aunt Helen's best friends. I hated awfully to come away and when I got home I found I might have stayed longer as well as not.

I hate to look at the beginning of this book when I feel as I do now. There is such a smirk of satisfaction about it and I am so restless and unhappy. I have longed to be good all this time and I have wished sincerely -- but it seems to be no use ------ I have always been afraid it was merely a state of mind I happened to be in for a time and would not last for me -- I believe I am not like other people in anything, and it never will amount to any thing, all this trouble and perplexity and sorrow I have gone through with. I don't see why Aunt Helen should have suggested all this raving of mine, but it is the contrast between her & myself -- I have all that old feeling back again which used to come so often when I first knew Kate* -- when I used to wish with all my heart I could die & end it all. I would not live a day longer if it were not for my friends, being troubled -- it is a shocking thing for any body to do, & I know they love me, and think I am going to accomplish great things, & I can't! ---------

I wish I could be ill and die, for then they would not mind it so much & it would not seem my own fault.

Notes

Marblehead ... Mr. Allen's funeral: Rev. Benjamin Russell Allen (1805-1872) was Congregational minister at Marblehead, MA, when he died on 2 June 1872. He had served 12 years (1842-1854) in South Berwick.

face to face: 1 Corinthians 13:12.

Grace: Grace Gordon.

Ella: Ella Walworth.

Aunt Helen: Helen Gilman (1817-1905) of Portland, ME.

Shairp ... life that tells: John Campbell Shairp (1819-1885), Scottish author and critic. "The life that tells" is a common theme in 19th-century Christian discourse. Shairp's use of this phrase, however, has not yet been located.

Paradise Lost: British poet John Milton's (1608-1674) epic retelling of the temptation and fall of humanity in the Garden of Eden from the Biblical book of Genesis.

Mrs. Pierce ... Mr. Longfellow's sister: Richard Cary identifies Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's (1807-1882) sister, Anne Longfellow (1810-1901), who married George Washington Pierce, described by the poet as "brother-in-law and dearest friend."

Kate: Kate Birckhead.

[July]

July 9th

I have forgotten the exact circumstances -- but I remember that a great multitude had followed Christ out from the city: ~~and~~ night was coming

and there was nothing for all the people to eat. One of the disciples came and told Him that one boy had a few small fishes and some loaves of bread "But what are they among so many." Jesus told them to sit down on the grass and gave them all enough to eat.* Somehow this miracle always seems very beautiful to me. It is the loveliest picture whenever I think of it: All the people there by the sea. The shadows growing long & night coming: they must have spent such an eventful day and have been so filled with love and wonder. Then Jesus giving them their supper and caring for their every day wants -- and ^ the disciples ^ going away in the boat, and Jesus Himself up into the mountain to be alone for awhile -- just as we like to go away and be alone, and then His walking on the sea & telling them not to be afraid for "It is I" -- But what I was thinking of when I began writing was how that boy must have felt! Perhaps he ~~thought~~ said to himself that he wished he had more loaves and fishes, and how glad he must have been when he found that after all, the people's supper was, in a way, owing to him! He may have followed the multitude very idly as boys often do, and watched the miracles with curiosity -- but how awed he must have been by this. Those little loaves and fishes which he had brought, and all the five thousand being fed with them. I should like to know what became of that child! And how often some thing very like this has happened since. I am like that boy -- and I can be more like him! I have very small possessions of goodness and helpfulness in my heart, and there are thousands of hungry people in the world but one or twice I have been of service [*illegible deletion*] already. And many a 'child' of the Father who is in Heaven has through Him given help and comfort to the multitudes with the "loaves & fishes" which are nothing except through Him.

9th July

I wonder if I can go to Nana [Gausette *?* Jewett *?*] ?* I want to awfully! And I want to go to the mountains too. and I wish for xxxx and to [see *?*] xxxx and to finish ---- & to begin ----

"His book is too stuffed with scripture, too parsonish. The best thing in it is the boy's own story. When I say it is too full of scripture, I mean it is too full of direst quotations; no book can have too much of silent scripture in it; but the natural power of a story is diminished when the uppermost purpose in the writing seems to be to recommend Religion" Extract from one of Charles Lamb's letters to his friend Barton.* I wish to recognize this particularly in my writing. It is melancholy that one must acknowledge the innate antipathy & antagonism wh. prevails in the mind of mankind to religion, when the reception of any other good; for lesser benefits -- is so eager -- but such is certainly the case. In one's life preachiness must be avoided and I know I don't like to read "parsonish" stories, & I don't mean to write them for other people. I wish I could make practical use of that idea of the instinctive imitativeness of mankind* -- and behave my self so that [were *?* even *?*] ~~by~~ my being in the world w'd make people better, but I am afraid I must be contented with being able to preach a little occasionally & only hope that God will not let the evil my miserable practicing must infallibly do, be very great.

13th July 1872

When Jesus had risen: when He walked with disciples to Emmaus and when He appeared to the Eleven at Jerusalem & they were afraid (Luke XXIV) He said; "Why are ye troubled ? -- Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself"* -- Is this any clue to our resurrection! Shall we not be our same familiar selves as He was ?

"And they remembered His words" (Luke XXIV) How we "remember his words!" in how many experiences of life verses from the Bible come into our minds with singular power & a new, fresh meaning, & how often we thank Him for some promise that has been fulfilled. It is such a comfort to "remember his words" ---------

Christ is a mediator intellectually, helping us to know God -- Christ said to Mary and Martha "Your brother shall rise again!"* This will go well with what I have written just opposite. He did not say that their brother had passed on to a grander state of existence and that they ought to be happy about it.

I think He meant to teach us by the way He expressed Himself, that we are to have our "brothers" -- our dear friends our very selves, again by and by. He had been really dead and he came back at least entirely recognizable -- Of course this is a type of the general resurrection so far as concerns our seeing people again.

Notes

enough to eat: Jewett refers to the "Feeding of the 5000," a miracle of Jesus recounted in the all

four of the Christian gospels: Matthew 14, Mark 6, Luke 9 and John 6.

Gausette: The transcription is doubtful, and the person's identity remains unknown. This may be Jewett's only use of "Nana," making the entry more puzzling. At this time, she had no living grandparents on the Jewett side of her family.

Barton: Jewett quotes from *Letters of Charles Lamb* v. 2 (1864, 1886), by Charles Lamb, p. 167.

instinctive imitativeness of mankind: Jewett quotes from *Mental Hygiene* by Isaac Ray (1863) p. 160.

I myself: Jewett refers, as she notes, to the appearance of Christ after his resurrection to his disciples in the village of Emmaus.

rise again: In John 11, Jesus resurrects Lazarus of Bethany.

[August]

8th August

I may travel to the ends of the earth and see more wonderful things than I have ever dreamed of now, but one thing is certain: I never shall be standing on the top of a mountain for the first time again! I have just come home from my first visit to the White Hills and one night and part of the next day I spent on Mount Washington.* I never shall forget that little grassy place where the little white flowers grew, down among the rocks toward Tuckerman's Ravine. That lonely place where I could not see a bird in the air or a living creature on the earth or hear a sound except the faint dashing of water at lone intervals, in the unknown mysterious hiding places where I should not dare to intrude -- in the unknown mountain clefts and solitudes where I never shall go. I can understand people's being afraid of the mountains and imagining them gods themselves, or peopled with creatures not of this earth -- It did not seem as if I were in the world I had been born and brought up in, the world I was looking at there -- the whole world, it seemed, and all of it mountains -- What had become of all the houses and the people and the climbing and pushing and falling and laughing and crying ? It had all been taken away for a while, there were rocks and clouds -- and the hills were alive: they were huge giants crouching there asleep, waiting for the day when they are to rise up and march away with their bowed heads lifted, chanting with their great voices, with Mt Washington for the captain, a grand and solemn and stately procession. I wonder if they mean so much to every body else as they do to me. Their strength teaches me what God's strength is like, and the wonderfulness of them grows greater and greater to me. all that afternoon as we went up and the next morning, I kept thinking of the Psalms and it was so good to "lift my eyes unto the hills,"* in reality, and to see the strength of the hills which is Him also -- and I thought most of the Psalm which begins "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof:"* I was half afraid to ascend into the hill of the Lord* for my hands are so soiled with the wicked things I have done and my heart was very fare from pure. Somehow I could not help taking it literally, for there was the hill of the Lords and there was I -- And when I said it over and over again to myself and came to the last verses, I could not believe anything else but that these were the very gates and that the King of Glory was coming very soon.

"That I spente, that I had
That I gave, that I have
That I lefte, that I loste"
Old Epitaph

"Take us, the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines" -- I think this verse would be such a good one for one of those illuminated texts. I should like one for my room. Those little foxes are such rascals, & my 'vines' grow so hesitatingly, and are so easily spoiled!

Spurgeon says that the old ship Zion is a three-decker & some of the passengers live way down in the dark, always stay where they are uncomfortable & desolate and the next ones above them get sunshine once in awhile --"but the place for me" (Mr. Bartlett said tonight:) is on deck where the sunlight and fresh air is -- out in the day light.

"The ship Zion carries no passengers: one must be a sailor!"

[October]

Oct 3. I have heard something tonight which grieves me terribly. Helen Gordon says that Kate said last summer in Narragansett that it was strange I couldn't come there as well as go to the mountains and elsewhere and she thought she was disappointed and felt badly about my refusing to come. It was hard enough not to go,

and to give up all my plans, and the being with my darling Kate without hearing this! Oh if I only could have gone! It wasn't right for me to be away and Kate would have told me so if she had known all about it and seen how I was placed, but she never can know this and will always think I didn't care to be with her when I would rather see her than any one, and would give up any pleasure to do the least little thing for her. I have been truer to Kate than I ever have been to any body and she can't think I am true. I am afraid she thinks that I don't care for her so much as I used, and that last summer or summers before I would have moved heaven and earth rather than stay at home if she wanted me. Oh Kate if you only knew how I love you all the time you would be sure I am true. If I could have gone -- if nothing had hindered me I might have been of use to her and might have helped her in some little way and at least have done a great many little services which would have made me so happy. It breaks my heart to think that I had to give up all this, and I knew what I was giving up at the time. Oh it was so hard to write and tell her I was not coming, but God knew best and He kept me at home. Oh Kate forgive me! I couldn't see why it was at first and it was so provoking that Father & Mother didn't tell me to go, but I didn't tease them, and afterward I found how much use I could be here, and perhaps I couldn't have been any at Narragansett. I so longed to be with Kate and all those summer evenings I used to wonder about her -- what she was doing, and if I were there perhaps there was something I could do for her -- I wish she had said just one word in one of her letters to me -- she never said she was sorry I didn't come. She couldn't have believed I cared about being with her, or realized how sad I was about it. She couldn't have thought. I wondered where I should have the best time and chose to stay at home. Oh, Kate! ---- I was not away from home more than four or five days at once from May till October, but I suppose she thought I was at the mountains & the beach much longer -- I never shall tell her about it for it would be no use. I dare say she has forgotten now. I don't believe she ever was angry with me before and it was a happy thought that I never had willingly or knowingly done any thing that had troubled her. There was nobody else I could think of.

Notes

Mount Washington: Mt. Washington in the White Mountains of New Hampshire is the highest peak in New England. Tuckerman Ravine is a glacial valley on the southeast face of Mt. Washington.

*eyes unto the hill*s: Psalm 121.

earth is the Lord's: Psalm 24.

hill of the Lord: Psalm 24:3.

That I lefte, that I loste: In Aspects of Death and Correlated Aspects of Life in Art, Epigram, and Poetry (1918), Frederick Parkes Weber reports this epitaph as that of Robert Byrkes (d. 1579). It continues:

"Quoth Robertus Byrkes, who in this world did reign
Threescore years and seven, and yet lived not one." (p. 360).

little foxes that spoil the vines: Song of Solomon 2:15.

Spurgeon says that the old ship Zion is a three-decker: Charles Haddon Spurgeon (1834-1893) was a British Baptist preacher and a prolific author of religious texts, including sermons and hymns. His comments on "the ship of Zion" have not been located.

Willard B. Bartlett (1817 - 8 July 1898) served as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in South Berwick, ME 1870-1. Perhaps the quotations about the "ship of Zion" come from his sermon.

Helen Gordon ... Kate: Helen Gordon is Grace Gordon's older sister; she refers to Kate Birckhead.

[1873]

1873. 23 May.

I am very sorry I did not carry this book away with me last October, for there were so many things I should like to have written at the time and to have read in years to come. I was just going to write that I should not attempt it now but I will write about it for a little while. I went on to New York the 24th of October. Stayed there until early in November. Then went to Cleveland with the Furbers & then to Chicago. Then up to Green Bay, Wisconsin.* Where I had three very happy weeks and where I think I was better and kinder & more useful than during any three weeks I can remember. It makes me conscious of my capabilities for usefulness and goodness more than any other visit ever did! Then back to

Chicago and down to Cincinnati where I enjoyed seeing my old friends & the pleasure of finding they had not forgotten me. Then back to Chicago after two weeks. And then on to Brooklyn where I spent the holidays and went to Philadelphia the 7th of January. And I stayed there two months and came back to Brooklyn and New York & stayed two weeks longer & then Georgie and I came on together and I spent a week in Boston -- While I was in New York I was run over on Broadway and very much hurt and since I came home, I have been rather useless and indeed I was ill in bed part of the time.

And now I have been looking over this book a little and it seems to me as if this volume were done. There is much else mixed up with it, but after all it is chiefly a chapter out of my biography, out of the book of my life. I have a feeling that however blue and despairing and unreasonable I may be henceforward, the days are past when such feelings will have any [more *?*] influence over me unless in urging me to seek a more entire dependence upon the Friend who can do all things and is strong enough to make up for any weakness that may show itself in me -- The days are over with when “the question of my own personal salvation was the whole of religion to me” as some one wisely says -- and now I am living another kind of life from the one I was snarled and tangled up in [two ?] years ago when this book, half journal and half extract book, was begun. I know better what I am doing, and this I owe in great measure to Prof -- Parsons,* who has been one of my best friends these last six months -- Whose letters and whose books and what he himself has said to me have made me wiser and better. I think of my writing in a very different way from what I used. It is no longer an amusement merely but my work. In a review of Miss Thackerays last novel I found this “In short, the tenderness of a loving womanly heart pervades the whole book. It is Miss Thackeray in “Old Kensington”* that makes it so delightful a story.” -- This is what I wish; to be so good and true that myself in my stories, my books if I write them; will be sympathetic, and I hope they may never fail to be interesting and helpful and strong to do good, because there is no life or reality running through and my own heart is cold and selfish. And I mean never to finish a story without putting in at least some little word that will help people to be happier, and to grow better.

Sarah O. Jewett.

Notes

Wisconsin: Jewett's stay in Green Bay led to her story, "Tame Indians" (1875). The Furbers are relatives, Henry Jewett Furber and Elvira Irwin.

Parsons: Theophilus Parsons (17 May, 1797 - 26 January 1882), who was Dane professor of law at Harvard from 1848 to 1870, is remembered chiefly as the author of a series of legal treatises and some books in support of Swedenborgian doctrines. Wikipedia

Old Kensington: Daughter of William M. Thackeray (1811-1863) the novelist Anne Isabella Thackeray, Lady Ritchie (1837-1919) published *Old Kensington* in 1873. Richard Cary notes that in his review, Henry Mills Alden wrote: "It is Miss Thackeray in *Old Kensington* which makes it so delightful a story" in "Editor's Literary Record," *Harper's*, XLVII (June 1873), p. 131.

[The following verses are marked with a curving line from Jewett's signature above down the left margin.]

“I do not ask you whence you came,
Or wherefore you have grown so dear
I know, since you deserve the name
Of friend, -- God sent you here.”
“Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul would reach, --
Only the overflowing heart
To give the lips full speech --
Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world’s famine feed; --

(over)

I heard Mr. Beecher* preach some magnificent sermons last winter, and I am glad to say that I knew him and liked him very much. I always had an idea I shouldn’t. One sermon had for its text that verse in the Acts where they brought the sick people out in the streets. 'lest haply the shadow of Peter passing by might over shadow them'* -- He said that Peters shadow did as effectual service as his body did and in the same way we had an influence wh. followed us as ~~Pete~~ our shadows do. & that had as much effect upon people the influence we exerted consciously -- The sermon was an unconscious influence –

Speak truly & thy word
Shall be a fruitful Seed
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A true and noble creed."*

Text. "And every thing shall live whither the river cometh." -- 'Perhaps it has only risen to our ankles, and though are feet are walking in the way of God's commandments our hearts are cold, but by and by the river will rise and give life to our hearts and then to our hands and heads." Rev. Phillips Brooks

"What looks to one man only the ripples sparkling in the sunshine -- becomes a strong wave rolling on and on, gathering strength and power till it breaks on the shores of eternity. Mr. Brooks*

"[*Illegible* deletion] _____" Today and tomorrow shall be little words in the tale of our loving" -- *

From all the millions of the people in the world, God has chosen out a few for us to live with We are necessary ^ to ^ them and they are necessary to us -- They are exactly the right people for us to be with.

"When shall we return love for love ?

When shall we turn toward Him who is ever seeking us and whose arms are ever round us ? It is while resting in His bosom that we forget him. The sweetness of his gifts makes us forget the giver …… This infinite love follows us everywhere, and we are ever trying to escape from it; it is in all places and we see it nowhere. We call ourselves alone when ~~when~~ we have only God with us; He does all things, and we trust in Him for nothing We think our hopes are desperate when we have no other resource than His providence as if infinite and all-powerful love could not do all things.
Fénèlon*

Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil; I know that there is an evil and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end.*

[*Illegible* deletion] Man truly illuminated will no more despise others than Bartimeus after his own eyes were opened would take a stick, and beat every blind man he met.*

It seems to me that a great mistake has been made in confusing men's ideas of God with the unchangeable God Himself. If we are to believe that what men have said of their belief in all these centuries, has been said honestly; God must be variable as one of ourselves. God cannot change; He has been the same always. Our knowledge of Him ^ is ^ relative. It depends upon our capacity for original thought, and for understanding what may be taught us. Because some man of great learning and goodness studies over the subject, and says 'This is your God; He does this' or 'that'; it by no means follows that he cannot be mistaken. They are not so strenuous upon peoples belief in God, as that they should believe in Him ~~this~~ ^ the ^ way they do -- Some men go back to the old presentations of our relation with God, and some get ahead of the rest of the world in these days, just as they did centuries ago. The main principles of the teachings of Christ are very simple; the dogmas which have arisen from men's different ways of understanding verses in the New Testament -- or of choosing out of one to the exclusion of the rest, are like the sands of the sea. Christ gives no creed in His Sermon on the Mount* nor anywhere else. No one can deny that one persons acceptance of a religious doctrine can never be anything but vague, and another's' definite and controlling. There is as great difference between men's spiritual intellectual powers as between their natural intellectual. The idea of God suggested by the spiritual faculties is too often surrendered to the natural faculties, and by them our Heavenly Father['s ?] being and character has been measured off and defined over and over again.

Notes

Beecher: Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887).

shadow them: Acts 5:15. Beecher's sermon is entitled "Unconscious Influence." It appears in *The Sermons of Henry Ward Beecher: In Plymouth Church, Brooklyn* v. 9 (1874).

creed: "Be True" is by Horatius Bonar (1808-1889). a Scottish churchman and poet. The poem appears in *Hymns of Faith and Hope* (1867). Jewett has placed the first two stanzas on one page, the final stanza on the next.]

river cometh: Jewett refers several times in this journal to this text from Ezekiel 47:9 and to Phillips Brooks speaking on this text. A print source for the Brooks text to which Jewett refers has not been located.

our loving: From "Love is Enough" in *The Collected Works of William Morris: Love is Enough. Poems by the Way* (1911) by William Morris, p,. 35.

Fénèlon: While this is not the translation from which Jewett quotes, the passage may be found in: *Selections from the Writings of Fenelon* (1829) by a Lady [E. L. Follen]. p. 292.

many have puzzled ... met: *The Memoirs of John Newton*, v. 1 (1847) pp. 61, 64. Mark 10:46-52 tells Bartimaeus, a blind man whom Jesus healed.

Sermon on the Mount: This sermon appears in Matthew, Chapters 5-7.

Sept 3 1873 This is my 24th birthday and I have been hard at work at my writing almost all day. I have had a very happy year and I have tried to grow better. I begin this 'new year' -- for I think ones birthdays are one's especial new Year days -- with an earnest wish to be good & to do good, & to be a good servant. I have made up my mind to write in the morning and not sit up so late at night any more. I don't suppose it has been good for me but I lacked courage to overthrow habit that has been almost lifelong. I have just been at the sea shore for three weeks and had a lovely time. I am a great deal stronger, and I met Miss Seeger* who has done me ever so much good. I am too tired tonight to write much, but there is such a satisfaction in being tired from real hard work -- & not from laziness.

Someone said to me the other day that she thought there never was any use in praying when one did not feel like it -- I must confess to having had the same feeling myself, but I have thought that after all it is much like eating when one has no appetite. One cannot go on fasting for very long and one must eat in order to keep up ones strength else the liking for food cannot come: I think there may have been a great many prayers that amounted to little, but none that were useless.

From Morris's "Love is Enough --"* [*This line appears to have been added later, possibly by another hand*.]

"O hearken the words of his voice of compassion:
Come cling round about me, ye faithful who sicken
Of the weary unrest and the world's passing fashion!
As the rain in mid-morning your troubles shall thicken,
But surely within you some Godhead ~~shall~~ ^ doth ^ all quicken
As ye cry to me heeding, and leading you home"

(From Carlyle's "Past and Present"{)}*

'Happy' my brother ? First of all, what difference is it whether thou art happy or not! To-day becomes Yesterday so fast, all To-morrows become Yesterdays and then there is no question whatever of thy "happiness' -- but quite another question. Nay. Thou has such a sacred pity left at least for thyself, thy very pains, once gone over into Yesterday, become joys to thee. Besides, thou knowest not what heavenly blessedness and indispensable sanative virtue was in them, thou shalt only know it after many days when thou art wiser. x x x The Prophets preach to us, Thou shalt be happy; thou shall love pleasant things and find them. The people clamour. Why have we not found pleasant things ? x x x x x x x The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done. Not "I can't eat!" but "I can't work!" that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man, that he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. The night once come, our happiness or unhappiness -- it is all abolished vanished, clean gone; a thing that has been. But our work. -- behold that is not abolished, -- that has not vanished; our work, behold remains, or the want of it remains; -- for endless Times and Eternities remains; and that is now the sole question with us forevermore. Brief brawling day with its noisy Phantasms its poor paper crowns tinsel gilt is gone; and divine everlasting Night, with her star diadems, with her silences and her veracities is come! What hast thou done, and how ?" _____

One's deeds look sometimes like caricatures of ones aspirations _____

"God harden me against myself –
This coward with pathetic voice,
Who craves for ease and rest and joys.

Myself, arch traitor to myself;
My hollowest friend; my deadliest foe;
My clog, whatever road I go.

God strengthens me ~~aga~~ to bear myself
That heaviest weight of all to bear,
Inalienable weight of care."

C. Rossetti*

We shall never have reason to complain of a lack of friends if we keep ourselves ready to receive them. If we are kind and good and true and helpful, those who wish for help and kindness will find us out. A tree richly laden with ^ good ^ fruit is never left alone, ~~and~~ or unnoticed in the field. If we bear only thorns and briers* who will come to gather them ?

It is a blessed thing to know as I do, that in spite of my mistakes and wilful negligences, and in spite of my utter incapacity for carrying on the affairs of life so that my plans will not all prove to be blunders -- that there is the power of God always working out right results. : a something outside oneself that works for righteousness. In spite of all the hindrances which we consciously and unconsciously put in its way -- our prayer that God's kingdom may come will surely be answered.

Notes

Miss Seeger: C. Carroll Hollis says that is Harriet / Hatty Woodworth Seeger (b. 1843 ?), a schoolteacher and Jewett friend from Boston. If this identification is correct, then her parents were Harriet Woodworth Foot (1814-1843) and Dr. Edwin Seeger (1811-1866).

"Love is Enough": *The Collected Works of William Morris: Love is Enough. Poems by the Way* (1911) by William Morris, p,. 76.

"Past and Present": Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), *Past and Present* (1843). All quotations are from Chapter 4, "Happy."

Rossetti: Jewett quotes the final stanzas of "Who Shall Deliver Me ?" by the British poet, Christina Rossetti (1830-1894). *Christina Rossetti: The Complete Poems*, pp. 220-1. Internet sources frequently attribute the quotation to the Christian missionary, Amy Carmichael (1867-1951).

thorns and briers: Though Jewett seems to have composed this passage, the phrase "bear only thorns and briers" is a commonplace in 19th-century religious discourse.

[1874]

[March]

22 March 1874 I wish I had perseverance enough to keep a journal regularly. I have almost a mind to make another attempt for it seems to me I have more use for keeping one than most girls. I could writ^e^~~ing~~ about my writing in it and I have really a great many things to say. This winter has been a very charming one. I wonder if I had not better begin further back than winter and remind myself of my journey to Canada with Father & mother. I have always wished to go there more than any where else. We went up through the mountains which were perfectly gorgeous for it was the week the leaves turned -- That is all the smaller mountains and the hills were gorgeous and Mount Washington* & the other high ~~high~~ hills were grand and solemn and blue in the late September haze. It was so foreign and new in Canada -- Every thing fascinated me and it was such fun to hear people talk French, and so gratifying to see Quebec at last. How can I forget the night I went down the St. Lawrence [Lawrance *?*] from Montreal or how I sat on the stern of the steamer in the moonlight in the evening and got up ever so early next morning to go out forward and watch for Quebec which appeared just as the sun came up and made its tin roofs look like silver. Dear me, I was so jolly that morning and so contented so increasingly contented all the time I stayed there --

After this I stayed at home until January with the exception of two little visits at Georgie's,* and in January I made Grace a visit and loved her more than ever before when it was over with. Then I went to Newport and was happy with Kate *for a while. We read and walked and talked and now I know her so much better than I ever did before -- It was awfully hard to say good-bye -- and then I came back to Boston and stayed over Sunday at Grace's and then Mary* and I went to Springfield for two weeks. I had a very nice time. Then back to Boston again and up to Ella Walworth's. To my great joy Ellen Mason had come home and I enjoyed seeing her <u>so much</u>! We went to Cambridge together one afternoon. and it was so nice to have her all to myself. I am so glad I have seen dear Prof. Parsons again and I spent three nights with

Hattie Seeger -- Georgie came to Grace's the day I went away and Aunt Helen Gilman* was in Cambridge the first time I went there. I saw Mrs. Greene several times and saw Miss Quincy & Miss Sophia & Miss Abby who were as quaint and charming as ever. I believe I saw every one of my best friends and every body was so kind and seemed glad to see me. Prof. Parsons came in town twice to see me. I wonder what makes people do good to me. I wish I deserved all these things. We stopped in Exeter a few days and that was very pleasant I had a nice time with Aunt Mary as I always do -- and Nelly Bell is getting better which is a comfort --

I have done a good deal of painting this winter and I am sure that I have gained in other ways. I am trying very hard to be more industrious and to use my time better, and to be more orderly. These are the two special [*Illegible deletion*] points of reform just now!

Notes

Mount Washington: Mt. Washington in the White Mountains of New Hampshire is the highest peak in New England.

Georgie's: Georgina Halliburton.

Grace: Grace Gordon.

Kate: Kate Birckhead.

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett, Jewett's older sister.

Prof. Parsons: Theophilus Parsons.

Mrs. Greene: Probably this is Anna Blake Shaw (1817-1901), who married the minister and activist, William Batchelder Greene (1819-1878). Their daughter, Elizabeth (Bessie, 1846-1875), became a benefactor of the New England Hospital for Women and Children.

Miss Quincy & Miss Sophia & Miss Abby: "Miss Quincy" may be Eliza Susan Quincy (1798-1884), the artist and author, the oldest sister of the poet Anna C. Quincy, who married Rev. Robert Cassie Waterston (1812-1893). She was the author of *A Woman's Wit & Whimsy: The 1833 Diary of Anna Cabot Lowell Quincy*, *Verses* (1863), *Together* (1863), and *Edmonia Lewis (the young colored woman who has successfully modelled the bust of Colonel Shaw)* (1866).

Miss Sophia *may* be Sophia Elizabeth Hayes Goodwin (8 September 1824 - 25 March 1905). Her husband was Ichabod Goodwin (1819-1869). Her son, William Allen Hayes Goodwin (1853-1930) married Minnie Lord Weeks, and their daughter Elizabeth Hayes Goodwin (1895/7 - 1992) was for many years "hostess" at the 18th-century Jewett house after it became a museum.

The identity of Miss Abby is more difficult to guess. Possibly she is Jewett's cousin, Abby Fiske, daughter of her Aunt Abby Gilman (1824-1868) and Francis Allen Fiske (1819-1887)

Aunt Mary ... Nelly Bell: Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell (1826 - 1904) was one of Jewett's two favorite "Aunt Marys." Her step-daughter was Helen/Nelly Bell.

[August]

14 August. I wouldn't have believed it possible that I should neglect this book so long. I certainly cannot have any talent for keeping a journal! This has been a very pleasant summer: I went to New York and then out to Wisconsin & then back to New York with the Furbers* and then passed a most charming week at Rye { :} Aunt Mary Bell's house at Little Boars Head. Aunt Mary Long* & Judge Chamberlain were there in addition to Mary Carrie* & myself -- [with the family] making ten in all & we were a jolly family. Mrs. Secretary Robeson of Washington* was very charming and sang for us gloriously and I also liked Miss [Eugenia *?*] Radcliff* very much. After this I went to Wells two or three times. Once Hatty Seeger and I were there together at "Law's"* for a week or two, and it was one of the best weeks in all my life. We had a lovely time together -- how lovely, nobody ever will know but our two selves. It was perfect weather. Afterward we spent my birthday at North Conway & had a charming day. She made me a little visit after we came up from the beach and when she went away she left me a wiser and a better girl & more ready to put down self & go to work manfully than ever I had been before. God bless her!

The autumn was quiet and nothing much happened. I saw Georgie Halliburton several times -- She was here once & I was there twice, & saw her beside. I began German lessons & music lessons & I kept my writing & painting as well as I could. I have got a long step ahead in my writing for the Independent advertised me as one of its contributors.* I am living a very responsible life. God is trusting me with some of

his best gifts & I hope and pray I may live earnestly and fearlessly -- & not be a shirk & a coward or a hypocrite.

"Just as the nations tried to build a tower on the plains of Shinar that should reach up to heaven, we try to raise our ideas and thoughts, our present world -- into the next -- and the result of the first is like the last, utter confusion of tongues"-----*

Together

I wonder if you really send
These loving thoughts that come and go;
I like to say; 'she thought of me
And I have known it;' Is it so?

Though other friends walk by your side,
Yet sometimes it must surely be,
They wonder where your thoughts have gone;
Because I have you here with me.

And when the busy day is done
When work is ended; voices cease,
And everyone has said good night,
When sleep is waiting and in peace.

^ I idly ^ I lie at rest: you come to me
Your dear love holds me close to you
If I could see you face to face,
It would not be more sweet and true.

I do not hear the words you speak
Nor ~~grasp~~ ^ touch ^ your hands, nor see your eyes,
~~Yet~~ So, far away the flowers may grow
From whence to me the fragrance flies.

And so across the weary miles
Light from my star shines. [Is it, dear, *?*]
Your love has never gone away ?
I said farewell -- and kept you here.

Oct. 1874 -----
The Atlantic* May 1875 S.O.J

When Christs garments were to be divided after the crucifixion they each took a part of the outer garment but left the inner robe whole -- it was all one piece, you remember ? It is just like this in Christs church -- The outer garment is divided and every man may have a different share, but the inner garment is God's love, and that the churches cannot divide. Though they may each have a different <u>expression</u> of this love it is after all, a unity of idea and a diversity of acceptance and expression.*

And bye and bye we shall look back over this life and wonder why we made such blunders, and why we thought every thing was wrecked and wrong, because God saw we should do better with less happiness than we wanted -- let us try to see what is right and not what is pleasanter.

<u>Soc.</u> 'Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the inward and the outward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as none but the temperate man can bear and carry.' Plato's <u>Phaedon*</u>

I know this is true of me: At times I drift into an unaccountable melancholy. I am morbid and dreary with self-analyzing -- with dread of the future and remorse for real and imagined mistakes in the past. But a little thing blows away all this fog like a fresh wind and I am fearless and happy -- strong with the free strength of an untamed creature -- and the sunshine of the world comes to me from a clear blue sky and warms me through and through. So my days go -- shadow and sun -- shadow and sun. And the evening and the morning are the first day and the second* -- and will be the last, but it is only in the dark ^ that ^ I see the stars –

I know that the later loneliness is harder to bear than the despair that comes at first. It clings to one so, and lies so heavily on ones heart and such a sorrow is the thing that says good morning and good night and follows one all day long.

Notes

Furbers: The Furbers are relatives, Henry Jewett Furber and Elvira Irwin.

Aunt Mary Bell's ... Aunt Mary Long: Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell (1826 - 1904) was one of Jewett's two favorite "Aunt Marys." The other was Mary Olivia Gilman Long (1810 - 1904).

Judge Chamberlain ... Mary Carrie: Mellen Chamberlain (1821 - 1900), according to Wikipedia, was a Boston municipal judge and an amateur historian. He was director of the Boston

Public Library from 1878 to 1890.
Mary Rice and Carrie are Jewett's sisters. John Alden recounts the 8 July 1874 gathering Jewett mentions in "Sarah Orne Jewett to Mellen Chamberlain."

Mrs. Secretary Robeson of Washington: Presumably, Jewett refers to the wife of George Maxwell Robeson (1829 - 1897), who served as Secretary of the Navy (1869-1877) under President Ulysses S. Grant. He married the widowed Mary Isabella Ogston Aulick (1840-1910) in 1872. She was well-known in Washington and in the Grant administration for her social skills.

Miss [Eugenia ?] Radcliff: This person has not been identified.

Hatty Seeger ... "Law's": C. Carroll Hollis says that is Harriet / Hatty Woodworth Seeger (b. 1843 ?), a schoolteacher and Jewett friend from Boston. If this identification is correct, then her parents were Harriet Woodworth Foot (1814-1843) and Dr. Edwin Seeger (1811-1866). "Law's" remains unidentified, and the transcription of the name is uncertain.

contributors: Jewett refers to the *Independent* beginning to list her among its well-known contributors in advertising future issues.

confusion of tongues: Though Jewett places this passage in quotation marks, it appears to be of her own composition or, perhaps, quoted from a letter. She refers to the biblical account of the origin of different languages in Genesis 11.

Atlantic: "Together" first appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* 35:590 (May 1875). Jewett's handwriting suggests that probably the publication line was added later, after the poem was published.

expression: This passage, addressed to "you," appears to be quoted from a letter, but whether to or from Jewett is unclear. For the division of Christ's garments at the crucifixion, see Matthew 27:35 and John 19:23.

Phaedon: In Plato's "Phaedrus," this is Socrates's "prayer at departure." (p. 489).

the second: Jewett echoes the Bible in Genesis 1:3 ff.

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24 Feb. 1879

I learned a great deal when Father died* -- In the first place I found out what grief and sorrow and despair are and I never had known until then. The day the telegram came and the next day until I saw father's face, late in the afternoon I was so hurt -- in such terrible stunning bewildering agony that the positive physical pain was the least of it -- And I think even then I went about the house almost as if I were not so very sorry, and I had to do as quietly as if they were every day affairs things about the funeral which I was all the time dreading more than any body could understand -- And then I asked God to help me to be good and to do right in a way that seemed mechanical at the time I remember, -- and at last I I was tired out and I didn't feel anything. Everything comes back to me now as if it were burnt into my mind. I remember what the people said who came and now I shiver when I think about it but then I tried to do the best I could and to please father in little things And then when I saw him and I was with my dear Aunt Helen* somehow I grew suddenly happy ~~happy~~ and untroubled and the smile on father's dead face brought me closer to him than I had ever been before, and somehow I have never lost that feeling -- And it seemed to me that I could never doubt God's love any more -- and I never could be afraid of any thing [that] could happen to me for if he could ~~happen~~ ^ help ^ me then I had put his love and his power to the greatest test. I think it all came clearer than ever to me that it is all one life that we are living together -- I am here and Father is there -- the two worlds are one world after all. I have lost a great deal, but I have gained a great deal as well as he, and through his death a larger life has opened to me as well as to him. It is going to be harder to live in some ways but it is going to be easier in others. And dying is no such shock and mystery and unnatural thing after all. There is a terrible pathos and sadness about a life that is finished here. The [*Illegible deletion*] ~~things that are~~ ^ work that is ^ left unfinished and the disappointments and ~~the dissapointments~~ ^ sorrows ^ and the trials of patience all stand out so plainly when one looks back and you cant help a heart-ache over them though you know it must all have been more than made up. Sometimes the sight of some little thing that belonged to Father or the remembrance of something he said, or the mere longing that comes over me to see him again is almost more than I can bear -- I try to get used to seeing his grave but it is the one terror to me for it neither belongs to his being here or his being in heaven.

But I don't lose the new love that came into my heart that Sunday, for God and for father -- and I care more than ever to be good and to do my work well. I never believed in God as I do now and I never cared so much to have other people. I know ["know" *is double underlined*] and nothing else could have taught me that God is my own dear loving Best Friend and that nothing hinders me from knowing him better day by day and getting nearer to him but my not caring enough for it. And while some days I am tired out and I miss father and one thing after another goes wrong and this is in many ways the hardest winter I have ever lived through; yet I never have enjoyed more in other ways. And somehow life never seemed half so worth while.

I have so many friends and so much that pleases me and makes me happy. And so I have learned what it means when we are told that it is blessed to be a mourner for then one is comforted,* and I see that one is willing to be so tried and awfully troubled because then one can learn something of the friendship of God that nothing else can teach. And so I know Father is in heaven and we love each other better and know each other better than we used and it makes up for my having to do without him in the old way because I have something better. It has spoiled a great deal that used to be the best and dearest in my life but his dying has put something new into it. I am so sorry for people who only feel the loss and not the gain for it is just as much as I can do to bear missing father Although I have the best of comfort and I don't wonder that peoples hearts break without it, since I can't help being sorry even with it and all the tenderness of love that I do truly feel coming straight to me from heaven and from God who knows so well what human sorrow is, is only enough to keep me from being miserable. It is very hard for me to be good. I am very passionate and I am selfish and I have a great many faults that I don't try half hard enough to cure, and I get worried over the thought that I have such a chance to help people and influence them toward better things by mean of my writing if I were only more true and good --

= It seems very strange to me now that Father should have been taken away -- I think if we had worked together, I with my writing and he with his insight and great thoughts which I could express for him sometimes better than he could for himself, we might be have done a great deal of good & helped a great many people.

I heard today the first sweet song of Spring*
A blue bird's eager note so faint and far
Across the fields, and first I was so glad:
I thought of summer, and the flowers that are
Waiting for that glad day when they can bloom:
But quick again my heart was sorrowing.
It was mistaken in its winter's end.
I think I never as to grieved and sad
And in my heart there was no longer room
For any thought but of my dearest friend
Who taught me first the beauty of these days.
To watch the green leaves start, the birds return,
And how the brooks wash down their rocky ways,
The new life every where -- the stars that burn
Bright in the mild soft nights –
For he has gone
And ~~and~~ I must watch the Spring this year alone.

April 1879*

[*December 1879*]

28 Dec 1879

I have got out of the way of writing much here in this book for it seems sometimes to belong to my life of several years ago more than it does to the present. I wish I had written in it the things I have felt most deeply all the way along, even with the risk of reading most of them with a smile. It seems to me I was very young when I began it but after all I am in many ways not much older now!

I wish to say something about dear Cora Rice here, for she seems so very near and dear to me, and I always feel as { if} father had something to do with our friendship which has brought [brought *is written over another word*] to me some much [*so written*] comfort and happiness in to a year which very often has been lonely and sad. I thank God for so true and dear a friend. I think she and Ellen Mason and Georgie* seem nearer to me than anyone else. I am rich in a host of friends I grow afraid when I think how many people I know well, and how many lives my life touches. God help me to live honestly and unselfishly -- and may the things come true that I ask every night and every morning, that God will help me pray and fight to become a brave good woman -- to be a Christian through and through and to be tireless in trying to do right.

"To love is to be useful to yourself; to cause love is to be useful to others{ ."}
Beranger*

Notes

Father died: Theodore Herman Jewett died on 20 September 1878.

Aunt Helen: Mrs. Helen Williams Gilman (1817 - 1905).

one is comforted: See Matthew 5:4.

1879: "To My Father II" was first published in *Verses* (1916).

Georgie: Georgina Halliburton.

Beranger: Pierre-Jean de Béranger (1780 - 1857) was a popular French poet. This quotation is widely attributed to him in 19th-century collections of quotations, but an English source for its context is as yet unknown. Jeannine Hammond of Coe College reports that the quotation is from "Le Suicide: Sur la Mort des Jeunes Victor Escousse et Auguste Legras, Février 1832." The poem mourns two young poets who committed suicide from despair at the state of the world. Hammond translates the final stanza:

Humanity lacks holy apostles
Who would have been able to say to them:
children, follow its law;
To love, to love, is the way to be useful to
oneself;
To make people love you, is the way to be
useful to others.
And toward heaven, making their own path
They departed hand in hand.

[A few newspaper clippings and notes are filed with this diary at the end. These are not included here.]

Annie Fields Diaries

Introduction to 1905 and 1908

Fields recorded two diaries in the same spiral notebook:
1. Notes of Conversations at the "Home Club," 1905
2. Visit from Mrs Humphry Ward and Dorothy and their maid, April 24th 1908

The manuscript of this diary is held by the Massachusetts Historical Society in Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221. This transcription is from a microfilm, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462 1986, Reel 2.

Observing only the microfilm copy indicates that both diaries were photographed from a small format spiral-bound notebook. The opening two pages contain a few notes apparently about the personal library of Annie Fields. This transcription begins with page 3 of the photographs of the notebook, with her notes on meetings of the Home Club. Hence the numbering sequence begins there; Fields did not number her pages.

Editorial Choices

In these diaries, Fields

- often does not indent where she appears to begin a new paragraph. I have added indentation where it seems clear she intended a new paragraph.
- rarely uses apostrophes in possessives. I have presented her possessives as she does.
- often uses = for hyphen. I've regularized all of these.
- seems sometimes to use "a" for "and" or "&." I am not always sure exactly what she has done, but I have used "&" for these.
- often writes "Mifs" for "Miss." I have regularized that spelling.
- often gives dates such as 29th and French titles such as Mme with the underlined letters in superscript. Likewise, when she abbreviates a month, such as January / Jany, she puts the "y" in superscript, sometimes underlined. I have retained her underlining when she uses it, but not the superscript.
- uses "x x x" of varying numbers to indicate ellipses. I have changed these to currently standard ellipses.

{ } = editorial clarifications.

[ ] = editorial information and commentary.

Members of the Home Club

Fields records these people as attending one or more of the gatherings. In the notes that follow sections of the diary, these people are identified, but information about them is not repeated.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836 - March 19, 1907) and **Lilian Woodman Aldrich** (d. 1927). Aldrich was an American writer and editor, serving notably as editor of *The Atlantic* (1881-1890). Mrs. Aldrich is the author of *Crowding Memories* (1920), a memoir of her married life. The Aldriches' twin sons, Talbot and Charles, were born in 1868. See also "Thomas Bailey Aldrich and the Immigration Restriction League."

Helen Olcott (Choate) Bell (1830-1918). Daughter of the prominent Boston lawyer and orator, Rufus Choate, Mrs. Bell was a literary intellectual, known for her conversation and her sharp wit. Her husband was **Joseph Mills Bell** (1824-1868), a Boston lawyer, abolitionist and politician, who served in the Massachusetts Senate. Bell was law partner to her father, Rufus Choate (1799-1859). According to *Famous Families of Massachusetts* (1870), "Mrs. Bell was liberally endowed with the Choate wit and her penetrating *bon mots* were the delight of all her friends" (pp. 280-1).

Dr. Robert Collyer (1823-1912). Collyer was an English-born Unitarian clergyman working in New York City. He wrote extensively on theological subjects, as well as verse and biographies of Hawthorne, Whittier, Thoreau, Lamb, and Burns. He had a long correspondence with Jewett, and came annually for a stay at Annie Fields's Gambrel Cottage. He was a popular author of sermon collections, including *Nature and Life* (1867) and *The Life That Now Is* (1871). He also wrote biographies of popular ministers of the period. Cary says: Collyer spoke familiarly of dropping in at "148" in his letters to Jewett: occasionally called her "Lassie" in salutation; once signed himself "Brother or Father or Grandpa Collyer."

Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham (1864-1926) and **Anna C. Clapp** (1849-1939). There were a number of prominent Frothinghams in and around Boston in 1905, but this seems the most likely couple to be guests at the Home Club. Rev. Frothingham in 1905 was pastor at the Arlington Street Church (Unitarian) in Boston, had recently served as Preacher to Harvard University, and was currently an Overseer at the university. He **i**s the author of several books, including published sermons and a biography of Massachusetts pastor and politician, Edward Everett (1794-1865).

Anna Clapp Frothingham was active in social welfare and women's labor organizations, and, for this reason, likely to have worked with Annie Fields.

Judge Robert Grant (1852-1940) and **Amy Gordon Galt Grant** (1858-1936. Mr. Grant was an author and jurist, producing several novels and serving as a probate judge and as an overseer of Harvard University. His "Find a Grave" page notes that he was a close friend of American novelist, Edith Wharton (1862-1937).

Henry James (1843-1916) was an American writer of fiction, prose and drama, who lived much of his adult life in England. One of the key figures of 19th-century literary realism, his works include *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881) and *The Wings of the Dove* (1902), the latter drawing upon the social circle that included Jewett and Annie Fields.

Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910) was an American abolitionist, social activist and poet, best remembered, perhaps, for "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Mark Antony De Wolfe Howe (1864-1960) "was an American editor and author.... He served as associate editor of the *Youth's Companion* from 1888 to 1893 and again from 1899 to 1913, as assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1893-1895, and as editor of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* until 1913." He published *Memories of a Hostess* (1922), a selection from the diaries of Annie Fields.

"He married **Fanny Huntington Quincy** (1870-1933), also an essayist and author, who was a sister to Josiah Quincy (1859-1919) and the daughter of Helen Fanny Huntington (1831-1903) and Josiah Phillips Quincy, poet, writer, and publicist." They had three children, including their author daughter, Helen Huntington Howe (11 January 1905-1975).

Sarah Orne Jewett (3 September 1849 - 24 June 1909) published fiction, essays and poetry. She is best remembered for her short novel, *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896) and her story, "The White Heron."

Mr. & Mrs Muirhead. This couple has not been identified. It is at least remotely possible that Professor John Henry Muirhead (1855-1940) and his wife, Annie Cairns Muirhead (1872-1950), were visiting from London, UK. Annie C.Muirhead was a music educator and author of musical criticism, with Boston connections. She may have written a piece on Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins, Anna Fuller, and Eliza White, "Habits of Authors: How Some New England Story Writers Work," that appeared in *Boston Evening Transcript* 1899, p.15. Information about these people has so far proven sketchy, so it is not certain that the Annie Muirhead who wrote "Habits of Authors" is the same person as the one who was a music educator.

Henry Greenleaf Pearson (1870-1939) was an author and professor of English at Massachusetts Institute of Technology He was married in 1898 to **Elizabeth Ware Winsor** (1870-1960). It is likely but not certain that these are the Pearsons who attended the Home Club meetings. When he died, Pearson had retired as head of the MIT English Department. He was the author of a composition textbook and a number of biographies. Elizabeth Pearson was co-founder of the Eliot-Pearson School at Tufts University. The couple had three sons who survived to adulthood.

Bliss Perry (1860-1954), essayist, professor of English literature successively at Princeton and Harvard universities, was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1899 to 1909 (Richard Cary). He married **Annie Louise Bliss** (1864-1948) in 1888; they had two daughters and one son. See also Williams College Special Collections and My Heritage.

Arthur Stanwood Pier (1874-1966), an American author of fiction, notably the St. Timothy's boarding school series, which was appearing at the time he attended the Home Club.

James Ford Rhodes (1848-1927), an American historian and industrialist. After making a fortune in coal and steel industries, Rhodes retired from business and devoted his life to the study of history. He settled in Boston, for access to materials and published a number of volumes of American history. He married **Ann Card**

(1850? -), and they had one son. See also *Encyclopedia of Cleveland History.*

Thomas Russell Sullivan (1849-1916), novelist and playwright, is best remembered for his dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* which premiered in Boston in 1887. He married **Lucy Goodwin Wadsworth** (b. 1869) in 1899. His father was Thomas Russell Sullivan (1799-1862); his grandfather was John Langdon Sullivan (1777-1865); and his great-grandfather was James Sullivan (1744-1808), 6th governor of Massachusetts. His great-great grandfather was John Sullivan (1692-1796), the "Master Sullivan," who is a main character in Sarah Orne Jewett's *The Tory Lover* (1901). See also Boston Athenaeum

---

1905

[*Page 3*]

First meeting of the Home Club Jany 4{,} 1905

Present Mr. & Mrs Aldrich
Judge & Mrs. Grant, De Wolfe Howe
& Mr. & Mrs. T. R. Sullivan.

A bleak night after a day of much snow. Aldrich was the life of the table -- told some very amusing stories but was immensely amusing (turn this book to the other end)*

[*Page 4*]

but the sparkling of his own wit was the best of all. He said for a man who was immensely witty in print, he was the most solemn person to talk with, possible to imagine. He was a tall pillar of silence -- not that he was very tall, but very silent. He passed a week Lillian A. said in their house and never raised a smile once by anything he said.

[*Page 5*]

Aldrich said, speaking of Henry James,* that he knew of someone who had read him in the original!

Judge Grant thought Mrs. Wharton* had been one of his translators -- hopeful she had given that up now. Judge G. carried Mrs W to the Boston Author's Club.* Well, you are a brave man said A. I couldn't have done that. Were there any authors there

[*Page 6*]

I meekly inquired? at which there was a laugh. Judge G. said yes there was one, Mrs Howe* who was choking when they went in but was recovered and was very agreeable.

Aldrich told of a guest staying with a family who were great Wagnerites* and rejoiced in taking him to a concert of W.s music. What did you think of it they asked after it was over. A said "The guest trying to make himself agreeable, Wagner is not as bad as he sounds!!

[*Page 7*]

By the way -- at the Authors Club Mrs Wharton was seated by the side of a man who said to her that his Black Cat seemed to be reviving now he was happy to say. She looked at him as if he~~r~~ were bad but he proved to be the editor of a small journal called the Black Cat* -- While we were laughing at this

[*Page 8*]

Lizzie the maid ~~said~~ ^whispered to me^ that Mr. Gillett [*so spelled*] Burgess* was up <u>stairs</u>. O I exclaimed as well as I could for laughing The Purple Cow is now up stairs -- a convulsion of laughter went round the table and we soon adjourned after that for coffee and cigars.

A book called John Gilley was discussed{;} it appears to have been written by President Eliot* -- a biographical brief of a [Maine old *?*] man he had known.

[*Page 9*]

Queer rough fellows some of those men said Aldrich. I knew of one who had a small inn with the sign "entertainment for man & beast -- a would be guest strode in demanding dinner etc = The landlord looked a little doubtful "look here said the other{;} you say Entertainment for man & beast" {"}That's all right{"} said the Landlord, "The beasts are all right but where's the man"!

[*Page 10*]

There was no great champion for Henry James' work -- on the contrary A. quoted Mrs Bell* saying of "The Wings of a Dove" as it had neither head nor tail{,} the wings were all that was left.

~~They had~~ Mrs Grant had found the Masquerader interesting. Aldrich said he once read a tale on the ^[same *?*] subject

[*Page 11*]

where men who looked alike were confounded and one of them shot the other fellow who proved to be himself --* Such stories mixed him up so, he [*deleted letters*] could make nothing of them -- As they were leaving I heard [Lillian *?*] say to Judge G. that she was delighted to have this second evening with him in succession. We must leave early tonight{;} last night it was

[*Page 12*]

half past one. They were leaving the room then together. I said to A. what is Lily saying to Judge G. It sounds rather bad; he turned and followed and found she had been reading "Undercurrent" the previous evening. Like Wagner{,} said Aldrich{,} not so bad as it sounds!

They all went off very [pleasantly *?*]

[*Page 13*]

Mr. & Mrs Pearson came in the evening and Burgess stayed a half hour nearly after the rest.

In spite of which the house was closed at eleven o'clock{.}

Notes

the other end: The microfilm copy does not reveal what this means.

Henry James: See membership list.

Mrs. Wharton: The American novelist, Edith Wharton (1862-1937) was a close friend of Henry James.

Boston Author's Club: Founded in 1899, in part by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, with Julia Ward Howe as a founding member, the Boston Author's Club also included Sarah Orne Jewett in its membership. For Howe, see membership list .

Wagnerites: Wilhelm Richard Wagner (1813-1883) was a German composer, director and conductor, best remembered for his epic operas, including T*he Ring of the Nibelung,* consisting of four parts with a total playing time of roughly 15 hours. Wagnerites, of course, are those who enjoy and promote his work.

Black Cat: Wikipedia says: "*The Black Cat* (1895-1922) was an American literary magazine published in Boston, Massachusetts. It specialized in short stories of an 'unusual' nature.... The magazine's first editor was Herman Umbstaetter (1851–1913).

Mr. Gillett Burgess: Gelett Burgess (1866-1951) was an artist, poet, author and humorist. He is notorious for his nonsense poem, "The Purple Cow," which begins, "I never saw a purple cow."

President Eliot: Charles William Eliot (1834-1926) was a president of Harvard University and editor of the Harvard Classics. He was the author of John Gilley, Maine Farmer and Fisherman, (Boston, American Unitarian association, c. 1889), which appeared originally in *Century Magazine*.

Mrs Bell: Helen Olcott (Choate) Bell (1830-1918). See membership list.

Masquerader ... proved to be himself: The transcription is uncertain, but it seems likely Mrs. Grant has been reading *The Masquerader* (1904), a novel by Irish novelist Katherine Cecil Thurston (1875-1911), a current best-seller in which "A leading British politician chooses to swap places with his cousin, a journalist who is his doppelganger. This leads to a dilemma for his wife who falls in love with the double."
The story of the man who, in shooting his double shoots himself is very similar to American author Edgar Allan Poe's (1809-1849) short story, "William Wilson" (1839).

"Undercurrent": Judge Robert Grant's novel *The Undercurrent* appeared in 1904. The novel explores the problems of a deserted wife's decision to divorce and remarry.

[*Page 13 continued*]

Second Meeting

Jany. 18th 7.30: great punctuality! Mr. & Mrs Bliss Perry editor of the Atlantic

[*Page 14*]

Monthly & Miss Jewett were added to the number at the 1st dinner -- [Pearsons *?*] ill. M. DeW. Howe came after dinner. Aldrich was still sparkling and sweet but he & his wife both seemed very sad* under much friendliness & gayety. Talk was renewed [about *?*] H. James {"}in the original". B. P. said he had once rejected a story of his. He had committed one or two bits of sentences as if to sustain his decision{.} I said that was hardly ground

[*Page 15*]

on which to condemn a really great author. Some allusion was made to the late lecture in Phila. on Balzac "Father of us All{.}"* Talk not quite so general as the last time because Miss Jewett engaged her end of the table delightfully{.} Aldrich spoke of a terrible play called "Beyond"* which he had been induced by the advertisements to pay $3.00 to see. There was Sappho (why Sappho he said)

[*Page 16*]

weighing [*deleted word*] ^[350 *?*] pounds! and such a queer [medley *?*] that he wished to be preserved from that [*unrecognized word*]. There were about six people beside in the house just such fools as they who had paid their good dollars, -- the rest of the 35 who made the audience were dead-heads -- S.O.J. talked with B.P. about Miss McCracken,* a new and able young writer. DeW. Howe was received with acclaim. T. R. Sullivan

[*Page 17*]

seizing him by the hands and wishing "Many happy returns" ---- a new baby* having arrived since the last meeting. Mrs Grant was ill but the Judge was very pleasant & talked of the Metcalfe case* an able New York [Theatrical *?*] Critic who has made himself so obnoxious as to be excluded from the N.Y. theaters -- practically [all *?*] --I do not see on what ground said the Judge this can be legally done.

[*Page 18*]

The Judge and Mrs Aldrich talked long together about Mrs Piper whom ^ [questions of the nature *?*]^ she wants much to see.

Notes

seemed very sad: It is possible that Fields detects or suspects the Aldrich couple anticipating the anniversary of the death of one of their twin sons, Charles Aldrich, who succumbed to tuberculosis on 6 March 1904 at the age of 34.

H. James: Henry James. See membership list.

Balzac ... "Father of us All": Speaking of contemporary fiction writers, Henry James described the French novelist, Honoré de Balzac (1799-1850), as "the father of us all" in "The Lesson of Balzac," which was published in *The Question of Our Speech; The Lesson of Balzac: Two Lectures* (1905).

In 1904-5, James delivered lectures across the United States. See his letter of 18 February 1905 from St. Augustine, FL to Edmund Gosse in *Letters of Henry James. v. 2*.

a terrible play called "Beyond": This play has not been identified. Assistance is welcome.

Miss McCracken: Elizabeth McCracken (1876-1964) was the author of *The Women of America* (1904), *Love Stories of Some Eminent Women* (1906), and *The American Child* (1913).

new baby: The Howes' daughter, Helen Huntington, was born on 11 January 1905.

Metcalfe case: The New York *Times* of 19 January 1905 reports that James Stetson Metcalfe (1858-1927), dramatic critic from *Life Magazine*, had been barred from theaters controlled by the members of the New York Theater Managers Association "because of his published criticisms of certain members of the association." According to Mark Hodin, Metcalfe had blamed "the commercialization of theater on a group of Jewish theatre owners." See Hodin, "The Disavowal of Ethnicity: Legitimate Theatre and the Social Construction of Literary Value in Turn-of-the-Century America," *Theatre Journal* 52 (May 2000) pp. 211-226.

Mrs. Piper: Wikipedia says that Leonora Piper (1857-1950) "was a famous American trance medium.... Piper was the subject of intense interest and investigation by American and British psychic research associations during the early 20th century, most notably William James and the Society for Psychical Research." Her work included making contact with spirits of the dead. Perhaps this revelation by Mrs. Aldrich contributes to Fields's observation that the Aldriches seem sad as the anniversary of their son's death approaches.

[*Page 18 continued*]

Feby. 3d Third Club dinner

Present Aldriches 2{,} Frothinghams 2, Helen Bell{,} Mark Howe, Self --) to dine Mr. & Mrs Muirhead and Sullivans later.

After dinner Sullivan read a brief paper describing Salvini's house and farm at Dievole -- Umbria.* There was much interesting talk about books and men -- Mrs Bell described J. F. Clarke* as the narrowest good man she ever knew of and said she heard him say in the pulpit there never was and never could be a good lawyer -- Then I remembered

[*Page 19*]

hearing that Mr. Clarke had attacked Choate* quite fiercely{,} Unhappily by some chance she was present. I was interested to hear the slight version of an occasion which made a great sensation at the time in a narrow circle which she was willing to give. She talked more with Mr. [Muirhead *?*] than with Mr. F. and told me before she left how much she liked him --

Notes

Salvini ... Dievole: Tommaso Salvini (1829-1915) was an Italian actor, who performed throughout Europe and the United States, speaking in Italian rather than in English. His most famous role was as Shakespeare's Othello. He retired in 1890 to his farm, Devole, near Florence. Fields appears to have written "Dievole."

J. F. Clarke ... Choate: Helen Bell's father was the prominent Boston lawyer and orator, Rufus Choate (1799-1859). James Freeman Clarke (1810-1888) was an American theologian and author and a noted abolitionist.

[*Page 20*]

Feby. 18 - Saturday Fourth Club dinner

Present Mr & Mrs Perry
" " Sullivan
" " Rhodes
" " Pearson
Self --

A very pleasant dinner and as good talk as we have had at all. Mr. Rhodes, the historian{,} is a natural and delightful talker, though with a heavy voice{.} He and his wife are modest enough and he talks uncommonly well -- The night was bitterly cold but we knew nothing of it inside{.}

[*Page 21*]

The books and mss. were looked over and seemed to give real pleasure -- They stayed until eleven as if they really enjoyed it. Mr. Rhodes talked of Sir G. Trevelyan's* excellent historical work and of the dramatic value of a story above and beyond old subjects -- this came in the discussion of Judge Grant's novel* which we all agree in finding a little dull because of the legal aspect of it and the questions of divorce --

Unfortunately I was rather [*apparently deleted word, possibly* dull) tired and unequal to the little strain{.}

[*Page 22*]

He puts Mrs Ward very high but was surprised to think that both Mrs Perry & I were reading the Marriage of William Ashe in nos.* She seems to be almost the only living writer of stories one can read in that way. It is a tribute to her excellence.

Notes

Sir G. Trevelyan's: British statesman and author, Sir George Otto Trevelyan (1838-1928), wrote several historical works, on topics such as the Indian Rebellion of 1857 and biographical work on Lord Macaulay and Charles James Fox. Between 1899 and 1905, he published a three volume *History of the American Revolution*.

Judge Grant's novel: Robert Grant's novel *The Undercurrent* appeared in 1904. The novel explores the problems of a deserted wife's decision to divorce and remarry. See The Dial 38 (1905) p. 15

Mrs Ward ... the Marriage of William Ashe in nos.: British novelist Mary Augusta Arnold Ward (1851-1920) wrote under her married name, Mrs Humphry Ward. Her novel *The Marriage of William Ashe* first appeared serially in *Harper's Magazine*, June 1904 through May 1905.

[*Page 22 continued*]

Monday Feby 27th Fifth Longfellow's birthday -- *

Mrs. J. W. Howe{,} Henry James, Judge and Mrs Grant{,} Mr. & Mrs Sullivan & I ^Mark Howe^ made the company. It is wonderful what a good number eight is -- so easy to carry! However such a company as last nights carried itself.

[*Page 23*]

Mr. James was witty & friendly and altogether delightful -- most helpful too in drawing out Mrs. Howe who is now too deaf to make it easy to keep her "au courant." Mr James however returned to the charge so bravely that it was a great success. Mrs Howe is really so fully and so graceful & gracious that it was not difficult when the cue was once fully understood by Mr. James -- He persuaded her to talk of Longfellow & his wife and Mrs Kemble* and finally

[*Page 24*]

when I saw it was wanted I rose and went to her and asked her to repeat her Army Hymn* -- so at the last she rose and did so very gracefully & impressively too -- Then we went to the library and Mr. James & I had a good talk together. All the small company were happy I think in being here{.} Beside the eight at table were the Muirheads -- Pearsons & Arthur Pier,* Speaking of Ruskin's Letters on the table & how beautifully C. E. W. had edited them{.}

[*Page 25*]

^H. J. said^ How amusing, how inconceivable to hear him writing "Dearest Charley{.}" [H. *revised from* He] J. fell into a flood of laughter at the melting of this queer persnickity genius by so mild a fire as C. E. W. kindled for him -- However it is all in C. E. W. and it was all for Ruskin -- There is only one more dinner and so will end a series which has given me much pleasure --

Notes

Longfellow's birthday: The word "Fifth" is underlined twice.

American poet and friend of Annie Fields, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was born on 27 February. Longfellow was married twice, to Mary Potter, who died in 1835 after a miscarriage, and to Frances Appleton, who died in 1861 from burns in an accidental fire.

Mrs. Kemble: Frances Anne "Fanny" Kemble (1809-1893) was a British actress and author, who -- through her marriage to the American, Pierce Mease Butler -- found herself living on a Georgia plantation and becoming an unwilling manager of slaves. As a result, she became an abolitionist and left her husband, who divorced her. Her abolitionist writings and activities brought her into contact with Julia Ward Howe.

Army Hymn: Howe's poem now known as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Ruskin's Letters ... C. E. W.: Wikipedia says: John Ruskin (1819-1900) "was the leading English art critic of the Victorian era, as well as an art patron, draughtsman, water-colourist, a prominent social thinker and philanthropist. He wrote on subjects as varied as geology, architecture, myth, ornithology, literature, education, botany and political economy."

Fields seems clearly to have written C. E. W. several times as the "editor" of Ruskin's letters, but it also seems clear that she meant C. & W, Sir Edward Tyas Cook (1857-1919) and Alexander Wedderburn, who produced the first definitive edition of the works of John Ruskin in 39 volumes.

I assume that she meant her "E" to be read as "&," though this is not characteristic of her hand-writing.

In his published letters, Ruskin often addressed friends as "dearest." Among those so addressed was Charles Eliot Norton (1827-1908), an American author, social critic, and professor of art. He and his family were close friends of Fields and Jewett. Norton, in Ruskin's letters, was "Dearest Charles," not "Dearest Charley." Norton became Ruskin's literary executor.

[*Page 26*]

March 30th Last club dinner.

Robert Collyer, Mr. & Mrs Rhodes, Mr. & Mrs Bliss Perry{,} Mr. & Mrs Muirhead & self. 8 in all. In the evening came all the Clubites for a farewell who were not otherwise engaged, Mr. & Mrs Pearson, Mr & Mrs De Wolfe Howe & Mr. Pier --

On the whole I think "The Club" has been a

marked success. Charles Warren Stoddard* could not get here -- the only one of the originally mentioned I believe ----

[*Page 27*]

The talk at table was rather especially bookish yet lively enough with R. Collyer to tell his delightful tales and give illustrations. John Morley was somewhat discussed and described by Mr. [Rhodes *corrected*], whose guest he was while in Boston. He found J. M. inclined to be amiably interested in everything he saw in Boston. There were few if any unkindly criticisms. Mr. [Rhodes *corrected*] spoke of some friend

[*Page 28*]

perhaps Morley but unfortunately I am not sure of this{,} who found Troilus and Cressida,* the best of all Shakespeare's plays{.} Mr. R. says he is not a reader of many new books but he does know his Shakespeare nevertheless with this [high *corrected*] commendation on Morley's part [he *corrected*] reread it twice to ponder over one

[*Page 29*]

[week *?*] especially [*four unrecognized words*] by Morley of all of S's work.

It is the third scene in the first act -- Robert Collyer is so full of accurate reading helped by such an [admirable *corrected*] memory that he kept the table interested after the first half hour. I was afraid it was not going well for neither Mr. Muirhead nor Mrs Rhodes who were strangers

[*Page 30*]

to him knew how to set him going ^and they sat on either side^ but thanks to the good voices of Mr Rhodes and his [*unrecognized word*] and the clear enunciation of Mr. Perry the talk went pleasantly. This is a poor report of what was a fairly successful dinner and evening as such things go and being the last, the feeling of what [was thought *corrected*] to be a really good ^time^ coming to an end made some women [*unrecognized word* exhausted *or expressive ?*]

[*Page 31*]

of sentiment. The Pearsons were very full of real feeling and indeed there was no pretence [*so spelled*] anywhere.

I was truly pleased with the success and glad that dear S.O.J.* could come for they all sincerely wished to see her.

So concluded the small House Club of 1905.

Notes

Charles Warren Stoddard: Wikipedia says that Charles Warren Stoddard (1843-1909) was an American author, a friend of Henry James, best remembered for his travel writing. That Fields mentions him is somewhat puzzling, as he is not mentioned earlier in her notes. He would have to be visiting from his home in California in 1905.

John Morley: Presumably, this is John Morley, 1st Viscount Morley of Blackburn (1838-1923). Wikipedia says he was a British statesman, author and journalist. The opinions attributed to him about Shakespeare have not been confirmed.

Troilus and Cressida: The view that this 1602 play is William Shakespeare's best would have been as controversial then as it is now. It is not popular, nor is it frequently performed.

S. O. J.: Sarah Orne Jewett. See membership list.. This is somewhat puzzling because Jewett is not listed as attending this final meeting. Perhaps Fields is referring to the second meeting, which Jewett definitely attended, or perhaps, though she listed herself as attending, she considered it obvious that Jewett was at this final meeting. As she reports nothing about Jewett participating in the evening's discussion, perhaps she came late in the evening.

1908

Mary Augusta Ward Visits at the Annie Fields Home in 1908

British novelist Mary Augusta Arnold Ward (1851-1920) and her daughter, Dorothy Ward (1874-1964), toured the United States and Canada in 1908. In England, Dorothy Ward "helped with the work of the Passmore Edwards Settlement (now Mary Ward House) which her mother founded, and with children's play centres and a school for invalid children. She accompanied her mother to visit war zones in France during the First World War." See Ward Family Papers: University College London. Mrs. Ward's uncle was the British author, Matthew Arnold and her father was the scholar and professor, Thomas Arnold (1823-1900).

During the North American tour, Humphry Ward several times presented her lecture, "The Peasant in Literature" in aid of her children's play centers. See Chapter 11 of *The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward* by her daughter Janet Penrose Trevelyan (1923). For an account of the lecture see the New York *Times* of 4 April 1908, p. 2.

I have included with this diary two letters concerning the Ward visit, one before and one after the diary. These are not part of the diary.

A Letter

Mary Augusta (Mrs. Humphry) Ward to Annie Adams Fields

March 26. 08

[*Letterhead*]
16 EAST ELEVENTH STREET,
NEW YORK.

My dear M^{rs} Fields

It is very dear & kind of you to have asked us to come to stay with you when we come to Boston. I need not say that we should love to be with you -- but are you quite sure that we should not be a trouble to you? my husband, alack, will not be with us, as he has to sail for England just then, to get back for his summer art-work. Dorothy & I & one maid hope to get to Boston late on Monday evening April 20th -- Dorothy that is, will be, she hopes, with the Nortons* for the few days previously, while I am at Newport, but she will come in to join us. -- We have pledged ourselves to two kind "functions" on the 21st & 22^{d} the Twentieth Century Club & the Authors' Club)* and I think it will be best if for that reason we go quietly to an hotel from the Monday to Thursday, as anyhow we should have to go out & leave you those two evenings. Would it really suit you if we came to you on Thursday 23^{d} for some days? I am sure that it would be inconvenient to you to put up my maid too, but I would take a room for her at a near hotel, & you would not mind her coming round to help me during the day, as I am a little dependent on her. But that would do perfectly.

How delightful it will be to have some talk with you and Mifs Jewett again! --

I am keenly looking forward to my visit to Boston, & everyone is being so kind! -- The skies included! I am delighted with what you say about Diana{.}*

Yours affectionately

Mary A. Ward

Notes

Nortons: Jewett was a correspondent and close friend of Sara Norton and her family. Sara Norton (1864-1922), oldest daughter of Harvard professor Charles Eliot Norton (November 16, 1827 - October 21, 1908) and niece of James Russell Lowell. Her mother died after bearing her 6th child in 1872. Sara (also called Sally) became an accomplished cellist and one of Jewett's closest friends, visiting at her own home in Cambridge, as well as in South Berwick, and at the homes of Annie Fields. With M. A. De Wolfe Howe, she edited *Letters of Charles Eliot Norton* (Boston, 1913), 2 vols. Richard Cary notes "Miss Jewett often visited Norton and his daughters at Shady Hill, their Cambridge residence, as well as at Ashfield, their summer home in the Massachusetts Berkshire hills. Sara Norton's sisters were: Elizabeth (Lily) Gaskell (1866-1958) and Margaret (1870-1947). Her brother, Eliot Norton (1863-1932), married Margaret Palmer Meyer. Her scholar brother, Richard Norton (1872-1918), a decorated veteran and organizer of the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps, died in France near the end of World War I.

Twentieth Century Club ... Authors' Club: Boston's Twentieth Century Club, founded in 1894, promoted "civic and social usefulness."

The Boston Authors Club was founded in 1899, with Julia Ward Howe as a founding member. Jewett and Fields declined membership three times between 1899 and 1902.

Diana: Ward's 1908 novel, *Diana Mallory* in the U.S., *The Testing of Diana Mallory* in the U.K.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda: mss FI 5637, Box 64, Ward, Mary Augusta (Arnold), 14 pieces.

Fields's 1908 Diary

[*Page 32*]

Visit from Mrs Humphry Ward and Dorothy* and their maid, April 24th 1908 Friday.

The two ladies arrived at luncheon time and we met them in the Reception Room{:} [*unrecognized marks, apparently initials*]* because Mrs J. W. Howe was coming too as she was unable now a days to go up & down stairs (her 89th birthday is [*unrecognized word* nigh *?*]! Emerson's son Edward also came. He arrived first and we talked of Concord etc: for a [few minutes *?*] he spoke of his sister Edith as much occupied in small cares in her large house, spending much time in educating [*unrecognized word* untrained *?*]

[*Page 33*]

servants etc. Mrs Ward [came in *?*] a few moments quite fresh in spite of constant engagements{.} She said no time had been appointed for going to Concord and she really must see it. However it was not too late so she is to stay over one day longer in Boston and a friend will take her [& me too *?*]{.} Mrs Howe arrived looking just like a Fairy Godmother. She was greeted like a queen by the ladies while we laid aside her [hood *?*] and [many clothes *?*]

[*Page 34*]

There were but six at table so she could hear what was said.* Mrs Ward talked with [her somewhat *?*] of early New York but she avoided the question of suffrage about which Ward really knows nothing but it was dangerous ground* she [felt *?*]{.} I was sorry -- it would have been very interesting to hear the dear old woman talking of her faith and its causes. Dr. Howe and his work, Byron & Greece* were referred to, but there was not much talk of importance -- soon the hour

[*Page 35*]

was over. Mrs Howe was called for by a pretty [chauffeur *?*] Rosalind Richards* and all was over. The ladies went to their rooms to prepare for their next engagements and Dr. Emerson settled down with me to talk of his fathers journal* of which he has brought us a second installment to read.

Dinner at 8 P.M. Helen Bell and Mrs Parkman* joined us. It was an unusually delightful two hours. [Helen's *?*] exquisite wit playing over

[*Page 36*]

everything -- She told of her pranks at school{,} how much more interesting life was than her studies and told a tale wh. put Mrs Ward into a noble burst of laughter delightful to share -- of pretending to translate a line of Vergil* beginning "Forsino" [*empty space for about 1/4 of a line*] "far as I know." Helen also recalled many things of Matthew Arnold* which are lovely to hear. It was a very happy [little *?*] occasion --

[*Page 37*]

Saturday 25th

Mrs Ward in her room until 10.30 with a little breakfast and a great many letters, books and a few arrangements with Dorothy -- I am rather ill still with cold and weakness so I stay in bed until nearly luncheon --

They go to concert with S. O. J. and dear Rose Lamb* at night{.} (Dorothy however decides to dine at Judge Grant's* and go with them.) Higginson* kindest of hosts to concert. They were

[*Page 37*]

to have dined there and gone together but the Chelsea fire* has changed everything. this week as should be (Money for Chelsea has reached May 2d $350.000, of which one half is spent feeding 9000 persons a day and for

necessities){.} Mrs Ward told us a dear story of the two brothers Matt. Arnold & her father Tom --

[*Page 38*]

Matthew wrote as follows to his brother after his conversion to the Roman Church*

"My Popish Duck! O my Popish Duck! Come down and stay over Christmas with us -- There is now a House of [*several unrecognized words* Reunion lost ___ *?*]."

They found the little note among his papers after his death.

[*Page 39*]

Sunday --

Dorothy [kept at home with ___ ____ *?*] . Her mother and S. O. J. went to Kings Chapel and heard a queer old sermon from some Mr. [Wolf *?*]* --[but M . A W *?*] was deeply interested in seeing the old church and its service. At luncheon came Alice Longfellow* and [Mrs Wirt Dexter *?*] The talk turned for a moment or two upon Trevelyan's Garibaldi book.* M.A.W. says he is now walking over Sicily in the

[*Page 39*]

same way that he walked over Italy in Garibaldi's footsteps{.} She liked A. L. and her talk was pleasant. At 2.40 Mrs D's motor came and they went to Mrs Gardner's* --

When they returned we had a little reception of about 50 persons. They were belated and lost Mr & Mrs Higginson who came early returning from her brother Alex's in Cambridge* just home from Africa --

[*Page 40*]

M.A.W. asked me if the lecture she read Saturday P.M. was not too classic in the beginning -- opening as it does with an idyl of Theocritus* -- but I could tell her that everybody I saw had expressed pleasure in it. Indeed if she could read it loud enough -- it would give sincerest pleasure throughout --

[*Page 41*]

But her throat will not serve her and she can't be heard.

She talked much about her new story "The Testing of Diana Mallory" which <u>we</u> think one of her very best. She has published about half and brought the whole with her printed and allowed us to read it though it

[*Page 42*]

is not finished. She says she has two weeks more of hard work bringing the book into shape but the general trend is laid out. She has "lost the scale" a little and must throw some things into the back ground. Few things are more interesting than to

[*Page 43*]

watch the careful processes of an author (who is so frank & so determined){.}

Monday 27<u>th</u>

They moved to the Somerset* -- went over [schools *?*] & out to dine{.} And of our most happy visit{.} They are most loving friends and have made themselves a part of our life of the spirit henceforth{.}

Notes

initials: Fields seems to have written: S. O J. O J. If this is correct, then she seems to be referring to Sarah Orne Jewett (see Home Club membership list). Perhaps Jewett suggested the reception room to accommodate Julia Ward Howe (see Home Club membership list). Jewett, however, is not mentioned as being present on 24 April.

was said: Probably, Fields is referring to Mrs. Howe, who in 1908 was quite deaf.

Edward ... Edith: Edward Emerson (1844-1930) and Edith Emerson Forbes (1841-1929), both children of American author, Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) and Lydian Jackson (1802-1892). Edward was the first editor, with his nephew Walder Emerson Forbes, of his father's journals (1909).

ground: It seems likely the talk of early New York concerned the Seneca Falls, NY women's rights convention of 1848. Presumably, Fields believes Mrs. Humphry Ward knows nothing about suffrage because she was in 1908 the president of Britain's Anti-Suffrange League (See Mrs Humphry Ward.) Because Julia Ward Howe had been a leader in the American woman suffrage movement, of which Fields was

a supporter, it may well have been polite for Humphry Ward to avoid this topic.

Dr. Howe ... Byron: Julia Ward Howe was married to Samuel Gridley Howe (1801-1876) an American physician and reformer. In his youth, he idolized the British Romantic poet, George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824), who died while serving in the Greek rebellion against Turkish rule. Howe went to Greece in 1824 and also served in the cause of Greek independence.

Rosalind Richards: Rosalind Richards (1874-1964) was Julia Ward Howe's grand-daughter, the daughter of American author Laura Elizabeth Howe Richards (1850-1943)

Helen Bell and Mrs Parkman: For Helen Choate Bell, see the Home Club membership list.

Mary Frances Parker Parkman (1855-1942) was the daughter of Cortlandt Parker and Elizabeth Wolcott Stites of Essex, NJ. She married Henry Parkman (1850-1924) "a Boston lawyer, banker, and a Representative to the Mass. State Legislature in 1888."

Vergil: Vergil or Virgil is Publius Vergilius Maro, the ancient Roman poet (70-19 BC), author of the epic poem, *The Aeneid*.

Matthew Arnold: Britsh poet and critic, Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) was Mrs. Humphry Ward's paternal uncle.

Rose Lamb: Rose Lamb (1843-1927) was a Boston portrait painter and art teacher. She was a student of William Morris Hunt and Helen Knowlton, and she also studied in Europe. She specialized in portraits of children, at which she was successful. She was an active member of Boston society, a philanthropist and traveler, with many friendships among artists and writers. Smithsonian Archives of American Art.

Judge Grant's: Judge Robert Grant (1852-1940). See the Home Club membership list.

Higginson: Almost certainly this is Henry Lee Higginson (1834-1919), founder-patron of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Miss Jewett enjoyed the hospitality of the Higginsons at their summer home, Sunset Hill, in West Manchester, Massachusetts, and often sailed with them off Cape Ann. (Richard Cary)

The Boston Symphony Orchestra program for Saturday 25 April 1908, directed by Karl Muck, featured

Mendelssohn, Felix: Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage, Opus 27

Schubert, Franz: Symphony No. 5

Indy, Vincent: A Summer Day on the Mountain, Opus 61.

Higginson married Ida Agassiz (1837-1935), daughter of the famous Harvard naturalist, Jean Louis Agassiz (1807-1873). Her brother, mentioned later in this diary, was Alexander Emmanuel Rodolphe Agassiz (1835-1910), an American scientist and engineer.

Chelsea fire: Wikipedia says: "The Great Chelsea fire of 1908 ... occurred on 12 April 1908, in Chelsea, Massachusetts. Nineteen people were killed, fifteen thousand people were left homeless, and 350 acres ... were burned...."

Note that while Fields dates this entry 25 April, she reports on the fire relief collection total by 2 May, indicating that she composed this entry at least a week after the events she recounts.

Roman Church: Tom Arnold, Mrs. Humphry Ward's father, converted to Catholicism while living in Tasmania in the 1850s.

Mr. Wolf: This transcription is very uncertain, and this person has not been identified.

Alice Longfellow ... Mrs Wirt Dexter: Alice Mary Longfellow (1850-1928) "was a philanthropist, preservationist, and the eldest surviving daughter of the American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807- 24 March 1882). She is best known as "grave Alice" from her father's poem "The Children's Hour." According to Wikipedia, in the 1920s, Longfellow met the Italian dictator, Benito Mussolini (1883-1945), and became attracted to Fascism.

Though Fields's handwriting is nearly unreadable at this point, she appears to have written "Mrs Wirt Dexter," a Jewett and Fields friend and correspondent. According to Morris Carter, in *Isabella Stewart Gardner and Fenway Court* (p. 146), Mrs. Dexter was a friend of Gardner. Josephine Anna Moore (1846-1937) was the second wife of Chicago lawyer Wirt Dexter (1832-1890). She returned to her Boston home after her husband's death, where she died, though she was buried with him in Chicago.

Trevelyan's Garibaldi book: Wikipedia says that George Macaulay Trevelyan (1876-1962), was a British historian. One of his major works was a trilogy on the Italian patriot Giuseppe Garibaldi (1807-1882): *Garibaldi's Defense of the Roman Republic* (1907). *Garibaldi and the Thousand* (1909), *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy* (1911).

Trevelyan married Mrs. Humphry Ward's daughter and biographer, Janet Penrose Ward (1879-1956).

Mrs. Gardner's: Isabella Stewart Gardner (1840-1924) was "a leading American art collector, philanthropist, and patron of the arts." She and her husband, John (Jack) Lowell Gardner II, founded the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston. Wikipedia

idyl of Theocritus: Wikipedia says that Theocritus (third century B.C.) was the ancient Greek creator of bucolic or pastoral poetry. The New York *Times* account of Ward's lecture, "The Peasant in Literature," notes that she mentions Theocritus and Virgil as early poets of rural life and the peasant farmer.

Malory: Ward's *Diana Mallory* was published in 1908 in the United States under the title, *The Testing of Diana Mallory.*

Somerset: The Somerset was a major Boston hotel.

A Letter

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mrs. Humphry Ward and her daughter, Dorothy

Manchester by Sea, Massachusetts, *June* 8, 1908.

Dearest Mary and Dorothy, -- This just one word of love and thanks because you gave me the great pleasure of coming over,* -- of seeing you both again! -- and I feel quite selfish about it, as if no one else could care about seeing you and being with you again quite so much! (This may be unjust to some dozens of people, but never mind! You must just take my love and blessing and believe how happy you made our dear A. F. and me.) She is much better now than when you saw her, the air here is always just the right thing, and I love to see her in her little pale grey dress sitting on the piazza looking seaward over the green tree-tops. She *is* tired, with getting away from Town more than from getting here, but she will soon be rested.

I thought that you would have more days in Quebec; I wish you could spend a week there, -- the old French country is delightful, but you have been seeing "Country" enough. Your dear heads will be in a whirl, between snow mountains and the early summer heat -- I doubt if you even get time to read your letters until you begin the slow first days on ship-board. Good-bye, good bye! Don't you remember that Kingsley* finished his book: "We cannot *not* have been in the West Indies," and so we cannot *not* have had you both here! and *not* have had fast hold of each other's hands again. You cannot know what joy and delight your visit has given. I do hope that neither of you are the worse for it.

Yours with true affection.

Notes

Kingsley: Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), Christian socialist and writer. *At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies* (1871) ends with this sentence: "We could not not have been in the tropics."

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Diary and Commonplace Book 1907-1912

Selections

A selection of entries from this collection dealing directly or indirectly with Sarah Orne Jewett.

Fields's "Diary and Commonplace Book" 1907-1912 is held by the Massachusetts Historical Society: Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221. This transcription was made mainly from a microfilm copy, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462, 1986, Reel 2. As noted, parts of the transcription are by Sabina Beauchard of the Massachusetts Historical Society, working from the original manuscript.

Editorial Choices

This is not a transcription of the entire diary, but only of those pages where Fields seems clearly to be writing about Sarah Orne Jewett, particularly where she reflects upon her feelings of loss after Jewett's stroke and death. Though the diary begins with entries from 1907, Fields does not write about Jewett until January of 1909, upon the death of their friend, Ellen Tucker Emerson, daughter of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Fields does not number her pages in the diary. I have chosen to number the pages of this transcription, to make clear to readers where Fields's pages begin and to provide readers with reference points for their own work. But the numbers correspond to the diary pages only in that they are in the same, chronological order.

I have divided the diary into sections, each with its own notes. The main sections group together phases of the diary: before Jewett's stroke, after the stroke, the year after Jewett's death, etc. Fields has included a few letters; these are presented and annotated individually.

How I handle Fields's writing conventions.

She
- often does not indent where she appears to begin a new paragraph. I have added indentation where it seems clear she intended a new paragraph.
- rarely uses apostrophes in possessives. I have presented her possessives as she does.
- often uses = for hyphen. I've regularized all of these.
- often writes "Mifs" for "Miss." I have regularized that spelling.
- occasionally places quotation marks in subscript at the beginnings of quoted words and phrases. I have regularized these according to contemporary American usage.
- often gives dates such as 29th and French titles such as Mme with the underlined letters in superscript. I have retained her underlining when she uses it, but not the superscript.
- usually begins her entries on the same lines as her dates. I have chosen to separate out the dates on their own lines, to make the diary easier to scan for dates and entries.
- uses "x x x" of varying numbers to indicate ellipses. I have changed these to currently standard ellipses.

{ } = editorial clarifications.

[ ] = editorial information and commentary.

[* * *] = I have omitted material before or after what I have transcribed from a particular page.

[*From the opening of the diary*]

A brief record of life and its interests from the first date as below.

Mary R. Jewett
to Annie Fields

August 1907 continued through the year of dear Sarahs going 1909

[*Edith Emerson Forbes to Annie Adams Fields*]

January fourteenth
1909*

[*Begin letterhead*]

MILTON HILL

[*End Letterhead*]

Dear Mrs Fields

My dear Ellen* died this morning at daybreak -- and we are rejoicing that she is released. In spite of every chance that she could not fail to suffer, the skill of her doctors and nurses and

her own [buoyant *corrected*] happy temperament have carried her safely

[*Page 2*]

through with no pain and great comfort and enjoyment -- triumphing over all ills with little heed of them and her clear mind and glad interest in every one else's pleasures have made her last two months beautiful to witness.

It is only six days since she began to lose speech and memory but not affection and her dear smile was quick to respond to a word

[*Page 3*]

or a touch from us -- whom she knew till Tuesday when she lost all consciousness. They assure me there was no suffering -- she talked of recovery as long as she could speak -- On Friday or Saturday she told the doctors she had passed the two months of descent and was now beginning the ascent -- too true!

Please give my love to Miss Jewett and tell her if she is well enough to care to be with us -- the service will be Sunday in Concord at the Unitarian Church on the

[*Page 4*]

arrival of the 1.10 train on the Fitchburg division & the return will be on the Lowell road after four. I have not the minutes in my mind --

Affectionately yours
Edith E. Forbes

It has been a pleasant work to arrange a service with Edward* that shall describe my dear Ellen's character in the language of the Bible she loves--

Notes

1909: Fields began her diary entry for 4 February, and then slipped in three letters from the previous month. Parts of these letters are pasted to the diary pages, making reading them very difficult. Sabina Beauchard of the Massachusetts Historical Society carefully worked with these materials in 2018 and provided transcriptions of items that are not fully visible in the microfilm of the diary.

Ellen: The three letters from Edith Emerson Forbes (1841-1929) concern the death and funeral of Ellen Tucker Emerson (1839-1909), who died 14 January. Edith and Ellen were sisters, the daughters of American poet and essayist, Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) and Lydia Jackson (1802-1892).

Edward: Edward Waldo Emerson (1844-1940), brother to Edith and Ellen Emerson, then an anatomy instructor at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

Page 4 of this letter was transcribed by Sabina Beauchard of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

[*Edith Emerson Forbes to Annie Adams Fields*]

January twentieth
1909*

[*Begin letterhead*]

MILTON HILL

[*End Letterhead*]

Dear Mrs Fields

Thank you for the laurel wreath which we liked very much and were glad to have in the church for dear Ellen's last Sunday there. We think she would have taken great delight in the thought of being borne shoulder-high by five nephews

[*Page 2*]

two nephews in law and a cousin nearly as dear -- for I never introduce him without beginning to say nephew, and then remember I must make it cousin. The church was full all but a few seats of those who loved her truly -- Her own pew was empty closed with a purple ribbon and a gift of white carnations and mignonette which Eleanor Whiteside* sent to me. Edward and I pre-

[*Page 3*]

pared a service which we felt suited Ellen's life and character. It is easy to describe her in Biblical language. We know how Concord will miss her with us -- But poor Miss Legate* will suffer more than any one else -- it seems to break up life for her after twenty years together -- They are all urging me to go away for a rest -

[*Page 4*]

I cannot yet -- and have prevailed, I think, in my wish to wait till February fourteenth. Even then I shall go reluctant for I have much to do that will be a burden to me in the spring when my garden is wanting me.

Waldo* will take me away to Florida probably -- I hope I can see you before I go --
Affectionately

Edith E. Forbes

[*A note by Annie Fields, appended to this letter.*]*

S.O.J and I were unable to go to the funeral because the weather was very bad, but there was a large church full, her father's beautiful passages written after the death of his first wife Ellen Tucker were read and her favorite hymns were sung, very beautiful altogether. We were very sorry not to have been there.

Notes

1909: This letter was transcribed by Sabina Beauchard of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Eleanor Whiteside: Probably this is Eleanor Anne Shattuck Whiteside (1842-1918), who resided on Beacon Street in Boston, with her son, Alexander Whiteside, Jr., who was a lawyer.

Miss Legate: Helen Legate (1858-1945) was an educator and a close friend of the Emerson siblings: Edward, Ellen and Edith.

Waldo: This is somewhat confusing. Her brother is Edward Waldo; I am aware of no other close living relatives with this name.

Fields's note: Fields appears to have written the note on the final page, turning the page upside-down and writing around Mrs. Forbes's signature.

[*Edith Emerson Forbes to Sarah Orne Jewett*]

January twentieth
1909

[L*etterhead*]

MILTON HILL.

Dear Miss Jewett

I loved your daffodils and they were arrayed on one side of the pulpit with other spring flowers pansies, hyacinths violets and tulips and looked so cheerful and gay -- The other side of the pulpit had red roses and ^red^ carnations and ^the^ pulpit [was *corrected*] all covered

[*Page 3*]

with flowers callas and lilies in the centre with white and pale pink shading to the spring flower side and deep pink to pale on the red rose side -- It was beautiful and so were the flowers that covered Ellen -- The snowy day too pleased me -- but I am very sorry it prevented you and Mrs Fields from being with us. I am going back on Sunday when Mr Macdonald* has

[*Page 4*]

a Memorial Service --

Thank you for your letter and the flowers --

Your loving friend,

Edith E. Forbes

We had your glass basket of the last birthday full of pink camellias in the study with dear Ellen who looked like a holy saint.

Note

Mr Macdonald: Loren B. Macdonald (1857-1924) was pastor of the First Parish Unitarian Church in Concord, MA. He was the author of *Life in the Making: An Approach to Religion Through the Method of Modern Pragmatism* (1911).

[Sarah Orne Jewett suffered a stroke on Sunday, 31 January 1909.]

[*Page 5*]

Feb. 4th 1909

My dear S.O.J. was stricken down early Sunday morning{,} a small blood vessel giving way in the brain. They think she is recovering today though we have had anxious days and nights. This was four days ago -- Jessie Cochrane is due & her sister Mary,* two nurses (~~they~~ ^nurses^ [does *intended* do] not sleep in the house or I could with difficulty manage it){,} Theodore* her medical nephew and the Dr coming from time to time. It appears a strange moment to start in for a little diary, but it is a great pleasure to note down the attentions of friends. The house is full of flowers ----

[*Page 6*]

Feb. 10 --

She still lies half asleep half conscious as she has done from the first. The doctor comes infrequently because until this stupor is thrown off we can know and do nothing. She takes

[*Page* 7]

a little food each day --

Friends are doing all in their power to alleviate the situation for us. Jessie went yesterday to hear the rehearsal of The Hymn of Praise by Mendelssohn exquisitely given under Mr. Lang -- prepared for the Centennial of Lincoln which is close at hand* -- Mary went to carry some of the [burden *or* garden *?*] to [Mrs *?*] Fitz & Mrs Grew -- *

[* * *]

[*Page* 8]

[* * *]

Feb 10th

Willa Cather* came from New York on purpose to ask after dear S. O. J. and to see me. She stayed an hour in the P.M. and took tea -- Mary sat with us awhile but getting tired perhaps went upstairs for a time and Jessie C. came in; the latter had been hearing the Rehearsal of Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise gloriously sung in preparation for Lincoln's birthday on the 12th{.} It is sung by picked singers from all the church choirs of this city. Also she had been to see Alice Howe* still a great invalid, etc.

Feb 11th

We cannot see the way before us. Our dear invalid still lies sleeping and half-waking by turns -- She is often very amusing & told the nurse last night that she wanted John to buy a five cent mousetrap* this morning to catch me with! We are anxious to keep her quiet, so I go very seldom into her room

[*Page 9*]

Feby 12th

Abraham Lincoln's birthday ---- S.O.J. still lies sometimes in sleep sometimes restless.

[*Page 10*]

March 10th

Every day seems to bring some good reason why I should not write any personal record on these pages -- Perhaps some record of our friends is still better worth having and this shall not altogether stop, at least -- Conditions in this house are much the same as they have been since Feby 1st except that our friend Jessie Cochrane has gone away from us to Washington & Louisville and Miss M. Jewett stays on. Two nurses still in attendance and my friend still in a low state. Though reviving a little from time to time. The bed begins to be very wearing and the inability to move. Who can know what the end will be?

A constant fall of flowers would quite cover her if they were left in her room and the messages of love from her friends of which these blossoms are the emblem give her a large & continuing pleasure --

[*Page 11*]

April 22d

Came Sarah's first letter written as she was recovering and written the morning after he return so South Berwick --

[*Attached to the page after the above note is Jewett's note*]

Mary had already ordered it. Good bye darling with my heart's love{.} Your Pinny.*

Notes

Jessie Cochrane: Cochrane was a gifted amateur pianist from Louisville, Kentucky, who became something of a protégée of Mrs. Fields. After long and frequent trips to Europe, she would visit Mrs. Fields at 148 Charles Street and *Gambrel Cottage* in Manchester-by-the-Sea (see Warner's letter about his luncheon with Miss Cochrane, Dr. Holmes, and Mr. Howells, in Fields's *Charles Dudley Warner,* 165). Miss Cochrane attempted some writing but apparently did not achieve publication. One of her photographs hangs above the bureau in Miss Jewett's bedroom in the Memorial House at South Berwick. (Richard Cary)

Mary Rice Jewett (1847-1930) was Jewett's older sister.

Theodore: Theodore Eastman (1879-1931) was the son of Caroline (Carrie) Jewett (1855-1897) and Edwin (Ned) Eastman (1849-1892). He graduated from Harvard University (A.B. 1901, M.D. 1905) and became a physician.

Willa Cather: American novelist, Willa Cather (1873-1947) befriended Jewett and Fields in 1908, before she began publishing her major novels.

The Hymn of Praise by Mendelssohn ... Mr. Lang ... Centennial of Lincoln: Wikipedia says: "Lobgesang (Hymn of Praise), Op. 52 (MWV A 18[1]), is 'A Symphony-Cantata on Words of the Holy Bible, for Soloists, Chorus and Orchestra' by [German composer] Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847). After the composer's death it also was published as his Symphony No. 2 in B-flat major, a naming and numbering that is not Mendelssohn's."

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), the 16th President of the United States, was born on 12 February.

Wikipedia says: Benjamin Johnson Lang (1837-1909) "was an American conductor, pianist, organist, teacher and composer." Though he often conducted and performed with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he never became its conductor, but instead served a organist of King's Chapel in Boston. "His last appearance as a conductor was on February 12, 1909, when he conducted the BSO and a chorus for a commemoration of the centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. He presented Mendelssohn's Lobgesang ("Hymn of Praise"), which he had also conducted at the Emancipation Jubilee concert in 1862." If his three musical children, his elder daughter, Margaret Ruthven Lang (1867-1972), became a noted composer.

Mrs Fitz & Mrs Grew: While there were people named Fitz who may have been neighbors of Fields, this person has not been identified.

Among Fields's neighbors were people named Grew, such as Edward Wigglesworth Grew (1867-1945) and Ruth Dexter Grew (1874-1956). Edward Grew's mother was Jane Wigglesworth Grew (1836-1920). Yet another possible acquaintance would have been the Boston banker, Edward Sturgis Grew (1842-1916) and his wife, Annie Crawford Clark (1843-1924). Whether any of these is the "Mrs. Grew" mentioned here is not yet known.

Alice Howe: Alice Lloyd Greenwood (Mrs. George Dudley) Howe (1835-1924), a friend of long standing both at Boston and Manchester. Miss Jewett dedicated *The Country of the Pointed Firs* "To Alice Greenwood Howe." Mr. Howe (1829-1903) was a Boston merchant. Her parents were Rev. Francis William Pitt Greenwood and Maria Greenwood . Her siblings were: Francis William Greenwood; Charles Ridgely Greenwood; Mary Langdon Lodge, and Augustus Goodwin Greenwood. (Cary)

mousetrap: Mouse is one of the affectionate nicknames Jewett gave to Fields.

Pinny: One of the affectionate nicknames for Jewett used by her and Fields. Jewett's handwriting in this note is difficult, and it is not absolutely certain that her signature is correctly transcribed.

Sarah Orne Jewett's Death
24 June 1909

[*Page 12*]

[*At the top of this page, Fields has attached a clipped copy of Jewett's poem, "Boat Song." The source is unknown. It follows a poem by Deine Gretchen that ends "for me." Fields altered one word in the first line.*]

Now rest ~~your~~ ^the^ oars and let me drift
While all the stars come out to see.
The birds are talking in their sleep
As we go by so silently.
The idle winds are in the pines,
The ripples touch against the shore,
Oh rest your oars and let me drift,
And let me dream forevermore.

The sweet wild roses hear and wake,
And send their fragrance through the air;
The hills are hiding in the dark,
There is no hurry anywhere,
The shadows close around the boat,
Ah, why should we go back to shore?
So rest your oars and we will float
Without a care forevermore.

Oh little waves that plash and call,
How fast you lead us out of sight!
And we must follow where you go
This strange and sweet midsummer night;
The quiet river reaches far--
The darkness covers all the shore,
With idle oars we downward drift
In starlight dim forevermore.

July 1st

One week ago tonight -- June 24th* in calm so great they scarcely knew when her spirit finally took its flight she went away from us -- On Sunday ^27th^ many friends went to her body's burial on the green hillside at South Berwick.

"They loved her so!"

[*Page 13*]

I waked up this morning with such a happy ~~sense~~ remembrance that dear Mrs. Bell* was coming back to town yesterday. It is so much in faint-hearted times to remember that she is in the world! and some others that we have been happy enough to know. -- There is no need of casting the pearls of friendship before swine* or overdoing the "old Olive" business either ^in trying to be just to people{.}^ Everything fails if we dont keep some sense of values -- it means the belittling of character -- We have got to get along with all [*unrecognized word at the bottom of the page on its own line*.]

[*Page 14*]

grades, but we needn't ~~cheapen~~ make believe that third rate is as good as first rate {--} it flatters the cheap side of things and [pulls *corrected*] down the only real standards{.}

Notes

June 24th: It is not clear whether Fields meant to underline both of these words.

Mrs. Bell: Helen Olcott (Choate) Bell (1830-1918). Daughter of the prominent Boston lawyer and orator, Rufus Choate, Mrs. Bell was a literary intellectual, known for her conversation and her sharp wit. Her husband was Joseph Mills Bell, a Boston lawyer, abolitionist and politician, who served in the Massachusetts Senate. Mr. Bell was law partner to her father, Rufus Choate (1799-1859). According to Famous Families of Massachusetts (1870), "Mrs. Bell was liberally endowed with the Choate wit and her penetrating bon mots were the delight of all her friends... She hated the country and asked a friend, departing for the woods and fields, to 'kick a tree for her!'" (pp. 280-1).

swine: Matthew 7:6 in the Bible.

"old Olive" business: The allusion here is not perfectly clear. Fields may be referring to the long tradition in Western culture in which offering an olive branch signifies proposing to end a conflict.

[*Page 15*]

July 15th

It would be a pleasant thing if I could make a note here of the many beautiful letters which have been sent me in memory of my Sarah. Some I should love to preserve, but time to reply to them is far more important since grief is common and the responses ~~of~~ ^to^ friends who have written out of their own knowledge of sorrow for your consolation is by far the most important matter; any record of our own, save to them must be abandoned -- She has left a fragment of memory. "The actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust."*

[*Page 16*]

August 20th 1909

[***]

Robert Collyer and Mary Jewett* come to me today for one week{.} He will preach here on Sunday again in spite of his great age.

We have had strange vicissitudes of weather this summer{.} Heat almost unprecedented for two or three days and just lately a week of rain and storms and late autumn cold.

I think on my dear Sarah in her new estate, of her release, of the happy presence which she spreads around us, of her dear beautiful helpful generous self who will not come back, no, no, no! We do not ask it, nor wish it indeed --

Friends have been so kind that I am seldom alone{.}

[*Page 17*]

If I could have my pleasure
And do my will aright,
I'd heap a bowl full measure
With flowers red and white
Lady! for your delight.

Others must send the flowers! --
This tile of glass is planned
To save from dewy showers
The table where they stand,
Fair to your eye and hand.

This is the time of showing
The heart without a fear;
Of giving and of knowing
The humblest gift is dear
And part of Christmas cheer.

Though words are nowise needing
To bring to-day's good will
Your friends are not unheeding
The place they cannot fill --
--The dearest voice is still.

Christmas, 1909

[Ls. F. *?*]*

[*Page 18*]

Midsummer, 1909
S. O.J.

New England! weep thy child that is no more,
For well she loved the, well she knew to praise
They fir-clad rocks, they country fields and ways
And all they treasury of sea and shore.

Nor these alone: the tender, inmost core
Of thy folk-heart lay bare to her deep gaze.
The love that warms, the homely wit that plays
Within thy rugged, chill exterior.

All this she saw and set for us to read
In words that shall not perish with the years,
So long as truth can save or beauty plead
Her own continuance in the world's dull ears;
Yet to a child of thine the dearest meed,
New England! is the tribute of thy tears.

[*In darker ink and probably another hand*]
by L. F.
Mrs [Fairchild *corrected*]*

Notes

the dust: James Shirley (1596-1666), British playwright, wrote *The Grateful Servant* (1629), with the subtitle: "Only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Collyer ... Jewett: Dr. Robert Collyer (1823-1912) was an English-born Unitarian clergyman of New York City. He wrote extensively on theological subjects, as well as verse, and biographies of Hawthorne, Whittier, Thoreau, Lamb, and Burns. He had a long correspondence with Jewett, and came annually for a stay at Annie Fields' Gambrel Cottage. He was a popular author of sermon collections, including *Nature and Life* (1867) and *The Life That Now Is* (1871). He also wrote biographies of popular ministers of the period. Wikipedia
Mary Rice Jewett (1847-1930) was Jewett's older sister.

Ls. F.: This transcription is uncertain. See next note.

Mrs Fairchild:
In her Christmas 1909 entry, below, Fields indicates that both poems arrived along with a gift from "Lily Fairchild."
The artist and poet Elizabeth (Lily) Nelson Fairchild (1845-1924) wrote under the name of C. A. Price. Mrs. Fairchild had an artistic salon in Boston. Her husband was the banker Charles Fairchild (1838-1910), and one of their daughters, Lucia Fairchild Fuller (1872-1924), became a painter of note.

[*Page 19*]

Fragments from Miss Jewett's [~~well-written~~ *?*] diary ^written in [on scraps of paper *?*]^ [*deleted words, perhaps* published] copied into no book --

"Even if we are not equipped with that love for our housemates that makes things easy there are certain civilities that when observed make life easier and more respectable for everyone"

[*Fields inserts two short parallel dividing lines before beginning several of the following entries*]

------- "one of those persons ^we^ [*deleted word*] can do anything for but love.

You can't push 3d rate people up by pulling first rate people down --

Want of openness is such a fatal thing --- cowardly in people of a decent upbringing.

------- a beautiful openness of nature --- no sense of hidden places

----

She was full of pretty fancies: she'd always rest herself with something to read; but you couldn't make

[*Page 20*]

[*A faded sentence appears to be penciled into the top margin. It may read*: Some mistake here belongs to something else.]

no talk with him; he had a mind like a chine of pork sort of thick and satisfied and everything you said seemed to drop on the ground all round him --

Economy was his watch word even if it did come out of ~~others~~ somebody else!

----- She was like a bright river running in the sun, but full of deep still places and not to be bridged by most people's thoughts: a river that shone and sparkled and [*unrecognized word* raised *?*] its gay voice but it was always full of unsuspected power ....

She has passed too quickly {--} we can only see a rough and stormy way where such beauty and brightness were in our sight so long.

Two half truths never make a whole one -----

[*Page 21*]

S.O.J. continued. --

Sometimes genius comes to the light of day as a living spring starts out of a rocky hillside, self existent and self dependent. Often it is like a broad stream fed by many tributaries drawn to its single channel by {a} mysterious power of life and determination.

Everything depends upon whether we are trying to [range *or* gauge *?*] ourselves with the high ideals, or are satisfied with the low ones. We must not drop to these for the sake of complimenting those who are satisfied so because it is easier; -- neither for their sakes nor our own.

S.O.J.

She quotes from Marmontel: C'est ce touchant désir de plaire qui avoue le besoin d'être aimé --* and again of writers: Greedy little writers about other people's work who always seem to write with green ink ---

[*Page 22*]

Sarah says of one of her characters; "She belonged to a sect so strenuous about the value of its rites as almost to put God under obligations and throw the debt on that side{.}"

[*Page 23*]

By the Trolley Car.*

The making of the Trolley road had been a question of great importance to the towns of Byfleet and [Epsom *?*]. The objection had been not without bitterness and prejudice and the promoters not without insolence; but by the time I took my first journey the fact of its existence was already quietly accepted; one of the most prejudiced opposers had frankly stated that "she wish she [had *corrected*] the money back" ....

[*A page seems to be attached at this point, about half way down.*
It appears to fold out, making a single long page]

x x x x

[*deleted mark*]
~~but~~ the end seems almost to justify the means in rustic neighbourhoods. I had already seen timid faces ^re^~~appear agai~~ in the village church{,} women who lived in lonely farmhouses half way from town to town whom time and ^family^ changes had been isolating more and more until they were living like hermits. The [*deleted word*] ^power^ of visiting ones neighbours or being punctual in ones* place in a church three miles away is true luxury brought within easy reach by these rural railways; they are very civilizing. Damage to the country road, unnecessary at any rate if the [*deleted word*] builders take a little care, is more than overset by this charming ease of transportation. I was about to have an excellent illustration in the delight of the old traveller by my side.

[*Page 24*]

This [old *?*] friend looked up pleasantly and called me by a childish name that I supposed everybody had forgotten{.} She gave me back my youth with it -- the days when I used to wait in the green little yard of her farm-house for my father to come out from his visit to some sick person.

x x x x x x *

~~One~~ ^Another^ old woman gets in apparently from a lair among some alders, -- but a homely scent of camphor followed her progress into the car. [*deleted mark*] They were old acquaintances, hadn't met since eleven years ago when Elder [Joseph *?*] Wilkin's [*so written*] wife died -- talk him all over and his second venture. [*Quotation mark ?*] He offered to everybody he had bowing acquaintance with but there was nobody wanted to marry him just to save him from hired help -- he heard of a lady up to Dover and went

[*Page 25*]

to see her. Yes -- I heard 'em say he told her he'd got to return by next train -- an' she thought the time was short for reflection but he said three quarters of an hour ought to do for anybody. They was married in just a week. She was a good appearing woman but I guess she's had all the time she wanted to think it over."

"I wisht I could take off my flannel petticoat" commented the traveller in a moment of confidence {--} "feels 's if there was a fire somewhere's [*so written*] but I dont see no opportunity for it."

"Aint it considable like flyin*g* {?}" she exclaimed, admiringly: "My sakes alive we're up to [Parcher's *?*] place already! and there's their barn they've been [puttin' *?*] forty foot on -- and its all for show -- They ain't got

[*Page 26*]

the very wust hay farm on this road but next thing to it."

The Conductor disappeared quickly. There was a long delay so that one of the two men who were our only fellow [passengers *corrected*] looked round impatiently. With great care the young official was helping an unwieldy old person to her seat. The motor man looked round to see [*deleted word*] John Caswell had not given the signal to start and then leaned back comfortably against the fender to watch the proceeding. The new comer was so lame and so broad that she had to be ended along like a barrel. I saw that there were designs of getting her to the middle of the car and when I rose to help wondering how the old courageous

[*Page 27*]

traveller had ever taken the high step to the car platform{.} I saw [we *or* she *?*] had left a good straight-backed kitchen chair by the roadside as we slowly moved on. There we^re^ two or three spectators{,} some elderly men and an anxious looking woman with a brown gingham handkerchief over her head. [one *seemingly not capitalized*] of the men pushed the [*deleted word* bag *?*] ^chair^ aside into the bushes and then stood looking after the car.

{"}Now aint that nice{,"} said the conductor sympathetically to me. "They can visit each other by the way." The two old women were shaking hands with great [*deleted word* satisfaction *?*] enthusiasm; their unexpected meeting filled them with instant satisfaction. They did not let go of each others hand [*possibly corrected from* other and] but

[*Page 28*]

but [*repeated*] bend toward each other keeping fast hold and talking eagerly both at the same time.

"Know ye! Well I guess I did{,"} said the new comer. {"}I was asking my nieces [folks *corrected*] about ye only yesterday and they

said they didn't know as you [was *written over* were *?*] able to git out any now. My mind was led to make this trip, I though I might see you setting to the winder or out to the door even this pleasant day as I rode by. But [lor *?*] there ye be{";} and they pressed each others hands again with beaming joy.

The first pleasant Sunday after the trolley car had begun to run was the Day of general resurrection.*

[*Page 29*]

Everybody turned out along the road to go to meeting{.} The minister not settled very long, his first funeral was old ["Lijah *intending* 'Lijah] Carstairs and I see* 'Lijah's old twin brother come up the aisle that had been spending the winter to Lowell with his daughter and wasn't to the funeral. You couldn't tell him & 'Lijah apart and when the minister see him coming in, his eyes got round as a calf's and his mouth fell right open. x x x x x *

The country about Dunnet Landing has a way of waiting quietly all round you{,} surrounding you with superior forces until you suddenly find that you have become only a piece of it instead of a foreign substance flung into it by chance. And if you

[*Page 30*]

keep to one place to go to and sit in, this feeling comes faster and little things keep happening without troubling you that you can watch. This is the difference between [outdoor *or* outdoors *?*] and in a house! Something always happens to amuse you: an ant with a crumb, a bird going up & down at tree or a little bit of a tree that stands in front of you until it seems like a quiet person.

Sit until you do see it!* (The beauty{,} the presence of something)

O my darling! this is all I can find to save and I am tearing up the bits of paper on which you used to write things which ~~come~~ ^came^ into your head while you were resting ~~during~~

[*Page 31*]

in those many sad and to you unfruitful years. They were not unfruitful for we were all ~~loving~~ ^learning^ to know and understand you better and better and now we can seem to follow and love you better for the way in which you endured those days and found them [sweet *?*] for your friends' sake often time.

Octr 20th

This day last year was warmer but beautiful as today and we were preparing to go to Boston together.* I had been very ill for a month and she had nursed and companioned me until life seemed like a rose which had opened into full beauty in this exquisite place --

Today I make ready to go to Boston and our home there without her, but

[*Page 32*
inserted at this point on black-bordered paper is the following]

O what is Heaven but the fellowship
of minds that each can stand {'}gainst the world
By its own meek but incorruptible will.

O what is Heaven but the fellowship*

A verse of Emerson which he commonly copied when called upon for his autograph --

[*Page 33*]

My loving servants are doing all they can and her spirit pervades the place. The afternoon is glorious and less cold than of late for it has been icy and my heart was cold but she seems to be with me again today.

Decr 30th

Last week William Morris's daughter, May, passed the week with me{,} staying over Christmas Day. She is an excellent and admirable woman{.} I should soon learn to love her. I hope she will return [frequently *or* presently].

Today Miss Grace King of New Orleans sends me the Professor of Botany from Tulane University New Orleans Reginald Somers Cocks,* an Englishman and a good simple living thinking man I thought.

[*Page 34*]

And so this old year is slipping rapidly away from us --

Christmas was rich in the remembrance of friends, but the days recall her now very vividly and I miss her living presence. I am trying to write to friends who have been kind in sending

me flowers & Christmas gifts -- also reading Emerson's Journal{,}* Mrs Meynell's "Ceres Runaway."* (exquisite) Poems of Gilder* just sunk below our horizon{,} Young Cabot Lodge* and other presents -- notably poems of G. E. Woodberry.*

[*Page 35, seemingly out of chronological order*]*

Christmas -- 1909 --

Have been very ill but all is well again{.} Miss May Morris has been with me a week -- we had a happy little Christmas dinner -- Thomas Whittemore* came. Wonderful flowers also -- a huge box full from Mr. Morgan. I was able to send him some papers of his grandfather, John Pierpont.* I think he liked having some thing to add to his collection of his grandfathers letters. Lily Fairchild* sent the enclosed verses of her own with a pretty gift.

Notes

aimé: Wikipedia says: Jean-François Marmontel (1723 -1799) "was a French historian and writer, a member of the Encyclopédistes movement." The quotation is from his address to the French Academy of 22 December 1763 in Œuvres Complètes de Marmontel, Volume 7, p. 23. English translation, with assistance of Jeannine Hammond, Coe College: It is this touching desire to please that avows the need to be loved.

Car: This transcription of a Jewett manuscript presents problems that presumably remain unsolvable, if Fields did indeed destroy the original, as she indicates below that she did.. A particularly difficult problem is knowing how exactly Fields has copied Jewett. Are the corrections and potential revisions copied from Jewett? Or does Fields correct her own transcription errors and edit Jewett's prose?

Presumably this sketch was written soon after the opening of the South Berwick branch of local trolley service. Richard Cary notes that the electric trolley lines of the Portsmouth, Dover and York Street Railway were extended to South Berwick during the spring of 1903.

x x x x x: Fields usually uses "x's" to indicate ellipses, but in copying this sketch she seems to intend dividing sections of the narrative, so I have rendered them as she did, and not as ellipses. Whether Jewett so divided her manuscript is not known.

ones: The paper is damaged at this point. Fields clearly has written more than "one," probably "ones."

general resurrection: Easter 1903 fell on 12 April. Jewett's joking reference to the "Day of general resurrection" could refer to this holiday.

I see: The narrator shifts into dialect here, as if she intended another character to narrate this incident.

x x x x x: Though Fields offers no other signal, the "Trolley" sketch seems to end here, followed by a fragment connected with Jewett's "Dunnet Landing" stories, *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896) and four related tales.

do see it: "do" is underlined twice.

Boston together: Jewett wrote to David Douglas from Fields's summer home at Manchester-by-the-Sea on 20 October 1908.

fellowship: See the Delphi Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

William Morris's daughter, May: Wikipedia says that William Morris (1834-1896) was "an English textile designer, poet, novelist, translator, and socialist activist ...[a]ssociated with the British Arts and Crafts Movement." He married Jane Burden; their second daughter was Mary "May" Morris (1862-1938), whom Wikipedia describes as "an English artisan, embroidery designer, jeweller, socialist, and editor."

Grace King of New Orleans: Wikipedia says that Grace Elizabeth King (1851-1932) "was an American author of Louisiana stories, history, and biography, and a leader in historical and literary activities."

Reginald Somers Cocks: Reginald Woodhuse Somers Cocks (1863-1926), a native of Worcestershire, England, became Ida A. Richardson Chair of Botany at Tulane University in New Orleans in 1908.

Emerson's Journal: Wikipedia says that Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) "was an American essayist, lecturer, philosopher, and poet who led the transcendentalist movement of the mid-19th century." His selected journals appeared in two volumes, one for 1820-1842, and another for 1841-1877.

Mrs Meynell's "Ceres Runaway": Alice Christiana Gertrude Thompson Meynell (1847-1922) "was an English writer, editor, critic, and suffragist, now remembered mainly as a poet." Mrs. Meynell visited the United States, meeting Jewett and Fields, in March 1902. Her *Ceres' Runaway and Other Essays* appeared in 1909. Wikipedia

Poems of Gilder: Richard Watson Gilder (1844 - 19 November 1909) was an American poet and editor of *Scribner's Monthly*. He married Helena de Kay (1846--1916), a painter and a founder of the Art Students League and Society of American Artists. Wikipedia

Young Cabot Lodge: The transcription of "Young" is uncertain. It seems likely that she would be reading the American poet George Cabot "Bay" Lodge (1873 - August 21, 1909). She may refer to him as "young" because he died comparatively young. His new book in 1909 would have been *The Soul's Inheritance, and other Poems* from Houghton Mifflin.

G. E. Woodberry: George Edward Woodberry (1855-1930) was an American literary critic and poet. He was a frequent contributor of essays and poetry to *The Nation*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and other magazines. His collected poems appeared in 1903. Wikipedia

Thomas Whittemore: Wikipedia says that Thomas Whittemore (1871-1950) "was an American scholar and archaeologist who founded the Byzantine Institute of America."

Mr. Morgan .. John Pierpont: Wikipedia says that John Pierpont Morgan Sr. (1837-1913 "was an American financier and banker who dominated corporate finance and industrial consolidation in the United States of America in the late 19th and early 20th centuries." His mother was Juliet Pierpont (1816-1884). Her father was John Pierpont (1785-1846) an American poet, Unitarian minister and abolitionist. It seems likely that Fields was acquainted with him through his poetry and his association with Boston abolitionists.

Lily Fairchild: The artist and poet Elizabeth (Lily) Nelson Fairchild (1845-1924) wrote under the name of C. A. Price. Mrs. Fairchild had an artistic salon in Boston. Her husband was the banker Charles Fairchild (1838-1910), and one of their daughters, Lucia Fairchild Fuller (1872-1924), became a painter of note.

See above for copies of the two poems.

[*1910*]

[*Page* 36]

[***]

Feb - again 1910

Just one year ago our beloved Sarah was stricken unto death and after five [angering *?*] months sank away from this earth.

[*Page 37*]

Love is all and suffering but its incident -- Phillips Brooks*

[* * *]

[*Page 38*]

March 8th 1910 --

The season spins on apace -- without her!

and yet her sweet presence{,} her loving care are not really absent. Every morning and every day and reaching out to me from every side ~~and~~ ^I^ feel her -- and there again the empty place.

[* * *]

May 8th*

My thoughts are busied with Sarah's dear letters -- There never were any so sweet! Mary* has seen more of them yet. This time last year she was weary and longing -- now she is free.

_____

If such [greatness *?*] live [mid *?*] men
Bring me it!
I shall know them.

She has come from heaven [*up the right margin*] again -- Thomas [Jordan *?*]*

[* * *]

[*Page 39*]

1910

Sunday March 20th

Easter* is coming again. She is not here! but I look to her every day and feel she is not far away.

April 21st --

A year ago today dear Sarah was carried to her South Berwick house from her Charles St. house. We did not speak again together after the morning. She needed all her steadiness and so did I -- She understood and wrote me afterward that she loved it so --

[* * *]

[*Page 40*]

May 12th

[*After reporting on recent reading*]

Dear S. O. J's Letters are getting into shape steadily, when Mary has passed upon them they will be ready.

[* * *]

[*Page 41*]

[* * *]

June 17. Manchester

I have been here since the first of the month and Jessie C. has come -- come indeed on the 6th remembering that birthday business!,* but it was very sweet and comforting. Sarah is near us in these days I feel. It was on the 24th of last year she went{,} Jessie has been much with Duse* who has been in the deepest distress since she parted from that wretch D'Annunzio who ---- but this tale is too sad and dark -- Duse's weakness and entire lack

[*Page 42*]

of moral standards [infected *?*] them -- indeed the words sound like foolishness in respect to either of them { -- } though Duse lives in her affections, he in the lowest deeps of human depravity.

July 16th Manchester -- no 17th Sunday.

The bells of the Unitarian church are ringing and the morning being cool after a week of unusual heat ending in a beneficent quick rain yesterday, everybody who can go afoot is glad to do so. We miss the dear [Mrs *?*] Mary Bartlett.* Jessie is at the piano [preparing her powers *?*] in order to play to Alice Howe presently & her cousin who have elected to [come over *?*].

[*Page 43*]

Dear Sarah is always present to my thought. I feel her near. Dear Ida Higginson and her husband are most caring and close to us in spirit. They came last Sunday Eveg -- when Jessie played to us as we sat on the piazza. I am trying to get H.M. & Co. to print H. L. Higginson's paper about Alexander Agassiz -- They stick on the money question -- I will see what may be done.

Sept 23d

Autumn is here! We gave up publishing now the paper on A. Agassiz given by H. Higginson to the [Cambridge *?*] students early in July, but we shall remember it for a later season. Mr. Higginson himself did not care to have it published just now -- Yes indeed autumn has come and I begin to think of going to town as soon as the elevator is finished which Sarah Wheelwright* has been so

[*Page 44*]

generous as to put put into my house in Charles St.

[* * *]

This is the second autumn since my Sarah died. Life goes on strangely; I feel as if it were stopping and yet it continues. I hope that continuance means advance but I am as a child who knows nothing -- In the letters of John Stuart Blackie he says the young acquire & achieve{;} the old enjoy & endure.*

[* * *]

[*Page 45*]

[* * *]

Nov. 28th

Six weeks have gone in the difficulties of cleaning & rearranging this house after the building of the elevator wh. Mrs Wheelwright was so kind and generous as to give me{.}

[*Page* 46]

Also the hours have gone with the kind friends who come every afternoon and the evening is a difficult time partly because of eyes although writing is much less bad than reading for them. The solitary hours are often clogged also by a great sense of fatigue because "failing strength" is distinctly a factor to be reckoned with.

But dear Helen's visits come bringing great refreshment and pleasure once or twice a week{.} There is no one else in the world like her -- "There is none like her none"* because it is no endearment of youth, but what belongs to [her *?*] beyond any other creature I have ever known{.} The real stimulus of a swift darting mind [mixed *?*] with constant reading and the study of other minds, brought into the service

[*Page* 47]

of her friends by a heart* which is always longing to serve others and to make the passing of the days more beautiful to those who are more or less dwelling in shadow.

To begin to write about her fills me with a sense of incapacity. A more modest truth-telling person about herself I have never seen; full of reserves so deep that very few can know her; yet wishing to hide nothing except her own sufferings. She said once to my dear S.O.J. that her idea of heaven was a place where she could cry all she wanted to, and nobody ^else^ would be made sorry. Her last trial now is that her niece with whom she has lived since her sister died, has suddenly

[*Page 48*]

married and she is left unexpectedly to live alone and to keep [house *?*] for herself{,} a thing most difficult and I may say detestable{,} especially to one who has never been obliged to keep house at all except for a brief time during her own early married life. Her husband dying early{,} she went to live afterward in her sister's family ---------*

She has told me of a new book by Ezra Pound -- Essays{.}*

Meantime she has lent me the Letters of Alice Smith{,}* a really beautiful book, which is not at present published but I trust one day it will be. In it I find the birthday of dear <u>Mrs Higginson August Ninth</u>*

The letters of Alice Weston Smith to those who are in trouble are remarkable indeed. How

[*Page* 49]

memory seemed to hold in its grasp things old and new which had been said and sung by others and they came again at her call for the benefit of sufferers --

She says "Those who love, even Death itself cannot separate and in all the loneliness and ~~the longing~~ anguish in which you are left you will surely feel the larger life into wh. he has entered pulsing in yours.
So let her wait God's instant men call years.

She is looking at her dead bird
Fare thee well companion dear,
Fare forever well nor fear
Tiny though thou art to stray
Down the uncompanioned way

Speaking of Mrs Whitman* after her death she says;

[*Page 50*]

"If life is to be measured by the amount of love in the human soul, as Tauler says, hers was a very wonderful one. She bore witness of the light.{"} "And they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever" and again -- "Life, I repeat is energy of love" and how gladly she spent and was spent for us!

"We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down to die:
Still thou turnedst, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand."*
Arnold.

[*Page* 51]

Christmas-tide 1910

Again without my darling --

Many interesting things come to me which I should love to write down here but I have no strength for writing now and the notes of every day take more than I have to do them properly.

Henry James* has been here in one of the "let-ups" of his long illness and sadness. He is living with William's family in Cambridge. His affectionate nature, his eager interest in his

friends, his life in his affections now not centered solely in his [brothers' *so written*] children but quickened by that as it were into a larger life for all who have ever been his, all these things make him [inexpressably *so written*] soothing yet stimulating as a companion{.}

[*Page 52*]

I have seldom enjoyed an hour more than the one spent in the light of his fine sympathy -- He asked about Sarah's letters -- said he should like to see them -- that he wished to write a few words in introduction or what I might call "éclairecissement"* of her gift.

I hear he continues to be fairly well in health & is writing, so I trust he is at work with her papers and [her *?*] memory first before entering upon the larger & more fatiguing work of William's life which I hear the H.M & Co* publishers have asked him to do.

Beautiful things have come to me in these sacred days. Helen Bell, dear Helen -- full of the sorrow* which has befallen Alice's new husband Mr. Burr & [*unrecognized word or words*] Alice in the dying of a noble son of typhoid

[*Page 53*]

which has absorbed them night & day for nearly three months only to end in death a few days before the Christmas season {--} spent herself for them in every way, and with an exquisite tact which belongs to her. The result is that they love her and depend upon her as they could never have learned to do save by this experience of sorrow -- Christmas day she sent me the enclosed which was more than all else could have been written ~~inside~~ ^on the back of^ a sealed envelope.

Love, love, love --
Love -- love -- love
Helen

* * *

Notes

Brooks: Wikipedia says that Phillips Brooks (1835-1893) "was an American Episcopal clergyman and author, long the Rector of Boston's Trinity Church and briefly Bishop of Massachusetts, and particularly remembered as lyricist of the Christmas hymn, 'O Little Town of Bethlehem'."

The source of the quotation is not known. Fields often heard him preach, and she may remember this from a conversation or sermon.

May 8th: This entry appears to have been added out of order, though possibly Fields has written the wrong date, or perhaps the transcription is not correct. She may have abbreviated March -- adding a second entry for 8 March -- though it seems clear she wrote "May."

Easter: In 1910, Easter was celebrated on 27 March.

Sarah's dear letters ... Mary: Annie Fields's collection, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, appeared in 1911. Here she is obtaining approval of her selection from Jewett's sister, Mary Rice Jewett.

Jordan: The transcription of this name is uncertain. It is possible, Fields refers to Thomas Jordan (c. 1612-1685) an English poet and playwright. However, the two quotations she presents have not been located.

Jessie C: Jessie Cochrane was a gifted amateur pianist from Louisville, Kentucky, who became something of a protégée of Mrs. Fields. After long and frequent trips to Europe, she would visit Mrs. Fields at 148 Charles Street and *Gambrel Cottage* in Manchester-by-the-Sea (see Warner's letter about his luncheon with Miss Cochrane, Dr. Holmes, and Mr. Howells, in Fields's *Charles Dudley Warner,* 165). Miss Cochrane attempted some writing but apparently did not achieve publication. One of her photographs hangs above the bureau in Miss Jewett's bedroom in the Memorial House at South Berwick. (Richard Cary)

birthday business: Fields's birthday is June 6.

Duse: Wikipedia says that Eleonora Duse (1858 -1924) "was an Italian actress, often known simply as Duse.... In 1895 she met [Italian playwright] Gabriele d'Annunzio [1863-1938] ...and the two became involved romantically as well as collaborating professionally. Gabriele d'Annunzio wrote four plays for her.... When d'Annunzio gave the lead for the premiere of the play *La Città Morta* [1898] to Sarah Bernhardt instead of Duse, there was a furious fight, and Duse ended her affair with him."

Mary Bartlett: Which Mary Bartlett Fields refers to is difficult to know. One likely candidate is Mary Agnes Pomeroy Bartlett (1841 - 16

February 1909), deceased a few months before Jewett. Residing in Pittsfield, MA, she was the widow of the Civil War Union major-general William Francis Bartlett (1840-1876).

Another candidate is Boston/Cambridge neighbor, Mary Eliza Meads Bartlett (1826 - 21 January 1909), widow of Matthew Bartlett (1817-1880).

Yet another, perhaps less likely candidate, is the niece of American sculptor Daniel Chester French, Mary Bradford Bartlett Davis. Bartlett having married in 1905, it is at least conceivable that Fields would call her by her maiden name. Bartlett Davis is on this list of possibilities mainly because her family is known to be acquainted with Fields and Jewett.

Ida Higginson: Ida Agassiz Higginson (1837-1935) was the daughter of Jean Louis Agassiz, the naturalist. Primarily interested in education and music, she was associated with her stepmother, Elizabeth Cabot Agassiz (1822-1907), in the establishment and development of Radcliffe College, and with her husband, Henry Lee Higginson, founder-patron of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Miss Jewett enjoyed the hospitality of the Higginsons at their summer home, Sunset Hill, in West Manchester, Massachusetts, and often sailed with them off Cape Ann. (Richard Cary)

Their son was Alexander Emmanuel Rodolphe Agassiz (1835 - March 27, 1910), an American zoologist and engineer. Whether Higginson's paper on Agassiz was published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company or another publisher is not yet known.

Sarah Wheelwright: Sarah Perkins Cabot Wheelwright (1835-1917) was a Boston socialite and philanthropist, the wife of Andrew Cunningham Wheelwright (1824 or possibly 1827 - 15 June 1908), an attorney and real estate dealer.

John Stuart Blackie: Wikipedia says that John Stuart Blackie (1809-1895) "was a Scottish scholar and man of letters." In *The Letters of John Stuart Blackie to his Wife* (1909), he writes in October 1894, "The watchwords of age are to Endure and Enjoy, the watchwords of youth are Believe and Achieve" (p. 398).

Helen's visits: Helen Olcott (Choate) Bell (1830-1918). Daughter of the prominent Boston lawyer and orator, Rufus Choate, Mrs. Bell was a literary intellectual, known for her conversation and her sharp wit. Her husband was Joseph Mills Bell (1824-1868), a Boston lawyer, abolitionist and politician, who served in the Massachusetts Senate. Bell was law partner to her father, Rufus Choate (1799-1859). According to Famous Families of Massachusetts (1870), "Mrs. Bell was liberally endowed with the Choate wit and her penetrating bon mots were the delight of all her friends... She hated the country and asked a friend, departing for the woods and fields, to 'kick a tree for her!'" (pp. 280-1). See also Find-a-Grave.

Presumably, the sister with whom she lived after her husband died, was Sarah Blake Choate (1831-1875).

Her niece was Alice Ellerton Pratt Burr (1866-1945), daughter of her sister Miriam Foster Choate (1835-1906) and Edward Ellerton Pratt (1830-1900). Alice Pratt married her first husband, Philip D. Wheatland (1865-1937) in 1887. Wheatland is believed to have deserted her and moved to California, where, according to the *San Francisco Call* (15 November 1910, p. 8), his drug addiction led him into a life of crime.

In 1910, she became the second wife of the prominent Boston lawyer, Heman Merrick Burr (1856-1933).

"None like her" comes from British poet Alfred Lord Tennyson's "Maud" XVIII, which repeats the refrain "None like her, none." Part 18 opens:

> I have led her home, my love, my only friend.
> There is none like her, none.
> And never yet so warmly ran my blood
> And sweetly, on and on
> Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,
> Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

heart: Fields may have underlined this word.

Ezra Pound -- Essays: Wikipedia says that Ezra Weston Loomis Pound (1885-1972) "was an expatriate American poet and critic, and a major figure in the early modernist poetry movement." His first volume of essays was *The Spirit of Romance* (1910).

Letters of Alice Smith: Alice Weston Smith (1868-1908), of the Boston area, was the author of *Letters to Her Friends and Selections from Her Notebooks* (1909). WorldCat lists the first Boston publication in 1909, so it is not clear why Fields says it is not yet published in 1910. The introduction to this printing offers a brief biographical sketch.

The passage on Death not separating those who love appears on p. 385.

Smith's address to her dead bird appears on p. 389.

Mrs Higginson August Ninth: The first three words are underlined twice.

Mrs Whitman: Sarah Wyman Whitman (1842 - June 25, 1904) was one of the Charles Street coterie of talented women which included Celia Thaxter, Lilian Aldrich, Alice Howe, Helen Bell, Miriam Pratt, Rose Lamb, and Mary Lodge. Mrs. Whitman was a professional designer of stained glass windows, a painter, and an illustrator of books. See Wikipedia.

Smith's passage on Whitman appears on p. 399. In the original it reads:

> If "Life is to be measured by the amount of love in the human soul," as Tauler says, hers was a very wonderful one. She bore witness of the light. "And they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Wikipedia says that Johannes Tauler (c. 1300-1361) "was a German mystic, a Catholic preacher and a theologian." The source of the quotation from Tauler has not been located.

The final line comes from the Bible, Daniel 12:3: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

thy hand: British poet Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) wrote "Rugby Chapel" in memory of his father, Thomas Arnold (1795-1842), Headmaster of Rugby School. Stanza 8 ends:

> We were weary, and we
> Fearful, and we in our march
> Fain to drop down and to die.
> Still thou turnedst, and still
> Beckonedst the trembler, and still
> Gavest the weary thy hand.

Henry James ... William's family: A friend of Fields and Jewett, Henry James (1843-1916) was the brother of the philosopher and psychologist, William James who died on 26 August 1910.

éclairecissement: clarification, in the sense of shedding light upon something thought mysterious.

H. M. & Co: Houghton, Mifflin and Company

sorrow: According to the New York Times (14 April 1933 p. 20), Heman Burr's younger son from his first marriage was Francis H. Burr (b. 1886); he had been captain of Harvard University's football team in 1908, and he died of typhoid fever on 4 December 1910. See also Find a Grave.

[***1911***]

[*Page 54*]

March 7th

Have just given dear Sarah's Letters to the printer though the book will not appear until mid-summer. Henry James is still unfit to write. He means to return to England and feels that he can write better there{.} He gave himself, as a labor of love{,} this little task of writing an appreciation of Sarah's work and he clings manfully to the idea, though I can see he is in no condition to [*deleted letter*] use his head for writing. I presume also that he would like to look over William's papers & letters.*

* * *

[*The next pages in the microfilm copy of this diary contain an inserted letter from Jewett -- in her hand -- to Fields, which seems likely to be from 1895. The letter appears to be unsigned, but photographed with the first page of the 3 pages of the letter is a note, probably in pencil, that could be the signature, possibly from the fourth page of the letter. The material is presented here as if it is one letter, though this may not be the case*]

[*Page 55*]

[*Late spring 1895?*]

Dear Fuffy I wish you would read this very badly written form for the little circular and see if you do not think it would be more appealing! If you approve and will return it to me ^right away^ I will copy a lot of them and send to you on Friday -- I dont feel like doing any other writing

[*Page 56*]

and I would rather do them for you than not -- My dear darling how I do miss you!

To-morrow I am going to help plant the garden for it has been too cold altogether before now and isn't warm enough today -- Pinny to

[*Page 57*]

be good? You forgot to tell her. ----

Sheila is so handsome and Roger is getting out of his winter coat as fast as he can --

[*Page 58*]

Dear dear darling Fuffy I love you --

[*Page 59*]

[*Following the above letter, Fields has written a page of notes on recent reading, and on the next page, she has inserted two clippings. The second of these concerns a memorial for Sarah Orne Jewett*.]

In Memory of Miss Jewett*

About a year ago there occurred one of the last occasions when many persons together enjoyed the gracious presence of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett in North Hall, the largest living house of Simmons College. Miss Jewett dined with the one hundred and fifty students in residence, and after dinner read to them her story, "The Hilton's Holiday."* The delight of the students in her charming friendliness, and their appreciation of her perfect rendering of the character of little Katy, secretly longing for an education, and caring for the better things of life, all read as only a real New Englander could have read it, will long be remembered by those who looked into the faces grouped about her as she read. Miss Jewett's own frank pleasure was also well worth remembering. Her audience crowded about her afterward, wishing to speak to her and thank her, pushing forward "the girls from Maine," as she had said that she must know them all.

In memory of that evening, Mrs. Fields has given to North Hall a photograph of Miss Jewett and an autograph poem, which are to be hung upon the wall near which Miss Jewett sat. Some of her friends, wishing that they might give expression, both to their love for Miss Jewett and their appreciation of her fine understanding of the best and tenderest elements in the Native New Englander, have begun to collect money toward a scholarship to be held by Simmons College as the "Sarah Orne Jewett Scholarship" for students who need aid in order to take a college course, the preference to be given to those who come from Maine. It is hoped that about three thousand dollars may be collected.

This letter is written to the Transcript in order that the opportunity may be made known to all who would like to join in the proposed plan by giving a large or a small sum in loving memory of Miss Jewett. Contributions may be sent to Miss Francis R. Morse, 12 Marlboro street, Mrs. Edward Cunningham, Westwood, Mass., or Miss Hester Cunningham, Simmons College, The Fenway. Acknowledgment will be made privately.

H. C.

Boston.

[*At the bottom of the page, below the above clipping appears this poem. It does not appear to be in Fields's hand, nor does the note that precedes it. The title is underlined 3 times.*]

Offered for
the Atlantic Monthly

Sarah Orne Jewett's Letters

by John Russell Hayes*

Savoring of balsam-breath and salt sea airs,
  And sweet with scents from dreamy gardens old,
They tell of happy years and friendships deep,
  They show a loving soul, a heart of gold.

Notes

William's papers & letters: A friend of Fields and Jewett, Henry James (1843-1916) was the brother of the philosopher and psychologist, William James who died on 26 August 1910. Henry James did not, in fact, contribute an appreciation to Field's collection, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Fuffy: Jewett's private affectionate name for Fields.

circular: Jewett mentions a circular that Fields seems to be distributing in another letter to Fields from late spring of 1895. As the other circumstances of this letter indicate it was written in late spring, it is somewhat likely that Jewett is speaking of the same circular in this letter. What the circular is about, however, remains unknown.

Pinny: Fields's private affectionate name for Jewett.

Sheila ... Roger: Sheila was Jewett's horse, purchased in 1877. Roger was a Jewett family dog, who also would have been quite old in 1895. That they are mentioned here casts doubt

upon the 1895 date.

In Memory of Miss Jewett: Presumably this clipping appeared in the Boston *Evening Transcript* during the spring of 1910, but this has not been confirmed.

Jewett could not have read at Simmons College in the previous year, as the stroke that eventually led to her death occurred on 1 February 1909. The date of the event described in this letter remains unknown, there being no record of it in the Simmons College archives.

The Sarah Orne Jewett Scholarship at Simmons College, a new Boston women's college, was established with an initial fund of $3000 by June 1910, according to Professor A. B. Nichols, writing in *The Simmons Quarterly* 1:1 (June 1910), 1-2.

The author, H. C., is Hester Cunningham (1866-1937) of Milton, MA. Jason Wood, Simmons College Library Archivist, has provided information about her, including her obituary from the Boston *Herald*, 20 October 1937. She was the daughter of Edward and Frances Cary Cunningham. A graduate of Radcliffe College, she served as the original faculty secretary and as an instructor of English at Simmons College (1901-1911) and was instrumental in founding the college. In 1910, she acted for the Committee on the Sarah Orne Jewett Scholarship, receiving contributions for the fund. Her obituary also indicates that, though she never married, she adopted two children: Ivy and William Watson.

Hester Cunningham was connected with a close friend of Jewett and Fields, Edith Forbes Perkins, (1843-1925) of Westwood, MA and Burlington, IA, wife of Charles Elliott Perkins (1840-1907), president of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad. Their daughter, Edith Perkins (1873-1961), married Edward Cunningham, Jr. (1869-1917), Hester's Cunningham's brother. Presumably, Edith Cunningham is the Mrs. Edward Cunningham to whom contributions could be sent.

See also *Milton: A Compendium*, by Anthony Mitchell Sammarco, Chapter 7, Ward Family Genealogy (1910, pp. 292. 386) and Biographical Dictionary of Iowa.

John Russell Hayes: John Russell Hayes (1866-1945) "was a Quaker educator, poet and librarian.... Most of Hayes' poetry was regional in subject, picturing the local landscape of his Quaker upbringing."

[*Page 60*]

[*11 October 1911*]

[* * *]

The summer has again passed. Sarah's letters* have just appeared and now I go again to town without her. Her love does not let me go and I wonder sometimes when I may join again those I love. There are many still here who are very dear and I can still thank God [above *?*] for strength to wait until His will says this too is finished.

[* * *]

[*Page 61*]

Feb. 15th 1912

Have just finished the "Herakles" of George Cabot Lodge* -- a noble poetic legacy -- a book to read and to ponder over and to [share *or* show *?*] light from.

My eyes have been [strangely *?*] veiled this month -- Two years ago at this time dear Sarah's dying came -- began -- but I have been stronger & better than before and with [less *?*] constant thought of those past days. Willa Cather* has been [here *or* very *?*] poorly. She is better & has now gone homewards -----

"So long as we love we serve{;} so long as we are loved by others, I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no one is useless while he has a friend."

R. L. S.*

[*Page 62*]

[* * *]

Manchester June 27th 1912

Mary Jewett has been here staying with A. Howe* ^but she [came down *unrecognized word*] ^. She stayed over the 24th{.} That day [when *?*] dear Sarah left us but it was the day of her deliverance and we must look upon it so. On the 25th G. E. Woodberry came to luncheon{,} also Mr. Updike* to see me about finding more room for the artist [*begin a very faded passage, highly speculative transcription*] Bruce ^ Rogers *?*^ -- a strange difficult person -- Shall I go home?

Sometimes I think of her. Woodberry will come again.

Bruce Rogers* [*End faded passage*]

* * *

[*Page 63*
undated, presumably from 1912]*

Tomorrow Sunday 26 I look for Mrs. Howe (Alice) at half past one o'clock and for Mrs. Aldrich* and Mrs. George [Smalley *or* Smedley *?*] at half past six for supper & talk -- The days go on cheerfully{.} I have just read Mark Twain's life,* the life of a man who had greatness in him. I am now reading his Joan of Arc -- I hope to wait as cheerfully as he did for the trumpet call and as usefully, but I am ready{.}

[*Page 64*
undated, presumably from 1912]

I have no remembrance from whom Miss Jewett gathered the following lovely reminiscence of Thackeray but she evidently wrote it down after an interview [*deleted word*]{.} Ah! I think it was Mrs Ritchie [*deleted word*] now Lady Ritchie* as I now gather in re-reading{.}

father [*not capitalized*] was reading "Frasers" ~~and~~ No! it may have been Tait's, a magazine before that -- and from a delightful notice of Vanity Fair and he was off in a moment not waiting for anybody else to read, to Mrs. Carmichael-Smith. It was the first real thing, it all came afterward, the recognition ----------*

[*Page 65*]

I found S. O. J. had copied the following from the headings of ~~a~~ chapters in Red Pottage{,}* a story we both enjoyed reading together --

"To every coward* [*deleted word* probably misspelled safety] ^safety^ and afterward his evil hour."

I heard him speak* to me in anger, I turned toward him with such shame, that it comes over me again as I but think of it.

Canto XXVII

-- Wherein due fee is paid to those who, sowing discord, gather guilt.*

Notes

Sarah's letters: Annie Fields's collection, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, appeared in 1911. Here she is obtaining approval of her selection from Jewett's sister, Mary Rice Jewett.

George Cabot Lodge: The American poet George Cabot "Bay" Lodge (1873 - August 21, 1909). His verse drama, *Herakles*, appeared in 1909.

Willa Cather: American novelist, Willa Cather (1873-1947) befriended Jewett and Fields in 1908, before she began publishing her major novels.

R.L.S.: The quotation is from Scottish author, Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), "Lay Morals" Ch. 4, in *Lay Morals and Other Essays* (1911). Fields has slightly altered it: "So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others, I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend."

Mary Jewett ... A. Howe: Mary Rice Jewett (1847-1930) was Jewett's older sister.

Alice Lloyd Greenwood (Mrs. George Dudley) Howe (1835-1924) was a friend of long standing both at Boston and Manchester. Miss Jewett dedicated *The Country of the Pointed Firs* "To Alice Greenwood Howe." Mr. Howe (1829-1903) was a Boston merchant.

Woodberry ... Updike: G. E. Woodberry: George Edward Woodberry (1855-1930) was an American literary critic and poet. He was a frequent contributor of essays and poetry to *The Nation*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and other magazines. His collected poems appeared in 1903. Wikipedia

It seems likely that Mr. Updike is Daniel Berkeley Updike (1860-1941), an American printer associated with the Riverside Press, Houghton, Mifflin & Company, and Merrymount Press, all of which published Jewett, notably the Merrymount Press printing of Jewett's poems, *Verses* 1916.

Bruce Rogers: Probably this refers to Bruce Rogers (1870-1957), an American typographer who, at this time, was working for Riverside Press in Boston.

1912: Dating this entry is problematic because the only Sunday in 1912 to fall on the 26th was in May, meaning this entry would precede what

appears to be an earlier entry for 27 June. However, Fields was sometimes inaccurate about dates. Perhaps she wrote in October, when the 27th fell on Sunday.

Mrs. Aldrich: Lilian Woodman Aldrich (d. 1927) married American author and editor, Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1907) She is the author of *Crowding Memories* (1920), a memoir of her married life.

The transcription of Smalley or Smedley is uncertain; in neither case has this person been identified.

However, Fields was acquainted with New York *Times* journalist George Washburn Smalley (1833-1916) and his wife Phoebe Garnaut (1838-1923).

Mark Twain's life ... Joan of Arc: American author Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), who wrote under his pen name, Mark Twain, published his novel about the life of Joan of Arc, *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, in 1896.

It seems likely Fields has been reading Albert Bigelow Paine's *Mark Twain* (1911-12).

Thackeray ... Lady Ritchie: Wikipedia says that Anne Isabella, Lady Ritchie ...(1837-1919), an English writer, was the eldest daughter of novelist William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863). Thackeray's best-known novel is *Vanity Fair* (1847-8).

"Frasers" ...Tait's: Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country was published in London from 1830 to 1882. *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* was published 1832 to 1861. Both were monthly literary magazines.

Mrs. Carmichael-Smith: Ann Becher, William Makepeace Thackeray's widowed mother, took as her second husband, Henry Carmichael-Smyth in 1817, the year her son turned six.

recognition: The line "all came afterward, the recognition ----------", which appears to complete the anecdote, appears before the text of the story begins, upside down in the space above "father was reading ...."

Red Pottage: Wikipedia says that Mary Cholmondeley (1859-1925) "was an English novelist. Her best-selling novel, *Red Pottage*, satirized religious hypocrisy and the narrowness of country life."

"To every coward ..." is the head note for Chapter 38.

Though Fields seems to imply that the other two quotations may be found in *Red Pottage*, this is not the case. These two quotations appear on a separate page apparently attached to the diary page, and they may be in Jewett's hand. However, as Fields has not recopied them, we cannot be certain that these are among those she says Jewett copied from the novel.

coward: If this quotation has an origin prior to *Red Pottage*, it has not yet been discovered. The sentence has often been repeated since.

speak: This quotation is from Canto 30 of Dante's *Inferno* in the John Carlyle translation of *The Divine Comedy*.

guilt: This quotation also is from Dante's *Inferno*, Canto 27 as the text indicates.

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